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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

WHY should the bread manufacturer be the everlasting butt of the politician? The clothier may sell you hand-me-downs for new clothes; the shoemaker may sell paper-soled shoes for the oak tanned article; a lot of spice manufacturers have the habit of selling most anything but pure spices, and so it goes through all trades and lines of manufacture—all but the baker. Anybody but the baker may sell anything that you are fool enough to buy, but the baker, he must comply with all sorts of restrictions, just because he is the baker. City councils have the habit of using up their spare time enacting laws that the baker shall sell loaves of a certain weight, but the grocer around the corner may with impunity sell you ground spices which are adulterated in a most infamous manner.

I am reminded of this by the fact that Mr. Currie, M.P., for North Simcoe, has introduced a bill at Ottawa to fix a standard weight for loaves of bread for all Canada, said loaves to be one, two and four pounds weight. In the first place, the bill would in all probability conflict with laws already passed by the various provinces and municipalities; and secondly, legislation of this character is at best of questionable utility. The people generally may be pretty well trusted to deal with a baker who is giving them their money's worth. A loaf of bread is not a particularly complex problem with which to deal, while, on the other hand, spices, baking powders and other articles which come rightfully under a Pure Food Act, are complex in the extreme. It is easy enough to sell pepper that is only half pepper, baking powder which is poisonous, jellies and preserves that are put up in a laboratory and never saw the inside of a factory, pickles that look as if they contained Paris green, and so on through an almost endless list.

If Mr. Currie will introduce a Pure Food Act, and see it through, he will receive the heartfelt thanks of all Canadians, barring possibly those who make a point of manufacturing the stuff which would not pass muster under such an enactment.

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IN connection with the British Budget, which will not cease to be the leading factor in the English political world for some time, it is curious to note the difference in the views existing in England and those on the North American continent. Over there this new scheme of taxation is looked upon as little short of revolutionary, while here we would accept most of it without question. The large inheritance tax we would probably rave and rage over, but the taxes on lands would come naturally as our portion of the burden of government. In England, on the contrary, the inheritance tax appears to be the least of their ills, for the Lords bank chiefly upon the injustice of the land tax. After all, it is the point of view, and it makes all the difference whether one has become accustomed to certain set plans of mollifying the tax collector.

First of all, the new Budget imposes a tax of two-tenths per cent. on the values of undeveloped land and undeveloped mineral wealth; and by undeveloped land is meant all land that owes its value to its suitability for building purposes. This means the exemption of all land that is not worth so much as $250 an acre, all agricultural land, and all land that is unavailable for houses. There is also a special provision for the exemption of small pleasure grounds and parks that are available for public use. Of even greater importance than the tax upon undeveloped land is the imposition of twenty per cent. upon the unearned increment of land values or upon that addition to the values due to public improvements, fluctuations of population, and the general development of the country—to those changes, in short, for which the owner is not responsible but from which he benefits.

Over here we tax everybody's lands, be they great or small, though we have not yet arrived at the unearned increment stage as a set feature.

In the Lloyd-George Budget the graduation theory has been introduced or maintained wherever it is practicable. Thus we find that on all incomes exceeding twenty-five thousand a year an additional tax will be levied. If such incomes are earned the regular income tax will be 7.4 per cent., if they are unearned it will be 8.2 per cent. This discrimination between earned and unearned incomes is one of the startling innovations of the measure. Inheritances of over $25,000 will pay four per cent.; over $50,000, five per cent.; over $100,000, six per cent.; over $200,000, seven per cent., and so on in like ratio until we find that inheritances of over $5,000,000 will pay a tax of fifteen per cent. The Chancellor of the Exchequer expects that from this source alone he will receive an additional $12,750,000. Among the interesting details of the income tax may be noted the provision for a rebate of $50 for each child under ten years of age, while what may be called the paternal intention of the bill finds further expression in the leniency accorded to legacy beneficiaries who are brothers or sisters of the deceased.

Among the lesser proposals of the Budget, but all of them with the same underlying intent, may be mentioned a new tax upon automobiles ranging from $10 to $200, a tax upon gasolene, upon motor cycles, an increase upon spirits and tobacco, and a new liquor tax upon clubs. Doctors' automobiles and trade automobiles pay one-half the tax. The stamp rate is doubled, while the "breakfast table" escapes altogether.

Taken as a whole, the Lloyd-George Budget asserts the principle that every man shall be taxed according to his means, that every man shall know the exact extent of his contributions to the national exchequer, and that there shall be no exemptions in favor of wealth or status.

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WALTER WELLMAN, journalist and explorer, is the last man to give voice to the belief that Dr. Cook of North Pole fame, is a fakir. To just what extent Mr. Wellman is an authority on the subject of the North Pole and the probabilities of Dr. Cook having attained the "top of the earth" is as yet an unstated quantity, but nevertheless it would seem that there are now very few scientists and others whose opinions carry weight who are inclined to believe that Dr. Cook really did reach the North Pole. If it is ultimately proven that Dr. Cook's "farthest north" journey existed only in his own mind, he must go down in history as the greatest liar of the age. If by chance he did reach the Pole, and scientists and the public generally refuse to credit it, then he will be one of the most misused and misunderstood men of all ages.

At the moment all America is wondering what has become of Dr. Frederick A. Cook. Some of his friends state that the Bushwick explorer, as the New York Sun calls him, has gone to the Azores, others say that he has gone to Cuba, and still others are just as positive that the Doctor has taken himself off to Europe. The chances are that he is seeking some quiet place, away from newspaper reporters, where he can sit tight until the Danish scientists have weighed his case and given a verdict. If the Danish gentlemen deal kindly with him, he will, in all probability, go before the Explorers' Club and seek a favorable verdict on the grounds that he did climb Mount McKinley. If these investigations go against the Doctor, he will no doubt disappear from public view for all time to come.

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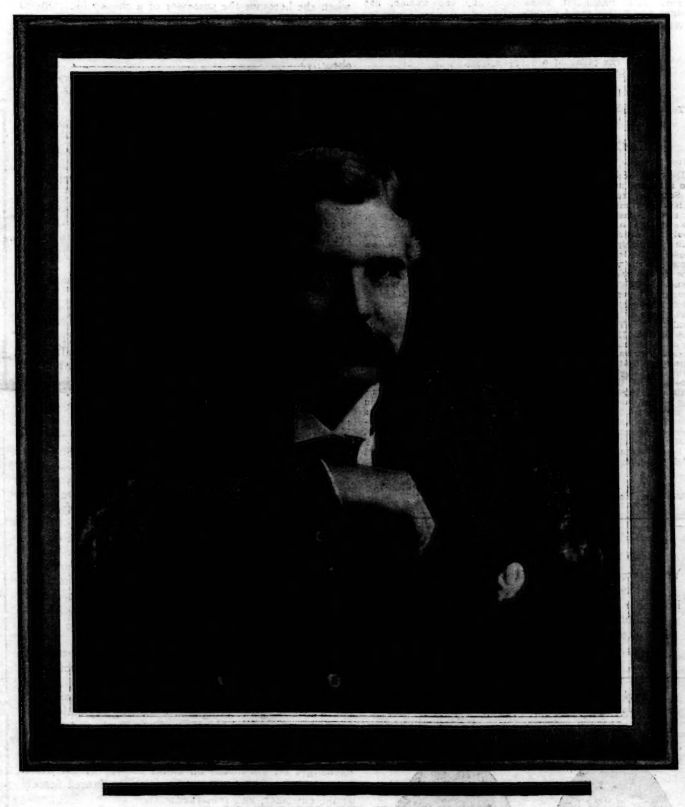
FROM Washington it is reported that a modification of the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Act so far as it concerns Canadian pulp and paper will likely be introduced at the coming session of Congress. The proposal as now mapped out is to admit Canadian pulp and paper free of duty if no export tax is imposed on Canadian pulp and pulpwood. This is good so far as it goes, but hardly meets the exigencies of the case. Canada does not desire to export its pulpwood. What is most desired is the erection of paper manufacturing plants on this side of the line. At the moment the advantage holds with Canada. Why not stay with it? This is what the United States would do under like conditions.



J. H. PLUMMER, FINANCIER,

Mr. Plummer took hold of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company in its dark days. That corporation, amalgamated as it soon will be with the Dominion Coal Company, is now firmly on its feet.

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THE announcement that a group of private capitalists are willing to establish a subway system without cost to the city, and that, moreover, they are willing to turn the same over to Toronto at cost, plus the usual contractor's percentage of profit, at the expiration of the present franchise of the Toronto Street Railway, would seem to indicate that there are others than the Mayor and Controller Hocken who have confidence in the proposal.

Up to the present, underground systems of transportation has only been undertaken in the larger centres of population, such as London, New York and Boston; and while Toronto is growing very fast, and will unquestionably continue to grow in population for many years to come, it is still far behind even Boston. It would thus appear at first blush that an underground system is at the moment rather ambitious for our inches. At the same time, however, if private capital is willing to take up such a venture, and the city is amply protected, it would seem that there is but one thing before us, and that is to take up the offer.

That a subway system reaching out east, west, north and south would be an immense advantage there is no question, and it seems altogether out of the power of a surface corporation to give the proper facilities without practically monopolizing every main thoroughfare in the city.

New Yorkers are now wondering how, for so many years, they did without the subway system, and already a further plan of augmenting this system with a movable sidewalk subway is seriously contemplated. This new plan, which is sanctioned by competent engineers as altogether feasable, undertakes to install a movable sidewalk subway similar in principle to that operated at the St. Louis World's Fair. The mechanism of the moving platform is that of short units forming an endless chain and kept in continuous motion, this platform to be provided with seats and to travel at a speed of twelve miles an hour. Provision has been made for the loading and unloading of passengers at will by the introduction of narrow leading platforms, moving at differential speeds. Thus, for the continuous train, moving at twelve miles, there would be three leading platforms moving at nine, six and three miles respectively. The passenger steps from a stationary platform to one moving at the three-mile speed, then to six-mile speed, thence to nine, until reaching the ultimate speed of the continuous train. The transition of speed between platforms, each increasing at three miles per hour, may be made, it is said, without inconvenience. The advantages pointed out are: Vastly increased capacity and seats for all; no delay incurred waiting for trains, while passengers may board or leave the trains at any point at will.

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MR. LEWIS, M.P., for West Huron, is making an honest endeavor to curtail the Ottawa gabsmiths. In addressing the House on the subject, the West Huron member very truly remarked that the present procedure is at least fifty years behind the times. The rules governing debate at Ottawa were satisfactory enough when the country was both smaller and younger, but now that we are taking on the semblance of a nation and are dealing with questions which each year are widening in importance and scope, it is time that hard and fast rules simplifying the procedure and curtailing the useless speeches, were put into force. Canada started out originally with an adaptation of the procedure followed in the Mother of Parliaments, but we have not kept pace with the changes made necessary by the lapse of time.

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SIR WILLIAM WILLCOCKS, the noted English engineer, has launched into the realm of Higher Criticism. To be exact, Sir William stated the other day before the Royal Geographical Society in London that old Noah was after all a most incompetent personage. In the first place, according to Sir William, Noah should have connected up the Euphrates with a canal in place of building an ark, for then he would have been able to not only save his family, together with the birds and beasts, but his whole country as well.

Sir William Willcocks has set himself the task of mastering the ancient systems of irrigation, improving on them when he could and adopting them when he could find no better substitute. A project has already been submitted to the British Government for turning away the excess waters of the Euphrates down the depressions of the ancient Pison, the first of the four rivers of Genesis. The work would cost $1,750,000, and take three years. The cultivated area would be doubled, and the yield of wheat trebled along the Euphrates. If Noah, said Sir William, had been a hydraulic engineer, he would have constructed the Pison river escape instead of an ark.

Thus it seems that while Noah may have made some fist of it as a shipbuilder and sailor man, he lacked the necessary qualifications to admit him into the scientific societies.

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WHEN J. J. Kelso, who has given so much of his life and time to the complex problem of charity, advises that indiscriminate charity giving is a hindrance rather than a help, he is probably altogether right. Charity is a disease; a contagious disease in its worst form. It spreads about a district with wonderful rapidity. When a community gets a reputation for being "easy," the derelicts float in from all directions. Nothing clears a district of tramps so effectively and so quickly as a good sized wood pile in the jail yard, with an overseer who looks to it that the inmates are not discriminated against when it comes to cutting the hardwood into convenient sizes.

Take care of the sick and the aged, and give work to the balance, is Mr. Kelso's doctrine. This is just where England is signally failing. Over there the giving of charity has become a habit, the rich people hand out their shillings because their forefathers did the same before them, and these shillings are accepted on exactly the selfsame basis—greedily gathered in by people who, perhaps for generations, have had no thought of being self-supporting and independent.

That the world owes a man a living is the most absurd of fallacies—a fiction which we have long outgrown. The world is no man's creditor, unless perchance that man by honest toil places an account on the right side of the ledger of life.

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THE mysterious stealing of the Dublin Crown jewels and the equally mysterious suppression of the case still remains an interesting subject of discussion and speculation in both London and Dublin. It will be remembered that these jewels, worth some forty thousand pounds sterling, mysteriously disappeared between June 11 and July 6, 1907. In the partial investigation which followed, it was shown that Sir Arthur Vicars, the custodian of the jewels at Dublin Castle, was guiltless of wrongdoing, though it was also proven that he had not taken due precautions to protect the precious baubles.

Sir Arthur Vicars now comes out with a communication in which he states that the Government knows who the thief is and that Scotland Yard is also aware of the thief's identity. Sir Arthur winds up his letter with the following: "I wonder how long the British public will calmly submit to this gross miscarriage of justice, and not insist on the truth coming out."

That Ireland's high officials have long been aware of who the real culprit is has been common gossip in both London and Dublin for upward of a year, but this is the first instance where a direct charge has been made by one interested in the case.

The interesting question now is whether the British public will further submit to this miscarriage of justice, or whether Sir Arthur Vicars will eventually force the Government's hands by making a charge against the alleged thief.

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JAMES J. HILL is preaching the gospel of crop raising in place of warship building. In other words, he would have the United States divert at least a portion of the many millions now devoted to naval purposes to the construction and maintenance of agricultural schools and experimental farms. Mr. Hill, who is generally credited with being a man of strong common sense and unusual business acumen, would establish each year in the American Republic at least 1,000 model farms, the expense of which could easily, he says, be taken from the naval appropriations.

It is not, in Mr. Hill's opinion, of the foreign battleship which we on this continent need be afraid; for a sterner foe than a foreign fleet is already at our doors in the snape of agricultural waste. Mr. Hill's conclusions are based upon a careful study of statistics as well as a thorough personal knowledge of the great wheat-producing sections. He first reminds us that national prosperity and all the varied activities are after all founded upon "the agricultural growth of the nation and must continue to depend upon it." The agricultural population of the continent, though comparing favorably with any in the world, must, however, "be taught to honor its occupation and to make that occupation worthy of honor." This result can be brought about only by instruction in modern scientific agriculture and in farm economy and management. As a means to such an extension of the educational system Mr. Hill suggests:

"If I could have my way, I should build a couple of warships a year less. Perhaps one would do. I would take that $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a year and start at least 1,000 agricultural schools in the United States at $5,000 a year each, in the shape of model farms. This model farm would be simply a tract of land conforming in size, soil treatment, crop selection and rotation, and methods of cultivation to modern agricultural methods. Its purpose would be to furnish to all its neighborhood a working model for common instruction. Cultivating, perhaps, from forty to sixty acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantages of thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed specially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural college farms; of proper fertilization, stock-raising, alternation of crops, and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting, and marketing. The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders how their daily labors might bring increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and its needs. As fast as it was followed, it would improve farm conditions, make this a form of enterprise

more attractive to the young and the intelligent, and add enormously to the volume of farm products which constitutes our enduring national wealth.

"Results reached by this arrangement would have the conclusiveness of a demonstration in science. Every crop that could be or ought to be raised should be experimented with, not at some distant spot seldom visited, but right at home on the farm. I would bring the model farm into every agricultural county; and if any farmer was in doubt, he could visit it, see with his own eyes, and find out what he ought to have done and what he could do next time. It would do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artizan, and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as well as a material aspect."

The foregoing expressions from Mr. Hill apply, of course, directly to the United States, which country, he says, will within a half century have a population of 200,000,000; but at the same time we, here in Canada, may also take some stock in the predictions of this railway king. The experimental farm and agricultural school has already had a good deal of attention from our Government, but the country could stand more in the same line. Scientific farming on this continent is but in its infancy as yet, and even now the comparatively simple problem of crop rotation is in many sections yet in the experimental stage.

Unquestionably the next great world problem will be the feeding of the people, and it will be only with the wisest and best use of the lands that this can be accomplished.

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WHAT is there so complex about a dental establishment that it cannot be conducted without all the mummery that usually surrounds the "profession." Seven years ago a man named Henry, who had some business as, installed a dental parlor in Hamilton, to later proceed along the same lines here in Toronto. It would appear that Mr. Henry, who employed graduated dental surgeons to do the work, while he assumed the business management, prospered exceedingly. It was then that the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario took up Mr. Henry's case. For three years he has been fighting it out in the courts, and at his last appearance he was fined before Magistrate Kingsford $20 or twenty days in jail for a breach of the Dental Act, which says that a graduate must practice in his own name and must not be associated with a non-graduate.

We are constantly faced with laws which work out to the detriment of the general public, and this appears to be one of the instances. The only excuse for such a provision as that under which Mr. Henry was brought into court and fined, is the danger which might result from the public being exposed to the work of incompetent men. This was by no means established, as the man in question did not even pretend to practice dental surgery. In the present instance, it is a clear case of interference with the rights of the subject, and misses by a mile its original intent, that of protecting the public.

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"BANK inspection, the necessity for external examination," is the subject of a pamphlet by H. C. McLeod, general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The topic is one with which TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has dealt on different occasions. Mr. McLeod, who has long favored independent examination, points out in his little work that the weakest link in the Canadian banking system is the lack of any check on the direction and general management, and as the Bank Act is to be revised during the present session of Parliament, he hopes that these facts will not be overlooked. Mr. McLeod suggests two modes of procedure, one a Canadian Government inspection of banks or an independent audit of banks by some system which may be devised by the Canadian Bankers' Association themselves. Mr. McLeod points out that the percentage of bank failures in Canada over an extended period of time has been greater than in the United States, though we are accustomed to believe the opposite to be the case. It is to remedy these conditions that Mr. McLeod is now presenting his measure before the public.

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IN Muskoka there is a free hospital for consumptives. Those who have a fighting chance for life may go there and perchance be cured. A lot of big hearted people here in Toronto are interested in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, but more funds are required. It takes quantities of money to operate a hospital where men and women, boys and girls, afflicted with tuberculosis, may obtain shelter, nourishing food and medical attention free of all cost. At the moment the management of the National Sanitarium Association, in charge of the work, has inaugurated a Christmas stamp campaign, and it is hoped by this means to collect the necessary funds. Help the work along by purchasing some stamps. They cost but a cent each, and who knows what life may hang on the fact that you have contributed. The Christmas season is at hand. Spread the glad tidings by chipping in. The stamps may be purchased at every turn. If more information is required, you may get it from J. S. Robertson, secretary-treasurer, 'phone Main 2936. There is one thing to remember, not a patient has ever been refused admission to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

THE COLONEL.

The Woman in Politics.

Editor of Saturday Night;

Dear Sir,—Kindly allow me space to discuss your editorial on Mrs. Pankhurst. You say: "here on the American continent we neither invite nor desire our mothers, sisters, wives, to mix themselves up in political affairs. They take no part in campaigns of this kind. There are no particular campaign stunts for women to do at election time. We hold our women to be above such things. The very thought of a fine, clean woman canvassing votes through 'The Ward' would be distasteful to the average Toronto woman as it would be to the average Toronto man." You should say "some" of the men of the American continent have not invited their women to mix in politics. What about the women of Denver who elected Judge Lindsay to the juvenile court to the satisfaction of every mother in the country? In Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, and Idaho women are the political equals of men. Toronto men are every year asking women to mix in political affairs. It was women who elected Mayor Howland—it was women who defeated Dr. Nesbitt. Our last Mayor, Mr. Coatsworth, asked women to speak at the big mass meeting in Massey Hall to discuss the power by-law, but perhaps this was not a political stunt. It will be women who will elect Controller Hocken unless Ald. Geary hurries up and declares himself in favor of women's suffrage. Two of our "finest," "cleanest" women, Mrs. Torrington and Mrs. Huestis, of the local Council of Women, canvassed for votes in "The Ward" as well as everywhere else in the city to get the pure water by-law passed.

If the Ward is such a disgrace to the city, why do men who are running things have a place in our midst where "fine" women cannot go? But I hope and I think there are just as many fine souls in the Ward as in Rosedale, the difference is in clothes and environment and not necessarily in character. You are very chivalrous, Mr. Editor. You say you insist on standing woman on a pedestal. What kind of a pedestal does the poor woman stand on who takes one, two or even three babies to the creche and leaves them, to go out washing or scrubbing to earn enough to keep life in their little bodies? Have our men legislators ever made a law to assist her? In New Zealand, where woman's suffrage obtains, there are no pauper children. Our chivalrous men do not ask us to dabble in politics—no, nor do they ask us to share any honors of Church or State. Women can bind wounds, they can nurse the sick, they can wash dishes in the basement of the church to help pay the clergyman's salary—but teach religion? Why only men are good enough to preach, and tell women what to do to get to Heaven! But thanks to a few splendid leaders, women all over the world are beginning to appreciate "men's chivalry," and if when women have the vote, there arises a Susan B. Anthony, an Emmiline Pankhurst or an Ethel Snowdon, we would like to see them Premiers of the Dominion or Presidents of the United States, and who shall say they would not compare favorably with even Sir Wilfrid Laurier or President Taft? The whole world is being educated. Women are becoming conscious of their own individual worth and big men everywhere are willing to acknowledge ability regardless of sex. Mrs. Pankhurst, more than any one woman, has brought about this rapid change.

What is so often said of Lincoln will easily be said of her:

And climbing up from high to higher,
Became on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

Respectfully,
FLORA MACD. DENISON.

Toronto, November 27th, 1909.

Encourage Our Art Project.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I have noticed with pleasure the number of people who attended at the Gallery over the Public Reference Library on Saturday to view the splendid collection of paintings by ancient and modern masters, loaned by enterprising citizens for the delectation and elevation of the people. I am sorry, however, that a larger number do not attend on the paying days. Surely 25 cents is very little to pay to see some of the best works by disciples of the old European schools. I have known people in the thousands to pay 10 cents to see one picture of a woman in the nude. It is true there are no such paintings on view at the gallery. But there are works by such masters as Reynolds, Leighton, Gainsboro, Turner, David Cox, Wilkie, Romney, Hoppner, Lawrence, Morland, Reid, Maris, Martins, Corot, Raeburn, Weissenbruch, Kniller, Hermitte, Teniers, Blommers, Roybet, Ribot, Rousseau, Courbet, and many others of equal fame. The Art Museum stand to lose in any circumstances from $1,000 to $1,500 and they need the encouragement not of a few hundred, but of thousands of our citizens. It is not necessary to say that there is no influence so refining and elevating as that of art and it certainly appears to me that Toronto as a whole should do its utmost to advance the objects and aims of the gentlemen who are promoting this splendid institution. If our people rally to their support it will not be long before we shall have a National Gallery that visitors from all over the country will flock to see. Thus, not only for its benefit upon the populace is the Museum worthy of all encouragement and support, but also from a commercial point of view.

May I hope that you will insert this letter and that it may be instrumental in attracting additional attention to this, as I before said, most magnificent and generous exhibition.

Yours very truly,
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL.

Toronto, Nov. 29, 1909.

Quatrain.

Yon crescent moon that rides the dusky height.
The blue air trembling near her shining car,
From her full treasures, through the perfumed night.
Has dropped a bit of gold—the Evening Star!

August Phillippa England

India has five great universities—Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, and the Punjab.

King Manuel of Portugal and the Mother Queen.

THE VISIT TO ENGLAND OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

Dom Manuel, of Portugal, the youngest monarch of Europe, is making a visit to England—for the purpose, they say, of supplying a new queen to his kingdom. His trip began on Sunday, November 7th, when he left Lisbon for Madrid. After a few days' stay with that other young monarch, King Alfonso, he travelled by train to Cherbourg, where he boarded the British royal yacht. He was escorted to Portsmouth by a fleet of cruisers, and was met there by the Prince of Wales. His visit has been made the occasion of a number of brilliant functions at Windsor and elsewhere.

Humors of Country Banking.

COUNTRY banking, unlike its hard and fast cousin, city banking, is of that free and elastic quality that admits and enjoys the presence of many happenings that savor more of humor than of business. In all businesses there are occasional oddities and variations which divert the attention from the sordid grind of money chasing, and country banking is the fruitful soil upon which humor blossoms as the proverbial green bay tree.

All bankers have to do with the peculiar, the odd, the eccentric, and the unfathomable depositor. The man who carries a checking account that approximates, in its halcyon days of affluence, the sum of two dollars and thirty-five cents is well known. Many men of this stamp nearly wear themselves out in the furious and embroiling rush of drawing two fifty-cent checks a week. I once knew a man who emitted the general impression that he was doing more business than any mail order house, and whose personal account once reached the astounding proportions of eleven dollars and ninety-eight cents. Bankers who have accepted with Chesterfieldian grace a deposit consisting of a plugged quarter, a nickel, and a bent cent from this man will at once recognize the deep undertow of humor that accompanies manipulations of this sort.

There is, too, the elderly woman who desires change for a bill, but finds it necessary to go into retirement behind a door in order to get it, because she keeps it where moth does not corrupt nor thieves have the temerity to steal. I remember one woman who sat down in the lobby and removed her shoes, peering into each with evident concern and expectation. She then dug out two large red insoles and renewed the investigation. Consternation suddenly changed places with expectation, and she slipped on the shoes with ill concealed haste. Her departure was taken as a matter of course—she had merely put on the wrong shoes and her reserve was still safe at home.

All bankers have met the woman who owns the bank when she becomes the possessor of a checkbook. One of this kind overdrew her account with me once and, after some natural hesitation, I naively mentioned the circumstance to her. Not in the least worried, she replied, cheerily:

"Overdrawn? Overdrawn? How many dollars is it?"

I mentioned the sum, a small one.

"Oh, dear! Only that? I didn't know I was down to that. Just give me the money and I'll give you the book. It's a terrible nuisance to write checks, anyway!"

It took ten minutes to diagram it out to her so that she understood she owed the bank.

Not all humor is furnished by the customer; there are some bankers whose peculiar attributes of nature create them a community laughingstock. The crank is so preponderatingly few, however, that we can easily forget him, and deal only with the humor that sifts in across the counter or through the wide portals provided by Uncle Sam's mail service.

A prominent hardware dealer entered the bank one morning looking pretty much fagged.

"Hello!" I began. "What's up? Been sitting up with the sick?"

He glanced at me scornfully. "Huh! I'm down for an impromptu speech at the convention this evening, and I've been up nearly all night working on the confounded thing!" he snorted.

He failed to see where I laughed.

One of the highly humorous things in a banker's life is when he finds counterfeit money in his till. The receiving tellers are always riotously positive that they did not take it in; but it gets there nevertheless. The usual method is to sack it up and leave it where the clerks can feast their eyes on it as a warning. A bank examiner once fell on a sack of this leaden junk before the banker could switch it out of sight, and after a look jumped back about a yard.

"What is this, may I ask?" was his caustic inquiry.

The bookkeeper came to the front heroically.

"Our secret reserve," said he, and the air cleared.

An examiner dropped into a bank one morning and began proceedings, as usual, by counting up the cash. As he completed the count of the visible coin and currency he noticed the banker feverishly operating the adding machine.

"Are you listing the discounts?" asked the examiner.

"Discounts nothing! These are the cash items!" replied the banker.

It was in Texas that a customer of a large mail order house in Chicago went against a banking regulation that jolted him considerably. He went to the bank to cash a check for nine cents, the "left-over" on a purchase. That bank had an ironclad, steel riveted rule to exact ten cents exchanges on all checks on banks outside of the State. The cashier scanned the check, coughed, glanced fiercely at the customer, and remarked:

"One cent, please!"

"What?" ejaculated the victim.

"You owe us a cent. We don't cash checks free here. It'll cost you a cent. Dig up!"

The customer produced the coin and placed one foot on the other patiently.

"What are you waiting for?" inquired the cashier.

"My money on that check," said the victim.

With a weary smile the cashier explained the situation and the customer departed with a very poor opinion of mail order houses.

A Spender in Town.

THE lures and temptations of city life are proverbial and it is difficult for the rural visitor to keep out of extravagance, even though his instincts are all in the direction of frugality. Recently an old gentleman from the country, who supplies stone to local contractors for builders' supplies came to the city for a week-end to settle up matters with two or three firms with whom he had a good many transactions. He was obliged to stay here over Sunday, and scorning one of the fashionable hotels, he found lodging with a woman from his section who keeps a boarding house here. Next day he dropped in on one of his customers, and the latter asked:

"Well, what did you do yesterday?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I made quite a day of it. I went to church in the morning, and put five cents on the collection plate, and in the afternoon I took the boardin' house lady out to High Park. Paid her car fare both ways, too!" he added, with the supreme satisfaction of a ready spender.

Elinor Glyn and Yvette Guilbert are announced as recent members of anti-suffrage associations. Mrs. Glyn has joined an English society and Mme. Guilbert has been proposed for membership in an association in the United States. Both women are said to have declared their inability to understand why any woman should want to vote when she has health and a good husband.

TOBOGGANS and SNOW SHOES

YOU'LL WANT THEM ANY TIME NOW

IN BIG VARIETY AT LOW PRICES.

TOBOGGANS, made of first quality birch, rope side handles, 4 ft. to 8 ft. long. *$1.75* to *$3.50* each.

TOBOGGANS, with lignum-vitæ runners for ice slides. The finest Toboggan made. *$11.50* each.

SNOW SHOES—Sizes for all ages.

Children's Snow Shoes at *$1.50* per pair.
Misses' Snow Shoes at.. *$2.15* per pair.
Ladies' Snow Shoes, at... *$2.75* per pair.
Gents' Club Shoes, at.... *$3.75* per pair.
Above are all wool tufted.

SPECIAL.

Gents' Plain Snow Shoes at $3.25, $3.75, $4.25.

Gents' Plain Snow Shoes at $5.85 and $6.75.

Guaranteed not to sag.

Our stock of *Snow Shoes* is very special. *Frames* are all *regular material of first quality* and all are *beautifully finished*. Call and see showing.

RICE LEWIS & SON
LIMITED
Cor. King and Victoria Streets

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration.
Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

WHETHER THE PLAY IS GOOD OR OTHERWISE

'tis well to end the evening with a little after-theatre Supper. The place to have that Supper is

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

EVENING SLIPPERS

Never before have we shown such an endless assortment of

Footwear Elegance

Gold, Bronze, Patent Leather, Suede, Gun Metal, Colored Satins and Kid, plain or beaded, are here for your approval.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street
"The Store that Fits the Feet"

The Best Pudding

comes from the bowl into which the best ingredients go, and Michie's superior currants, raisins, spices, peels and flavorings do their part toward a satisfactory result.

A LITTLE SHERRY

or other good liquor, is also needed to ensure the keeping quality and improve the flavor.

The following are suitable liquors for cooking:

Michie's Cooking Brandy $1.00 bottle
Michie's Cooking Sherry .65 bottle
Michie's Cooking Port - .65 bottle
Michie's Cooking Whisky .50 bottle

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7 King St. West

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We have at all times attractive offerings of Bonds.

Municipals to Yield, 4-5 per cent.

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Individual Requirements carefully considered and suggestions made

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"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.00	$48.45

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Of our three large
FLOUR MILLING COMPANIES

the last organized—Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited, attracts attention by reason of its record of rapid growth—increase of earnings, of quantity manufactured, of property and equipment.

From the Company's three mills there is a maximum daily output of 6,500 barrels.

The number of elevators scattered through the West amounts to 84, having storage capacity of 2,800,000 bushels of wheat.

The 1909 earnings applicable for bond interest—$392,661.45—is six times the amount required.

The FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND bonds of the Western Canada Flour Mills Company have a broad market, for there is a constant demand for these securities in this country. And the bonds are listed on the London, England, Exchange.

They are payable in Canada—in England—in New York—bear 6 per cent.—mature in 1928.

We can sell a limited amount at the current market price to give you an annual interest return of slightly more than 5½%.

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BRANCHES
MONTREAL-WINNIPEG-LONDON-ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Dec. 2, 1909.

FINANCIAL circles, in Montreal, received quite a shock, Monday morning, in the news of the death of McLea Walbank, C.E., first vice-president and chief engineer of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. It was not a matter of general knowledge that Mr. Walbank was ailing and, in fact, it would not seem to have been considered that there was anything serious in his illness until a few days previous to his death, on Sunday last. He was operated upon at his house, last week, to relieve an ailment of the ear, and was afterwards taken to the hospital, where, however, he failed to regain consciousness. He was fifty-two years of age, at the time of his death, and was a Newfoundlander by birth, receiving his early education in the Old Colony and later attending Trinity College, Dublin. He afterwards came to Canada and graduated from McGill in 1877, with the title of B. Sc. He started business as an architect, in the firm of Bulman and Walbank, and gravitated gradually towards engineering, in which he eventually made his mark. He was a member of the Engineer's Club and also of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, having been one of the founders of that body and having held many offices in it, including that of president.

⁂

His Big Undertaking.

Although Mr. Walbank was employed upon several important engineering works, which he carried out in a satisfactory manner, he was but little known a dozen years ago or so. What brought him into prominence was his undertaking to dam up a portion of the Lachine Rapids and create there an hydraulic power. Both financial and engineering circles contributed their queta of scoffers, when the undertaking was mentioned, although it is only fair to the latter to say that their objections were not so much those of an engineering nature, purely, many difficulties being present in the situation. However, McLea Walbank surmounted them all. He interested a number of Montreal capitalists and was eventually assured of a sufficient support. It was in 1901 that he first entertained the Lachine Rapids idea. By 1905 he had taken the necessary soundings and made observations which convinced him and his backers that the project was a practical one. After this, it took but eighteen months to carry out the work, and to make of the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic & Land Co., Ltd., the most feared of the competitors of the existing lighting systems of Montreal. The Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. had been formed of several lighting systems previously existing in the city, and it and the Lachine became deadly enemies.

A. R. Doble, a young financier prominently connected with the Cement merger consolidation.

⁂

Entered the Merger.

No doubt many attempts were made by the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company, during the early days of the Lachine Hydraulic, to bring it into the merger. These, however, were repulsed by the shareholders of the Lachine. Instead, the new company sold its current at lower rates than the big company and yet was able to report good earnings at the end of its year. The day came, however, when Mr. Walbank no longer replied in the negative, to the periodical question concerning the report that his company had entered the merger. The Power Co. paid $190 per share for the Lachine Hydraulic and something like $400,000 for its auxiliary steam plants. The sale netted the Lachine shareholders a handsome profit. Mr. Walbank, himself, was taken over by the merger and made chief engineer, a position which he, naturally, filled until his death, along with his other appointments.

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Change in the M.L.H. & P. Co.

It would seem as though the policy which Mr. Walbank stood for was very different from that which the Power Co. was commonly said to be the exponent of. H. S. Holt was, and is, the president of the Power Co. He is a man of strong personality, and Walbank had not a little of that feature, himself. It took quite a time for the new officer to find the spot where he best fitted in; but in the end he became a power in the company. A few years ago, it began to be observed that the company and the city council were at loggerheads. It was rumored that the company would not distribute its favors among the multitude at the city hall; and there can be no question that the said multitude was determined that the Power Co. would get nothing in return. So matters have gone on till this day, and the company is, even now, lighting the city streets without a contract. At the same time, it is making more money than ever before, and if it would give a better lighting service, it would stand a better chance for popularity than it ever did in the past.

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Walbank and the Royal Commission.

Mr. Walbank's last really prominent appearance before the people of Montreal was during the dying days of the Royal Commission which spent so much time, recently, in illustrating the value of introspection, as applied to civic affairs. Mr. Walbank caused one of the sensations of the hour when he gave evidence that attempts had been made by certain aldermanic interests to "hold up" the Power Co. The situation was all the more interesting, from the public standpoint, because of the evidence of a reputable alderman to the effect that officials of the company had offered to be held up. It became doubly interesting when Senator Forget and Mr. H. S. Holt, who were mentioned by the alderman, swore that they knew of no wrongdoing, either by the public or the company. Whatever the truth concerning the relationship, past and present, the public was and is convinced that McLea Walbank had nothing to do with "purchasing" of this nature. He bore the reputation of a man of much moral courage, and of great determination and tenacity, while he had a more than usual appreciation of the requirements of a position of trust, such as he occupied in the company. The shareholders of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. have undoubtedly lost an official whose zeal in their interests could not readily be surpassed.

T. C. A.

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TORONTO, Dec. 2, 1909.

A GREAT many funny stunts are perpetrated in the financial world from time to time, but the funniest in many a long day is that which has led the Nova Scotia Steel Company to arrange a bonus distribution of one share of common stock to every five presently held. The reason given is that the company has over a million dollars accumulated profits standing to the credit of its profit and loss account and that the shareholders, having received no dividends the past year, are deserving of some consideration. Naturally, everyone likes to see directors solicitous for the welfare of their shareholders, but the former should, primarily, show a zealous care for the standing and repute of the organization as a whole. That these accumulated profits are not cash, is apparent from the fact that the company is constantly a large borrower from the banks. Why offer dividends in this shape rather than in the ordinary way? The answer is easy. The Nova Scotia directors see a giant Steel-Coal merger on the verge of accomplishment. Despite the fact that further expansion has been denied by the promoters, there is every likelihood that steps will be taken later on to bring all the steel and coal concerns in Canada under the control of the Canadian Steel Corporation, as the new company is to be called. In the event of a broader scope being given to the movement, Nova Scotia Steel and Lake Superior Consolidated would naturally find a place.

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Will Give 20 per cent. Stock Bonus.—Hence the desire of the Nova Scotia people to take time by the forelock. If shareholders in Dominion Steel and in Dominion Coal are to be benefited pecuniarly, and benefited to an extent not inconsiderable, they want to get their little fingers in the pie on a similarly advantageous basis. The shekels beckon, allure, compel. If Mr. E. R. Wood and his associates would be prepared to give 80 for five million of Nova Scotia stock, why should they not be prepared to give a similar price for six millions? This would only mean a difference of a million shares; on the basis of the figure indicated a paltry matter of $800,000. Poof! in these days of high finance, a mere bagatelle!! And so the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel Company, notwithstanding the fact that their dividend declarations in the ordinary way have been of a tortuous and uncertain variety, this year a six per cent. dividend, the next one and a half, the next none at all,—in the face of constant appeals to banks for funds—are prepared to give their shareholders a twenty per cent. stock distribution. It looks as though the kindly interposition of some Divinity was necessary to save the company from a further accretion of folly. In the past, Luck has been with them; perhaps again her face will smile. But to those on the outside—to those unversed in all the intricacies of such matters—it would appear that just as the directors presumably employ a lawyer to draw up their mortgages, so they should employ a financial concern to look after their finances.

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Graham Fraser Always Financed Wisely.

But this is not the first time since Graham Fraser was forced out of the company that the present management have given evidences of a complete inappreciation of what it was desirable to do in a given emergency. In the old days, Graham Fraser, who, along with Forest Mackay, formed, in a blacksmith shop at New Glasgow, the nucleus of what ultimately developed into the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company,—was wont to keep the company from indulging in any of its present financial gymnastics. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that Graham Fraser was responsible for every progressive move that was made by the company up to the time of his retirement. Not only was he the active, practical man who supervised its operations, but he was the man who carried its financial negotiations through to a successful finish. Two phases of character—that of the technologist and that of the financier—were in him combined in a unique way. And one of the reasons, doubtless, that the company has not been as conspicuously successful since his retirement as it was prior to that event, is that those who succeeded him are not, apparently, as capable in both lines of endeavor. Graham Fraser was a big, broad man, and, when he was in the company his personality was the dominant factor. Without exception, he led the company along the lines that led to higher success and invariably his judgment was justified by the event.

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	359,311.05

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COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
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ESTABLISHED 1874.
When remitting money use
Bank Money Orders
Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted).
TORONTO OFFICES:
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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the half year ending December 31st, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, and at all of its Branches, on and after the 2nd day of January next to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of December, 1909.
By order of the Board.
R. CAMPBELL, General Manager.
Winnipeg, 23rd Nov., 1909.

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Money Orders AND **Foreign Drafts**
Absolutely the best way to send money to any part of the world.
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MONEY TRANSFERRED BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE. :: FOREIGN MONEY BOUGHT AND SOLD.
Hundreds of Branches throughout the City.
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$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
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No delay in withdrawal
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When you are going travelling, obtain our TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES. They are the best and most convenient form for you to carry your funds. They are issued in various denominations, are payable in all countries, show on their face the exact amounts they are convertible for in each country, and are self-identifying. If lost or stolen you get your money back from the Company.

When you have any packages to ship, entrust them to us for transportation. We are forwarders to All Parts of the World.

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See our Patent Convertible Rail Table.

The perfect Combination Table for Private Residences.

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Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
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Available in any part of the World.

Special Attention Given to Collections.
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Interest allowed on Deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

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Head Office: King St. West.
Six Branches in Toronto.
The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.
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FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
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MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
Corsican .....Nov. 19
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CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

	From St. John.	From Halifax.
Virginian	Fri. Nov. 26	Sat. Nov. 27
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RATES OF PASSAGE
According to Steamer

1st class	$70.00,	$77.50,	$80.00,	$87.50
2nd class	$42.50,	$45.00,	$47.50,	$50.00
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$16.90 CHICAGO
AND RETURN
NOV. 28, 29, 30, DEC. 1, 5, 6,
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First-class equipment.
FOUR TRAINS DAILY
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ACADIA BONELESS CODFISH
No bones or waste, nothing but pure Atlantic Codfish with a delicate seasalness.
IN 2 LB. BOXES AND 1 LB. TABLETS AT YOUR GROCERS.

Disregarding Customary Usage,

Much otherwise has it been in recent years. At one time the directors of the company, as it is presently constituted, determined to issue $3,900,000 consolidated mortgage bonds, of which $2,500,000 were reserved to retire a like amount of first mortgage bonds. The money received from the proceeds of the sale consequently netted the company less than $1,400,000. The directors were urged by many to make the issue one of ten millions, blocks to be placed on the market as they were required to meet the constantly expanding interests of the country. But the directors were convinced in their own minds that the company never would require any more money, and just to show the shareholders that they had faith in their assertion that they would not again come back for additional funds they determined to cancel 970,000 shares of preferred stock held at that time in the treasury. Subsequent events have about proven what this pin-headed policy was worth. Only a short time ago the company attempted to make a flotation of 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds at par—a price considerably higher than the prevailing market warranted. Needless to say, there was no scramble on the part of the public to obtain these bonds and the wisdom of the offering has been very much questioned. The course of the Nova Scotia Steel directorate reminds one of a man who obtains the best medical advice and then proceeds to disregard that advice. They went to Montreal and they came to Toronto, and, in both cities, they were advised to create an issue of debenture stock that could be underwritten at a fair price, but they preferred to adopt a course that was a much more costly proceeding for the company.

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Should Demand Delivery of stock.

When a man buys a block of stock outright, he should be careful to see that delivery is made within a reasonable time. With the stock in his own hands he is sure that it is not being used to the advantage or disadvantage of anyone else as would be the case were it employed in market manipulation. Mr. Hamilton B. Wills, a local broker who has had experience in the markets on both sides of the line, has lately set himself the task of bringing home to investors some of the abuses that may arise when securities do not find their way into the hands of the purchaser but remain in the care of the broker. The most common use to which such stock is put is for the purposes of short selling. A broker has in his office, perhaps, ten thousand shares of a certain stock, all of which may belong to his clients. Perhaps in the natural order of events, this stock makes an advance of two or three points. The broker immediately seizes the opportunity to sell, knowing that he will be able to buy back at a lower level when further liquidation has induced the inevitable recession. So that one can readily see that in such a case the broker is not only profiting by a use of stock which is not his own—incidentally injuring his client's market—but he is practically supplied by clients with money by which to do business.

⁂

Many Evils Attend the Practice.

It is a well-known fact that many brokers in this city have little or no capital outside of the funds they secure in this way. They manipulate their client's stock, not in thousands, but in many thousands; not in one security, but in many securities. A man does not place five thousand dollars in the hands of his broker for safe keeping, and yet that is what a great many practically do when they leave five thousand shares of stock in a broker's office. But aside altogether from the market aspect, there are a great many evils attending the practice mentioned. It may enable a broker, or a coterie of brokers, to control a meeting of a company, and yet the broker or his fellows may not own a tithe of the stock upon which they vote; they will have the stock transferred into their own names for the occasion. A little while ago the Rochester people decided to make an allotment of stock at ten cents a share, shareholders to get one share of new for every two of the old which they held. One can readily see how a broker might get this new stock and sell it at a small advance, provided the owner asked no questions.

⁂

Is a Great Temptation To Brokers.

And carelessness in matters of this kind on the part of investors is only too common. They fail to look after their investments as closely as they should. Many of them seem to think that an interim receipt from a broker is as far as the matter needs go until they take it into their heads again to sell. Often by this time the broker has sold and bought the stock many times and not infrequently just at the time when the client wants to sell the stock is difficult to procure. Brokers in this position have been known to go to the wall, and their clients, not having accepted delivery of the stock, rank only as ordinary creditors, losing their stock and getting only a few cents on the dollar. Cases of this kind are well within the recollection of those who follow the market. Brokers who hold stock for their clients have been known, too, to pocket the dividends on the stock provided the client made no inquiries on this score. Only the other day the writer received a letter from a man in Alberta who had bought about ten or twenty shares of Nipissing stock four years ago and had received no dividends. He mentioned a couple of other stocks and enquired whether he should not have received dividends on these as well. An incident such as this shows that some buy stock without first acquainting themselves fully with the standing and resources of the company. The Albertan in question got his dividends when he asked for them. Had he been purchasing stocks intelligently, he would have known that neither of the other companies into which he had bought had paid any dividends, nor was there the remotest chance of their doing so. INVESTOR.

"Longs" and "Shorts" in Cobalt.

The decline in the Cobalt list generally has been bringing out letters to the press on the subject of manipulation, and the Beaver Mining Company has been advertising asking its stockholders to retain their stocks. The Beaver mine has had a wonderful history, and as an illustration of the way stocks can be manipulated ranks high. This move of the directors is undoubtedly against the shorts. With all there is being said against the short trader in the Cobalt market, a word can be said in his favor. In a general way he is a philanthropist; he keeps the market from going too high and he stays the market in its decline. But the charge against the so-called brokers who use their clients' stock and orders to manipulate the market to their own ends, the case is different. A lamb comes into an office and says he wants to purchase, say 200

BYRON E. WALKER.
President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

shares of a certain stock. The affable broker says: "Why not buy 500 shares, it's sure to go up." The lamb replies: "I haven't got the money." "Oh, that's all right, we'll carry them for you if you pay us for 200." So the lamb signs an order for the purchase of 500 shares of stock, paying for 200. Of course, the 500 shares are left with the broker as security, or perhaps never purchased at all. The market goes down, and the lamb is frozen out. This is probably the worst feature of the mining stock game.

The decline in La Rose below $5 was undoubtedly the work of the shorts, and now a reaction has set in. With normal general conditions, La Rose is a buy below $4.70 and a sale around $5.50. It is a mistake for the public to think that the Lawson is proving a blank or that the La Rose proper is played out. The stock was too high at $8, but it divided that price almost in two at $4.25.

The Rochester has undoubtedly an important find, and if it has any kind of luck the stock should double in prices.

The Nova Scotia is having its meeting on the 6th in Montreal. The directors will then have an opportunity to explain all about the big finds that were made on their property in July last. The news columns of the subsidized press were at that time digging up a new vein almost every day. The facts of the case are that a great crowd was caught short and got trimmed unmercifully. The stock rose from thirty-five to eighty-two. Of course, certain interests had to take a lot of stock to bring this about. The mine rates on the market for a million, although it is generally reported to be in debt for over $100,000. The fact is that the speculators were so badly trimmed in this stock that they are frightened to again attack it. The consequence is very little support is effectual. COBALT.

A Fine Specimen of Snobbery.

THERE are many varieties of snobs in England, as Thackeray pointed out, but perhaps the gentleman who wrote the following letter, says the London correspondent of The New York Sun, is about as perfect a specimen of his kind as it would be possible to find. He was staying in a Tunbridge Wells boarding house, and while there he ordered his papers from a low person who kept a news shop. This person had the bad taste to send in his account addressed plain "Mr." instead of "Esq." The enraged recipient wrote:

"I must also direct your attention to the fact that, although you know I have an independent income and have had a college education and am heir to my aunt, Lady ——, you will address me on your envelopes as 'Mr.' I am not an upstart or retired tradesman, but have been independent all my life, and my father and grandfather before me.

"Furthermore, my brother Walter is owner of the London line of steamers to —— and M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford. My brother-in-law is also a deputy County Court Judge and one of the Royal Commissioners to Mauritius. They all have been presented at court, and we have peers dining at our table in —— Gardens. Lord —— and Lord —— are intimate friends of my brother, and if you doubt it you can write to Lord —— at —— St. James's Park.

"Of course if you did not know, there is an excuse. I do not write this to put side on, as no gentleman does that, but there are certain rights and a proper pride that rules every one."

This very proper rebuke had no effect on the news agent, and the aristocrat, of course, had to discontinue his custom.

The First Savings Bank.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the Ruthwell Savings Bank, the first bank to take small deposits and pay cumulative interest on them, is to be celebrated in Scotland in May, 1910. This bank had its origin with one Henry Duncan, a Presbyterian minister of Dumfriesshire, and a friend of Thomas Carlisle. His purpose was to induce the mass of the people of his time to realize the value of a little savings which could be put by from time to time.

A remarkable instance of the irony of fate is revealed in the latest legal news from Australia (observes The London Chronicle). The late Baron von Mueller, government botanist of Victoria, made the study of the plants and flowers of Australia his life-work. He published forty books on the subject, was made a German baron and a British knight, and was otherwise decorated by most of the sovereigns of Europe. He spent £20,000 in the interests of Australian botanical science, with the result that he died worth only a few hundreds of pounds. By his will he ordered that this money should be devoted to the preparation of a memoir and the care of his grave, specifying the flowers he wished to have planted over his remains. But a Melbourne court has just decided that the money can not be applied to these purposes, but must be handed over to the relatives.

Governments of the Federated States of Germany are considering the introduction of a land tax of the "unearned increment." The measure is expected to raise $5,000,000 annually. It is held that such a tax would rest heavily on speculators and landowners in cities, but lightly on country districts, where values increase very slowly, if at all.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is now the editor of a new magazine in New York called the "Forerunner," the purpose of which is "to stimulate thought, to arouse hope, courage, and impatience" among women

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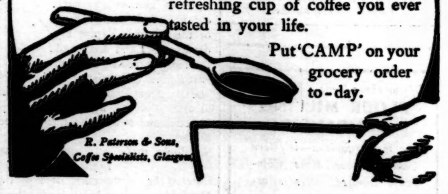

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A SKYSCRAPER TALE

I.

JOEL FLAXON, janitor of the Aerial Building, gave a low whistle as he looked about the deserted offices.

"I might have knowed it," he mused, comically shamefaced, "when that slick Coghlan slipped me the tickets to the Saturda' outing. Is it that I'm not old enough or too old for their games? But it did seem too good a bluff not to last longer—it seems so now."

Indeed the offices of the Althea Enterprise Company while deserted were far from empty. The spick and span mahogany furniture reflected in abundance the burnish of brass and the glitter of glass. The fenced off spaces, the high steel safe, the cathedral chimed clock giving the time of day in every commercial centre, the private wires, the telephones, the very rug with its Turkish seals on which the janitor stood, all proclaimed the unlimited confidence in which he had grudgingly shared.

Why then this sudden retreat from a land of milk and honey back to the desert of predatory tribes where every man's hand was against every other man?

"There's near the rent anyway in all this stuff," Flaxon muttered, "and I happens to know it was spot cash. The sooner thin it's up and stored in the loft the less for the creditors to attach. What, Katie, last but not least? Thin the good name of the consarn isn't garn at all evints."

"I don't know that there is anything unusual in my attending strictly to my own business. Mr. Flaxon," said the girl, who had just come out from the inner-most of the inner offices.

She was slight and pale, and snugly, almost scantily dressed, and her great black eyes snapped defiance at the janitor as she drew a package the closer to her under her sacque.

"I do be hoping it's a part of your business to pay the rent, my dear."

"You must look to Mr. Marcus Coghlan for that."

"Look after him, isn't it? Come, now, like the honest girrl you are."

"It's because I am dead square, that I won't, that I won't——"

With a desperate clutch at her throat the girl tottered against a desk and then slid to the floor, where she lay grasping, pitiably wan, pitiably young. The package, an orthodox, undeniable package of papers, brown wrapped, tape tied, bounded, as if inspired, to concealment behind one of the rich silk portieres, even as Flaxon, after a swift, comprising glance, bounded out into the hall.

Presently he returned with a cup of hot coffee and a plate of sandwiches. He picked up the half conscious girl and bore her back into the inner-most office, the shrine where that high priest of finance Marcus Coghlan had worshipped and wrought.

"Cold and half starved," he muttered, "that's what's the matter with you, and plenty more of youse. Take thot," he commanded, "every drop and bit." And out he went, closing the curtained door.

After a discreet interval Flaxon returned.

"Here's the bundle you dropped," he said to the girl, who was adjusting her hat before the mirror. "I hopes it ain't none of those dibenture bonds I've heard so much about—you might get another chill from the water."

"Quit your fooling, will you?" retorted the girl, but with a kindlier flash of her big black eyes. With a toss and a turn before the glass she drew the package closer to her under her sacque and tripped buoyantly to the hall door.

"I often have chances to recommend." said Flaxton, his hand on the knob. "I'll be glad to do the like for you if you leave me your name and address—something better too than skins and starvation."

"I'll always bow to you, Flaxon, when I drive by," she returned, "even if you have your overalls on."

"Perhaps I may not see you," replied the janitor briefly.

"Yes, you will; yes, you will. You will either see me, be proud to see me, or I won't be driving." There was a faraway look in the girl's big black eyes, narrowing, deadening, as if from disappointment not unknown. "No, I'll be walking here for that place," she called, as she went swiftly on her way.

Flaxon shook his head dubiously as he stepped back into the offices and locked the hall door. Then he drew from out of its concealment behind the rich silk portiere the veritable package, brown wrapped, tape tied, to which the package the girl had unsuspectingly carried away bore a close resemblance. He opened it. It contained at least a thousand crisp new one hundred dollar gold certificates.

II.

Midnight, sharp and clear; and the Aerial Building loomed vast, sullen and threatening against the city's glow like some monster whose myriad eyes had been put out. In the front entrance, with the doors drawn to, Flaxon sat smoking his pipe, quite at ease.

Tenants overworked and belated had gone home. The elevator men had knocked off, as if rest to them was in the nature of a shock. Save for the stoker in the firercom far below he was alone.

Suddenly the elevator bell rang sharply. Flaxon looked at the indicator; it pointed to the tenth floor. Had some one managed to sneak up who would not or could not manage to sneak down?

Flaxon jumped into the car and started, but at a slow rate. Always with him there must be thought before he could act with that decision which often seemed impulsive. The secret of this paradox was that he never heeded his mental spring when once it was wound up, being sure that it would work all right. So now he went slowly in order to see where he was going.

Yes, let him see. The fifteenth floor? That rich old conservative firm of international bankers, the Truesley brothers, occupied the major part—the front, the whole north side, the rear, with the back room on the south side, next to—yes, next to the offices of the Althea Enterprise Company.

It was inconceivable that any member or employee of the private bank lingered late. From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. was one of the rules there, where variance meant incapacity or worse. But the remaining rooms were deserted, their rent in arrears, with creditors watching to pounce. Nevertheless Flaxon presently made up his mind and set it accordingly, that the some one who had summoned him, unwilling or unable to sneak down after having sneaked up, was connected with the defunct and discredited concern.

The car crept up to the fourteenth floor and there hung wabbling.

"Hello, up there," called Flaxon. "Whoever you are you, better come down here. The power's nearly off."

"Curse you, I can't come!" snarled a voice which Flaxon recognized as Marcus Coghlan's. "I slipped on your infernally soapy floor and have sprained my ankle; ugh!"

"Very well, then," answered Flaxon, "I'll have to fetch you down here picky back."

The janitor proceeded slowly along the fourteenth floor to the stairs, as slowly rewinding his mental coil. Coghlan must have discovered the worthlessness of the substituted package. Hoping against hope, he must have sneaked back to the offices to see whether the genuine package might not still be there.

Of course this package had not been there; of course baffled, enraged, Coghlan had had to prepare to sneak out again. Was not a sprained ankle a sufficient reason, yes, the real reason for his not having done so? Perhaps so.

Time-pressed; the man, if injured, should be helped. But Flaxon was glad at least of the advantage of a long approach. What he saw from the head of the stairs gave him more confidence. Coghlan was half raised on his side by the elevator shaft in a cramped and painful position. His thin face shone ghastly white against his black hair.

"It's hard, so it is, to get what you deserve rather than what you expect," mused the janitor as he bent not ungently over him.

But Coghlan, swinging forward his free arm, levelled a big revolver.

"If you don't go into the office and give me that package you flimflammed out of Katie," he announced, "I'll blow your damned head off! I may do so anyway."

"And to think I left the front dures ajar," muttered Flaxon penitently as he turned as if to obey; "this is one of my nights off, 'way off."

III.

The quick, firm tread of Coghlan behind him, with every footfall accentuating the trick, almost determined the janitor that he would not be undone. His mental springs whirred under utmost strain, deducting, anticipating, devising, while heavily, composedly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he passed through the front mazes of the Althea Enterprise Company's offices into the private room in the rear where the electric lights were at full glow. Then as naturally as if it were a part of his calm and guarded progress with one leap he rushed into the closet, slamming and bolting the door, even as a bullet shivered the mirror before which Katie had prinked.

There were four other shots, above, to the side, the fourth bullet clipping a grizzly lock from Flaxon's sparsely covered head. The janitor crouched the lower as he waited.

"Five shots garn and only wan to remain," he mused, "or he wudn't be reserving it. I'll chance the throw of me voice."

"Have I finished you in there?" demanded the furious Coghlan.

"No, you haven't begun out there," mocked Flaxon in tones that seemed to emerge from a corner in the rear where a cornered rat would squealingly clamber and slip.

At all events Coghlan fired the sixth shot unhesitatingly, unerringly. Silence, and then a groan, long and piteously drawn out.

"Are you there, Flaxon" faltered Coghlan, his rage quenched by the cold sweat of fear.

"All but a big hole t'roo the innards," whispered back Flaxon. "For the Lard's sake, Mr. Coghlan, if you don't want to sit down in the chair from which there's no rising, reach me a towel to stop the bleed."

"You've got yourself to blame," protested Coghlan tremblingly. "I swear I never meant——"

As he opened the closet door his legs were jerked violently from under him. Bang, went his head against the floor. Before even the sickening consciousness of the world's whirl returned Flaxon had him bound and gagged lying turkey trussed in the centre of the office floor.

Flaxon had seen more than the towels in his dash. The smashed mirror was hanging out from its place in the wall. He now lifted down the mirror. There was a cavity behind, which it had hid—a circular opening body size through the brick partition into the next room, into something harder, thicker than the bricks, standing in the next room—why, into, of course, the great vault which occupied the major part of the last of the offices occupied by the private banking house of Truesley Bros.

Having connected an extension light, Flaxon investigated. He saw how the brick and mortar had been clipped away little by little as opportunity afforded. He saw where the steel had been fused in a fervent heat, laying bare some of the contents at least of the vault. He saw, notwithstanding, that now immovable, impenetrable, steel had restored and was preserving its sanctity.

The Enterprise Company, then, was designed simply as a stall and cover for this burglarious deed. That Coghlan, meanwhile, had yielded to the temptation of easy speculative fools was the cause of his partial failure. At the very moment of success, when he had so enlarged the opening as to filch from the vault bills to the amount of $100,000 at least, exposure had advanced so rapidly, so unexpectedly, upon him that he had been forced to flee, confiding his booty to the honesty of Katie.

What next? Why, of course, Katie had innocently taken to Coghlan the substituted package which Flaxon himself had prepared. In her impassioned denials and protestations she may have revealed to Coghlan the likelihood of Flaxon's having it.

What then? Was there not some other chance than the desperate chance of trying to get it back from the janitor? Certainly there was. The cavity was still hid; another package might be reached.

It seemed manifest, then, that Coghlan had sneaked into the building, the offices, the private room, only to find an unexpected, an insuperable barrier. How had this barrier come? Again Flaxon thought hard.

Had he not heard something some time about the strength of the Truesley vault, how it was made of laminated plates, lying like scales over and over one another? Gradually, on account of some clogging or displacement, these plates must have settled over the break. That was it, all of it, all at least that could be determined at present.

What now should be done? Why, the mirror should be replaced at once. Who could say what might not happen to him with the treasure gate half exposed?

Even as Flaxon finished his task something clicked sharply. He swung about. Katie, her white face gleaming, her black eyes flashing, was in the room. Already she had loosed the gag from Coghlan's jaw. Already at his whispered direction she had refilled the empty revolver with cartridges from the desk drawer. Already she was levelling this revolver with a zeal more deadly than skilfull, and again the janitor under his outer calm inwardly lamented that he had left the front doors ajar.

IV.

Yet, though Katie was covering him so shrewdly, Flaxon perceived that she was not fully decided. She had loosed Coghlan sufficiently for him to explain but not to act. Evidently she chose that the game like the gun should remain in her own hand.

What then had happened? Not thus cautious and doubtful had she been while defying and flouting him but the morning before. Already the

(*Concluded on page* 16.)

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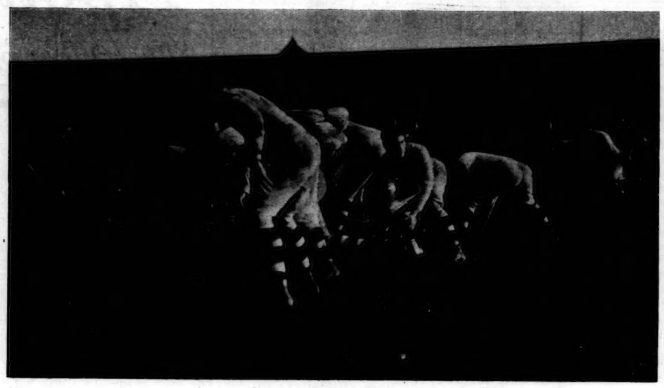

THE VARSITY-OTTAWA FOOTBALL MATCH.
Passing the ball back out of the scrimmage. It is Ottawa's ball, but it will be Varsity's in a minute or two.

ALTHOUGH there is still a game to play for the championship of the Dominion, the title is generally regarded as already in possession of Varsity—in spite of the fact that the end of the present Rugby season has been one of surprises. Most people expected the Hamilton Tigers to down Ottawa; and when, contrary to expectation, the Rough Riders won out, they were generally regarded as the coming champions. But once again the dopesters were wrong, and Varsity beat Ottawa much more decisively than anyone expected Ottawa to beat them. In view of all this it may seem rather dangerous to make any forecasts. But the general public is doing so, to the extent of taking the outcome for granted.

The proposed plan of sending the Varsity team to the States to give an exhibition is one which has much in favor of it. Just now there is a strong movement on the other side to reform football, and it is possible that a few fine exhibitions of the Canadian game might assist them in the problem. At any rate it could hardly fail to interest the football enthusiasts. But it seems to me the proper way would be to bring two Canadian teams and have them play exhibition matches with one another. The difficulties in the way of playing against an American team are so great, that it is hard to see any possible advantages in it. The rules and methods of the two games are so different—even in the number of men, the Canadians playing fourteen and the Americans eleven—that a contest between them on the half-and-half principle would be a very unsatisfactory affair, and would be little likely to yield anything but a large crop of controversies.

* * *

TALKING of American football and its brutalities, here is an English view: Of all the games played in the civilized world the most execrable is American football, says The Bystander, nor is there anything more unintelligible than the fascination which this brutal and degrading pastime has for an intelligent nation like the Americans. An offshoot, presumably, of our own Rugby game in its earliest and crudest form, it still bears, outwardly at any rate, some resemblance to it. But whereas we have in process of time improved our game by eliminating its more brutal features, the tendency in America has been all the other way. That it is a scientific game nobody would be prepared to deny. To be proficient at it a team must practice assiduously with the aid of a professional coach, and one of its so-called beauties consists in the successful carrying out, after arduous training, of various concerted movements, the signal for which is given by code words, the significance of which is, of course, only known to the players on the side. This in itself is a form of mere trickery, which is repugnant to the ideas of the average sportsman, but apart from this, rough play so far from being discouraged, is recognized as an essential feature of the game, and the costume of the players, with its pads and guards, may be likened to a suit of armor. Seldom does a match take place without some injuries of a more or less serious character taking place, and deliberate attempts on the part of the players to knock each other out are part of the day's work. Things have come to such a pass this year that, although the season is comparatively young, a dozen or more "football deaths" have already been recorded. I am glad to hear that, as the result of the death of one of its cadets, football at West Point Academy has been stopped, and I hope that this may prove the beginning of the end of a game which is a disgrace to modern civilization. Our own game, which is manly without being brutal, has made tremendous headway in the Colonies. Why not in America, too? It is not as if they had no national game which is both a good game and also peculiarly their own, for baseball, though it has never caught on much outside the States, is a game which, besides being eminently a game of skill, calls for a sufficient display of courage without being brutal.

* * *

IT is about time that such hasbeens in the running game as Tom Longboat and Billy Sherring should retire permanently. Only the other day they ran a five-mile race at Chatham, where Tom Longboat beat Sherring. But what does it matter which one won? No one is interested in the rickety accomplishments of men whose achievements are now ancient history. Sherring in his day accomplished a great feat of running ability and pluck. He received due honor for it, and then retired from the game with his laurels. But he was unable to resist the appeal of the money that was in the game, and he turned "pro"—and worse still, an unsuccessful "pro." Longboat at his best was one of the greatest runners the world has ever seen. But he didn't remain long at his best, and now he is merely an also-ran. It seems too bad that he can't be induced to sit down quietly in the Reserve and talk about his achievements, instead of giving painful evidence of how far he has fallen from his high estate among Marathoners.

* * *

AS everyone confidently expected, the half-hearted attempt of the Americans to win the Davis International Tennis Trophy has resulted in complete failure. The American challengers, McLoughlin and Long, failed to get a game from Brookes and Wilding, the Australians. It was a case of boys playing against experienced men, the best in the world at their game. Brookes' famous break-service was found practically irresistible by McLoughlin, while Wilding's excellent ground shots gave him an easy victory over Long. The challengers never had a chance in the world, and the people who sent them probably realized it quite well. The whole thing has been a very unpleasant muddle from the very start, when Larned and Clothier were pitted against the English challengers, though it was known then that they would be unable to go to Australia. The Americans seem to have made up their minds to defeat the English team, whatever happened to the Australians and the Cup.

* * *

MORE money was spent to see the recent Harvard-Yale football game at the Stadium on the outskirts of Boston than ever before. In fact no sporting event in America ever involved a larger amount. Not only in receipts was the game a tremendous money consumer, but also in the expenses paid by thousands of enthusiasts who were bent upon seeing the rival elevens clash regardless of cost.

Nearly 40,000 persons surrounded the gridiron, and as there were comparatively few complimentary tickets the receipts were more than $75,000. The speculators, in spite of extreme vigilance by the college managers, got hold of a few tickets, which were sold at exhorbitant prices. A block of five choice seats went for $300, while a New York man paid $125 for two seats, the highest price known to have been paid.

It was estimated that 10,000 persons went to the game from New York on the regular and special trains over the Shore Line and the Albany road through Springfield. The average round trip fare for this trip, including parlor car seats, sleeping car berths and dining car checks, was about $14, or about $140,000. Probably 10,000 more went from New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, Providence and other points in New England, paying about $60,000 more, perhaps, for transportation.

More than 12,000 persons remained in Boston on Friday and Saturday nights, either at hotels or private boarding houses. The hotels charged all the way from $4 to $10 a night for rooms and sold everything. Meals, tips, taxicab fees, carriage and cab hire and other incidentals mounted up so that at least $400,000 it is estimated, was paid for such accommodations.

Boston florists sold half a million violets at $2 a hundred, which netted $10,000, and 50,000 chrysanthemums at $1 each. Flags of crimson or blue brought a dollar each and there were at least 30,000 in use. Maybe 20,000 cigars were purchased in the Hub, which at a low average price of 10 cents realized $2,000 more. Then it must not be forgotten that an astounding array of new hats worn by the women must have been an expensive item, also the cost of new dresses, cloaks and crimson or blue parasols. Many hundreds of dollars were spent in automobile hire and the storage of countless machines from various distant points, while the hiring of tallyho coaches was also an item worth noting. Altogether the big game involved the expenditure of more than $1,000,000.

* * *

THE Englishman's love for debating questions of a purely academic character was well illustrated by the meeting which was held at the Inns of Court Mission to discuss the question whether professionalism in sport ought to be abolished. The spectacle of a number of influential (and other) sportsmen gravely inquiring whether a thing should be abolished, which is about as capable of abolition as the laws of nature, must have been a highly diverting one. Fortunately, the meeting did not succeed in stulifying itself to the extent of answering the question in the affirmative, for by a small majority it declared itself opposed to the abolition of professionalism in sport—a decision which professional cricketers and golfers (among others) will doubtless read of with chastened feelings of relief. The point, of course, which is really worth consideration is how far professionalism should be allowed a voice in the control of sport. The history of the Football Association affords a striking illustration of the way in which a sport may be harmed by being brought more and more under professional influence until the genuine amateur is finally squeezed out. Professionalism is all right enough in its proper place, but since it makes a business of sport it ought not to be allowed to do more than mind its own business.

* * *

WAINWRIGHT, who was born as long ago as the beginning of George IV.'s reign, and who had experienced the ups and downs of a pugilist's life for nearly a century, died in the usual poverty of the old type of ring heroes. With these men, when the glories of the old prize-ring had waned, and the new glove fighting was started too late for them to take a hand in it, there was ever present the horror of the workhouse and a pauper's grave. Fortunately for the old man, this last dishonor was averted by the help of some good sportsman. PLAYFAIR.

Plain Guest (excitedly)—Miss Lucy—your—mare's run away. I just popped my head over the gate —— Miss Lucy (annoyed)—Oh! that's enough to make her. She's so frightened of anything like that! London Opinion.

It is necessary to tell a woman only the unimportant things. She will find out the rest for herself.—Life.

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Tin foil packages
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WHITE SEAL, BRUT IMPERIAL & IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT
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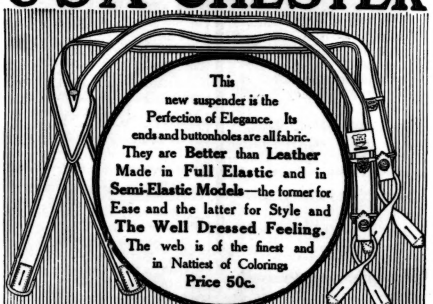
This new suspender is the Perfection of Elegance. Its ends and buttonholes are all fabric. They are Better than Leather Made in Full Elastic and in Semi-Elastic Models—the former for Ease and the latter for Style and The Well Dressed Feeling. The web is of the finest and in Nattiest of Colorings Price 50c.
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Sirs,—I herewith enclose cheque (or M.O.) for $12.50 per box. Please send.....Box(es) of 500 "ALBANY" Cigarettes to
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
with enclosed Crest, Monogram, Initials (strike out those not required), so as to arrive at above address on (Date) .....
SIGNATURE.....
ADDRESS.....

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THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited, GALT, ONT. Manufacturers — Estab. 1859
GUARANTEED UNDERWEAR CEETEE PURE WOOL

MOTORS and MOTORING

A BILL has lately been brought into the Dominion Parliament to deal with damage done on the highways by automobiles. Mr. Lewis, who proposed the bill, pointed out that a new law on the subject was needed, as the automobile was not known at the time the Criminal Code was instituted. He furthermore pointed out that as this was a vehicle which was under complete control by the driver—or was at least supposed to be—the establishment of responsibility was a much simpler matter than in the case of ordinary vehicles.

Mr. Lewis found precedents for the bill in a report expressing the alarm of the British Parliament at the destruction to life and the damage to roads occasioned by motor-cars. The report stated that while there was not one passenger killed on the railways of the United Kingdom in the years of 1907 or 1908, there were in the same time 5,616 motor accidents, of which 248 were fatal.

A new law, putting the regulations for autoists on some logical and consistent basis, would be welcomed by motorists themselves. It would probably result in inculcating more caution into reckless drivers, and would also act as a protection for the motorist against the mere prejudice of the public.

* * *

ONE of the serious items of expense in the running of an automobile is the cost of tyres. The following advice from an expert will, therefore, probably be of interest to owners of cars. Speaking of the care exercised by manufacturers in their endeavor to protect rubber against its enemies, he says:—

"In many houses the stock is kept in the basement where atmospheric conditions may be carefully watched. The air must be just right to ward off possible deterioration. There must be just the right humidity and the thermometer must be around 60 degrees. Under these conditions tires may be kept in stock without fear of old age. The air being of the right humidity can assist the sulphur which is used in curing to properly crystallize until the rubber blooms. This latter word may be best explained by stating that when the casing first comes out of the mold it is of greenish color. Stored away under proper atmospheric conditions, the sulphur gets busy and crystallizes, gradually converting the color from the green to the gray which is so familiar to users of pneumatics. When this gray is reached the rubber is said to have bloomed.

"This sulphur is the greatest alley the tire-maker has. In chemically curing the crude rubber chlorid of sulphur plays a most important part. Its running mate is disulfid of carbon and the pair works well in double harness. The carbon gives the necessary heat for the curing process, while the sulphur mixes with the crude rubber and makes the chemical change which converts the rubber from the chocolate brown of the crude to the familiar gray. It also gives the tire life and with it elasticity. It is well known that crude rubber can be picked to pieces with the fingers, but with the sulphur mixed with it it becomes elastic, at which stage it is said to have life.

"As to the importance of sulphur one can best appreciate it by looking at a piece of rubber from which all traces of it have disappeared. It is of a dead-black hue and it is possible to gouge out little chunks with the fingers. That's when the tire is beyond all hope. In this condition the tire has lost its life and a blowout usually follows. The absence of the sulphur permits the fabric to shuffle, as it is technically known, which means that friction is produced much as one shuffles on the floor when dancing. This friction causes a strand in the fabric to snap, and that is the beginning of the end."

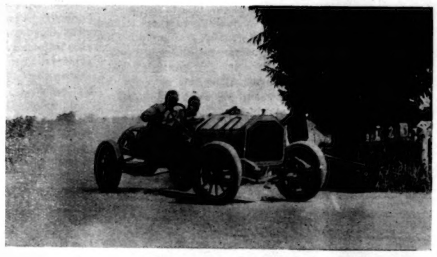
Tires are best preserved by being kept in use. Use keeps the sulphur from crystallizing beyond the safe stage. Water has no effect on rubber that is injurious. Only the fabric suffers from water. Nor is gasoline an enemy, but rather a friend. In fact it is a factory practice "to use raw gasoline to wash the crude rubber." Every strip that goes into the construction of a casing first is "washed with gasoline to eliminate the dirt." Oil, however, is a great enemy. The writer says:

"Oil will rot rubber and your careful motorist will watch his garage floor. Leaving a car standing with a wheel in a pool of oil on the floor will have its effect and one day of this will render the rubber soft and the casing wears out so much quicker. An oil-soaked section of rubber will wear faster on the road than the part that has not been touched by the oil. It looks as if the damage had been caused by a skid in which the casing has been burned. This soft condition easily can be detected after very little wear."

The heat that injures a tire is not weather heat, but "the heat generated by friction while the tire is in use." The sulphur is thus destroyed and without that strong little ally the casing is almost helpless."

* * *

MR. A. LOWES DICKINSON made a trip last summer to England, France and Algeria in a 40-horse-power American car, and in a log-book kept records in detail of all his expenditures. At the end of the trip, he compiled some averages of expenses per mile. Mr. Dickinson spent thirty days running his car in England and forty-seven days in France and Algeria, during which in the three countries he covered 6,700 miles. Following is his table of averages of cost per mile run:



Chevrolet in a Buick car winning the Cobe Trophy at Crown Point.

	In England, 30 running days, 4,700 miles.	In France and Algeria, 47 running days, 2,000 miles.
Cost per mile run.		
Gasoline	$0.031	$0.0496
Oil	.0092	.0063
Repairs and spare parts	.0069	.0065
Supplies and sundries	.0045	.0039
Garage, cleaning, etc.	.0176	.0142
Tire expenses	.0786	.0729
Licenses	.0076	.0049
Chauffeur's board and expenses	.0446	.0294
	.20	.1877
Freight, England to France and France to Algiers and back		.0381
Total cost per mile	.20	.2258

Number of gallons used, 215.
Miles per gallon on gasoline used, 9.2.

These figures indicate that each 100 miles cost Mr. Dickinson from $20 to $22.58, which seems high, inasmuch as cars can be hired in plenty in England and France for $25 a day, this sum including all the expenses for oil and maintenance, and the chauffeur's board and wages. Mr. Dickinson's statement does not include the chauffeur's wages.

* * *

THE great development of automobile touring in the last two or three years has led to a movement for the simplification of the rules of the road in Europe, where the different regulations of the different countries offer a serious obstacle to international travel. One result of this movement for greater uniformity was a meeting in Paris not long ago, when sixty-three delegates, representing eighteen national governments, discussed the subject thoroughly, and came to a certain agreement on it. But the great part of the work is still to do, as it will be no easy task to have the reforms put into practice. Following are some of the topics discussed, as given in The Automobile:—

"Under Article 1 will be set forth the various conditions that an automobile must fulfil before being put into use. Thus, in France, before a car can go on the road it must be examined by a government engineer and meet certain requirements regarding brakes, freedom from explosion, fire, noise, and disagreeable smell. There are several countries, America and England among them, which have no such examinations But custom has gone even further than the government regulations, and there is not a car built by a reputable firm which could not come up to the standard of safety proposed by the congress.

"Article 2, dealing with drivers, is a more knotty problem, for the congress proposes that a severe examination on the lines of that already existing in France shall be instituted. No person under eighteen could hold a driving license; in every case an examination of ability must be held, and each nation would have the power to withdraw the licenses where the authorities saw the necessity for such a course. To introduce such a scheme every nation would have to be prepared to undertake a certain amount of internal reform.

"Article 6, dealing with the rules of the roads, is a difficult point. All the States in the Union follow the common rule of keeping to the right. In Europe it is not so, the majority keeping to the right, but England having a rule that all traffic shall keep to the left. Curiously, in certain countries, notably Italy, the two rules are in force, in some towns it being necessary to drive to the left and in others to keep to the right. The congress appears to favor an international driving-law under which all vehicles shall keep to the left, as is done in England. With the driver placed on the right-hand side of the car, it is claimed that this is the safest rule. It is doubtful, however, if it can be passed, for the change is so drastic that every nation will hesitate to make it. It is certain, however, that those nations that have the two rules in force will have to select either one or the other.

"Article 9, on customs and frontier stations, particularly interests Europe and Americans who tour Europe. The present improved system consists of the issuing of triptyques by the various touring associations. Thus, if you are an American and wish to visit France you can, before leaving home, arrange with the Touring Club de France, deposit your duty, receive in return a threefold piece of paper and enter France as easily as crossing the East River. The same can be done for several other European countries. The result is that there is no money transaction at the frontier. You make your deposit through your banker at home and are refunded by him on your return. The system is a concession on the part of the various custom authorities of Europe. It is a concession, indeed, that is not always sufficiently appreciated by the automobilist, who does not see the years of labor necessary to convert the authorities and the large sums guaranteed by the Touring Club of France and other associations.

"The defect of the system is that for each country issued a deposit must be made. Thus the American who intends to do Europe thoroughly has to obtain about half a dozen triptyques and make a heavy deposit with his banker. It is proposed that there should be one international triptyque, and that the amount deposited on it should be equal to the highest tariff of the various contracting countries. Thus, if an American car, for instance, visits Europe, enters and leaves several countries, but enters and does not leave Italy, the officers of that nation would claim that the deposit be handed over to them in payment of duty. This, in fact, is what is done now, with the difference that instead of one single deposit there are half a dozen different ones and half a dozen different triptyques to be carried round for presentation at the various frontier stations where they must be presented.

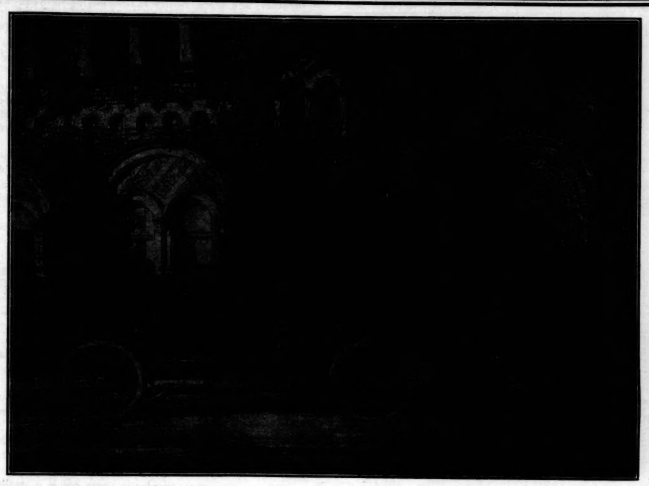
"With the international passport the automobilist would be able to enter and leave any country in Europe—with a few rare exceptions—on the presentation of a paper. The authorities have nothing to lose by such a scheme and the automobilist has everything to gain. In all probability this scheme will be adopted by the nations now issuing triptyques. The nations that have not yet adopted the triptyque, among them being Russia, Turkey, Greece, and the eastern states, will doubtless come in later."

CHAUFFEUR.

"I thought I should laugh right out," said Mrs. Cashton, "when at the circus recently Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph. Of course, she meant a giraffe; but the fun of it was it wasn't a giraffe. It was a camomile."—The Christian Register.

Reporter—Mr. Cummin, have you the manuscript of the after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummin (with a gasp)—Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?—Chicago Tribune.

The Lady Fare—"You can not cheat me, my man. I haven't ridden in cabs for twenty-five years for nothing."



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SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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!?. DONTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

How a Woman Tapped a Beer Keg.

VERILY truth is stranger than fiction, and often vastly more amusing. Here is a story which is true. That it was amusing to the Toronto man who heard it at first hand from an interested person, and who saw the proof of the incident it concerns, will readily be seen.

A well-known piano manufacturer of this city was in Muskoka during the recent deer-hunting season, and while there he became acquainted with an interesting backwoodsman. Incidentally, he learned something of the latter's home experiences. Now the settler's wife has an appetite which we do not like to associate with the fair sex, but which in this instance may be accounted for by the fact that backwoods women lead a most lonely life, a life which would drive a good many of us to drink. She dearly loves to assimilate fiery water, and her husband has had to resort to many schemes to keep her from getting gloriously drunk, while at the same time providing himself with a modest store of liquor for his own temperate use. Well, recently this man was offered a barrel of beer at a bargain at the nearest settlement—at all events he found himself in possession of a barrel, and then arose the problem of its safe disposal at home. He could not put it in the house, of course; so, after some careful planning, he smuggled the stuff into the barn, fixed up a block and tackle, and hoisted it to the roof, where he was sure his wife could not reach it if she discovered its whereabouts. Then he went off to work feeling quite pleased with himself. But on his return in the evening he found his wife in a condition variously described as "canned," "tanked," or "spifflicated." He himself for a moment was paralyzed with astonishment. Then he ran to the barn to see how she had managed to "get next" to the contents of the barrel. He glanced up. It was up at the roof safe enough, but a close examination revealed the manner in which it had been tapped. His wife had located the liquor, taken his rifle, shot a hole in the bottom of the barrel, placed a pail underneath, and got all she wanted!

When the Toronto man heard the story, he could scarcely believe it until he had been shown the hole in the keg.

His Brutal Face.

A FEW days ago Hangman Radcliffe was in Montreal for the execution of John Dillon—afterwards postponed on account of the alleged insanity of the condemned murderer. During his stay there, Radcliffe visited one of the newspaper offices to see a police reporter whom he has known for many years.

The word that Radcliffe, the hangman, was in the building was quickly passed about; and soon all the clerks and stenographers in the business office were on the watch to see him going out. Also some subscribers and others who happened to be in the office were informed of Radcliffe's presence.

The result was that when Radcliffe came out of the elevator all those in the business office were drawn up in two lines to receive him. He was accompanied by his friend, the police reporter, and also by the sporting editor, a very well known and very popular newspaperman.

The sporting editor stepped out of the elevator first, whereupon a country subscriber turned to her husband and said:

"My, but hasn't he a brutal face!"

The Theatres Made Him Sore.

QUITE recently, as Toronto playgoers are aware, there was a season of grand opera in Italian at one local theatre, and at the rival theatre near-by a Yiddish company came on for a night or two and gave two performances for the benefit of the large and apparently well-to-do Hebrew population of the city. During the week a stranger came to town on business, and put up at one of the leading hotels in the neighborhood. To pass away a lonely evening he decided to take in one of the local theatres, and being rather indifferent as to what play he saw, he did not make enquiries. He sallied forth and arrived at the playhouse where the opera of "Il Trovatore" was being given in the original tongue. Now, the plot of this opera is by no means clear even to those who know Italian and have seen the opera many times. The visitor did not understand Italian, and was not overly fond of music. After listening for twenty minutes he rose, and, sore against the world in general, walked out.

He journeyed down street and saw another theatre. He purchased a ticket there also and went in. The audience was laughing and enjoying itself hugely. The visitor settled down to enjoy himself. He listened blankly for a moment and then asked a neighbor what language the actors were speaking, "Yiddish," replied the latter.

The stranger swore audibly and stalked out. Across the way he saw a saloon and entered it.

"I will buy a drink for every man in this bar who can talk English," he declared, and found plenty to accept the offer. He did not stop with one, and at any rate he was not lonesome for the rest of the evening.

Our Kind-Hearted Policemen.

THE members of the Toronto police force are nothing if not magnanimous. They are mostly big men from the north of Ireland, and their hearts are kind, even though they are obliged to indulge in a little rough work occasionally. Many a tipsy citizen has been helped on his way and guided to his own doorstep by one of these big fellows, and for the most part they are far more ready to pass a civil word with the passer-by than to interfere with him.

This quality of magnanimity came out in a droll way the other morning at the police court. A resident of "The Ward" and his wife had been arraigned by the morality department on a charge of an offence subversive of good order in the community. So gravely did the magistrate view the case, that the evidence being clear, he convicted them, and instead of giving the option of a fine, sentenced them to sixty days each in jail. The woman took the matter calmly, but her husband broke down altogether. He sobbed in the dock as though his heart would break. An officer led him out, and he wept copiously as he crossed the court-room. As he reached the door he broke down physically, and leaned groaning against the lintel of the doorway. The officer waited until he stopped for breath, and then placed his hand kindly upon his shoulders.

"Come along, now," he said compassionately; "and if ye like ye can cry as ye go along the hallway."

Taste in Stage Names.

THE taste which many actors display in the choice of stage names has been a subject of jest for decades. If anyone wants to study the workings of the stage-struck intellect, let him stand in the doorway of some cheap hostelry and look at the names on the chorus-girls' trunks when a burlesque show arrives in town. But a fine use of taste and fancy is not confined to girls. The smaller fry among the men, while not so picturesque in their tastes, usually like to parade under the names of men admittedly great. Recently at a race track in a vaudeville theatre, the audience was surprised to learn that W. E. Gladstone had come back to earth. Some of them had read of W. T. Stead's interview with his spirit on the British Budget, but on that occasion his appearance was shadowy. Nevertheless, he loomed up in the flesh and greatly changed in the role of a race track follower. Perhaps it was this actor whom Stead interviewed in mistake for the G.O.M. In the same piece was an actor who had borrowed another august name in a different sphere, for he was proudly announced as James J. Jeffries. Which was the greater man, Jeffries or Gladstone, depends upon your point of view. An even more prevalent trick in travelling concert companies a few years ago was to take ordinary singers whose names were Smith or Jones or Robinson at birth and bestow on them names made famous by greater artists who had passed away. Thus one has heard in Toronto on one programme Albani and Tamberlik, once names to conjure with in the musical world. These names had been appropriated by routine vocalists who sang out of tune. This form of doing dishonor to the dead seems happily to have died out of late years.

A Sinner's Mite.

SOME weeks ago, when the evangelists of the curb were still in the full fervor of their mission, before untimely frost had come to nip their sermons and their audiences, Ben Allen, the blind singer, who carols forth tidings of peace and goodwill at the corner of Adelaide and Yonge on Sunday nights, was at his old post when an interesting incident occurred.

Among his hearers was a man who had somewhat the appearance of a lucky miner out for a good time. He was a fine, big, loose-limbed fellow, but a slightly glazed look about his eyes suggested that he had strained his optic nerve gazing on the ruby wine.

He listened with reverent attention as Ben Allen's baritone voice made sympathetic enquiry for the whereabouts of the "wandering boy." At the conclusion of the time-honored hymn, he put a large hand into a large trousers-pocket and drew up a generous vein of silver, which he deposited in a clinking shower in Ben Allen's tin cup.

Another hymn was sung, to which he listened hat in hand, and then went down into his pocket as before. But this time the output was lighter.

A third and fourth time he gave a dwindling donation at the end of each hymn. But finally he got to the end of his resources in small change.

As the fifth hymn was brought to a conclusion he drew from his coat-pocket a large orange. He placed it in the cup, the top of which it filled completely. And then putting his hat on his head, he walked off with the swagger which speaks of duty nobly fulfilled.

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is in St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 feet in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a whole battalion can completely manœuvre in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

THE VARSITY-OTTAWA MATCH.
A Stand of Varsity rooters, showing the effect of white sweaters against the dark background.

Ye Famous Victorie.

THE time-keeper threw up both hands with a whoop, as a sign that it was all over. He was answered by a series of wild yells from every part of the field. It was as though all the Indians of all the warpaths of the past were having one grand, final picnic. After that it was the deluge.

No one could say where they all came from. They seemed to come from all over—up from underneath, as well as down from above. Black tides of yelling student-humanity surged over every barrier and inundated the field. They ran like a multitude of mill-races for the centre, where a small body of football players seemed pitifully weak and forlorn before that onslaught. One held one's breath, wondering what wou'd happen when they all came together.

In an instant it was all over. They met with a shock as of meeting tidal-waves; and the buff-clad forms of football players were thrown high in the air, like so much spray and foam. There was a wild swirling and surging

to and fro for a few mad minutes, and then a strong current set in for the clubhouse. The players were straws carried along by the tide.

"Hurrah for Lawson! Bully for you, Smirlie!"

A particularly bulky piece of flotsam received these encouraging shouts with the smile of a bored Jupiter. He lay stretched out on the shoulders of a dozen men—a broad-shouldered, brown-faced boy, with the hair of an anarchist. He was tired—but oh, so happy!

And he had a right to be, for Smirlie Lawson, the great half-back of Varsity, had just given one of the finest exhibitions of football ever seen on a Canadian field. Again and again had he plunged forward with his long, lumbering stride, which did not seem fast but which ate up the ground. And you could always follow his path by the wreckage in the rear. With the ball tucked safely away under one arm, and the other thrashing about him like a flail, he would tear through the Ottawa line like a "locoed" steer. Even Stronach, tall and lissome and powerful, could do little against him. Seldom did he consent to stop except at the combined solicitation of about four or five men. And even then he took them all down with him.

There was also that great little man Gall, who gathers in a football much as an expert shortstop does a baseball. Short, hard bounces off the ground, long drives over his head, hard ones and easy ones, all were alike to him. He took them to his bosom with either hand from any old position; and then he either ducked his head and slipped and dodged and wriggled through for a gain of many yards, or he drove one of those beautiful punts which made the Ottawa back-field wish he had never been born.

But these are only two men of a right noble company—a team whose equal one must go far back into Canadian football history to find. They play the game one dreams of, but seldom witnesses. Speedy and daring, always alert, always right on top of the ball, absolutely accurate in their handling, with fine judgment and beautiful team-play, they are in a class by themselves among this year's teams. Not the famous Tigers at their best could surpass this group of college boys.

And what a game it was! Right from the kick-off the Varsity players jumped in. They were all over their opponents all of the time. Did an Ottawa "back" fumble the ball—which was quite an ordinary occurrence—there was a Varsity man right there to nail him before he could recover. And that is how it happened that in the very first quarter of the game they were able to make their final victory an assured thing. It was merely a question of how much.

The Ottawa team played a good game, too. Those Rough Riders know a thing or two about Rugby. They gave their proofs against Hamilton only a short while ago. But while they played a good game, the Varsity men came nearly playing the best possible game. The result was that the work of the Ottawa team failed to show. Even so good a man as Stronach, the hero of the game with the Tigers, did not seem able to do anything against Varsity. Whenever Ottawa punted he was right on the spot to nail the man who fumbled it. The only difficulty was that the other fellow never fumbled. Thus was the brawny and agile Stronach made to look like a tenderfoot. And it was the same way all along the line. One failed to notice how good the Ottawa men were, because their opponents were so very much better.

And the rooters, how they did root! How they did split the welkin and the ears of Ottawa with melodious defiance! Even such ancient and classy things as "John Doe" and "Blue Bell" were invoked in the good cause, and statesmen-and-financiers-to-be shouted themselves red in the face while the band brayed brassy accompaniment. It was a sight and sound not to be easily forgotten. But now it is all part of football history.

Realism in the Theatre.

THE story is told that one night when Mr. E. S. Willard was appearing in "The Middleman" in London, England, nearly twenty years ago, one or two men in the gods were so overcome by the sorrows of Cyrus Blenkarn, the old potter, in the scene in which he is depicted in great distress, that they actually took pennies from their pockets and threw them on the stage when the anguished man called out for money to buy fuel for his furnaces. But few playgoers can get so wrapped up in a play as that, and few actors can evoke such interest.

Last Saturday afternoon, Mr. Reeves Smith, who was playing the villain in "Van Allen's Wife," at the Princess Theatre, won a somewhat similar tribute. Of course, it is customary with the gallery to hiss all villains, but this is more custom than anything else, and does not signify very deep absorption in the play. There was a young lady present at the theatre mentioned, however, to whom the whole drama was absolute reality. She sat in the front row of the first gallery leaning over the rail and completely absorbed in the action of the drama. For the many who did not see the piece, it is necessary to explain that the big scene is located in the rooms of the villain. He is trying to force a woman who has lived down her past to return to a life of degradation. He has her wound up pretty tight in his net, and laughs at her appeals and her efforts to escape his purpose. Mr. Reeves Smith, who is a most accomplished actor, played the role with a glittering callousness worthy of a better cause, and depicted the cold-blooded intentions of the man on his design as well as the most critical could conceive. For the girl in question it was obviously real, for suddenly at a crucial moment she struck the padded railing of the gallery and exclaimed in low-and intense tones which could be heard by all those around her: "My God, I'd kill him!"

The people around her broke into a laugh, and she woke up, blushed, and for the rest of the performance was a very quiet and embarrassed young woman. But Miss Fanny Ward, the star, could have used some of the intensity she put into her unconscious speech, in her portrayal of the heroine.

The Vagaries of Slang.

NOT long since an eminent Canadian Senator advised the students of Toronto University to avoid slang as they would a serpent. Not all of us take so severe a view. There are some rare growths of slang that are really a short cut to clear and accurate expression. It is notorious, however, that the slang habit, aided by the writers of the sporting columns of the newspapers, has obtained a rank luxuriance which would make the conversation of the average young man of to-day almost unintelligible to any Rip Van Winkle who went to sleep in the eighties and came to life this week. So great a hold has it taken on the people of this continent, that they unconsciously express themselves in slang at the most serious moments. At one of the big conventions held in Toronto this autumn, this habit gave a farcical turn to a very pathetic episode.

A telegram was delivered to an American delegate, and two of his friends saw that when he opened it, his face changed. He held the telegram in his hand and as though in a daze, and then the tears commenced to trickle down his cheeks. They hastened to him with the words, "What's the matter, old man?"

He held out the telegram and said in a broken voice: "Say, what do you know about that? My mother's dead. Ain't it awful, Mabel."

THE VARSITY-OTTAWA MATCH.
Players returning to their positions on the recovery of a Rugbyite who had been knocked out for a minute or two.

IN BOND

OF course, I am a "dub" so far as business is concerned. There are duties which as a man and a citizen I perform with a certain amount of credit. But when it comes to the complications of modern business, I must confess that they are Greek to me—or rather, worse than Greek, for of that very dead language I learned at least the alphabet. But at the same time there are many "dubs"—in fact, as Carlyle would point out, the average man is a "dub." Most men and nearly all women know little or nothing about any business outside their own little sphere of activity. For this reason I feel it my duty to tell the public something of my experiences in getting out of the Customs a small box of my books which I had forwarded to me from the United States. This is a fate which might overtake any unsuspecting mortal, this necessity of getting something through the Customs. And if my sufferings will have made it easier for some brother or sister mortal in their day of trial, I shall not have lived in vain.

To begin at the beginning, I was informed by mail some months ago that the books in question had been duly packed and shipped to my address in Toronto. This notice with the enclosed bill of lading—I believe that is what they call the things—was all I heard of the books for weeks which stretched into months. Finally I was told by friend, to whom I spoke of the matter, that I

"You'd beter go and see Mr. So-and-So."

ought to have a "tracer" sent out. I didn't know a "tracer" from an Irish setter, but he explained how I ought to go about having it sent, and one day I dropped in for a brief chat with a genial freight-clerk who spat tobacco and brief replies. I came away feeling that the affair was beyond human aid.

A few days afterwards, however, I got notice that the books had arrived and were "in bond." They were my own personal property, ragged old veterans which had come through many an engagement with the midnight cigarette, and I didn't see why they should be held up in bond. Like so many of the articles advertised in "Lost and Found" columns, they were "of no value to any but the owner." Not even a Customs officer would be apt to improve his mind by reading them—meaning that he wouldn't read them. Therefore, why hold them up? But held up they were!

I went down to the freight-office again. The same genial clerk told me that the books were at the King's Warehouse, and explained what I must do to get them. He talked with all the elaborate lucidity which one uses in instructing a child. But even at that, his explanation was too technical for me. But I went to the Kings' Warehouse, nevertheless, trusting in the protection of kind fate.

Clambering over bales and boxes, and dodging draught-horses and the hostile eye of teamsters, I finally managed to reach a little box of an office, where a grey-haired man with a gentle and rather weary voice informed me that I had to go to the front office to get an order made out. I am not sure that he called it an order, but at least it was something that I had to have done before I could get my books. I went to the front office which very appropriately faces on Front street. At a large desk in the centre of a large hall, bordered by wickets and the countenances of cashiers, stood a young man of dignified, not to say haughty, demeanor. He was a tall, thin young man, with a small head, and rather anaemic blonde hair. There did not seem to be anything particularly intellectual in his occupation, wihch consisted principally of fumbling over a mass of printed forms of various shapes and colors. Nevertheless his manner was full of chilling reserve. There is more grey than brown where I comb my hair, but I approached him with a manner of deep respect. He coldly studied the fit of my coat and the hang of my trousers while I explained my mission. Then fixing his eye with amused contempt on my second-best necktie, he said:

"Well, where are your invoices?"

This was horrible! I had never thought of such a thing!

"My invoices!—why, why, they told me all I needed was this—" and I again showed him the formal notice.

"Naw—I tell yuh it won't do. Yuh gotta have two invoices—certified invoices."

I apologized. Clearly there was nothing for it but to go back to the freight-office. I went. There the genial clerk listened to my story. He expectorated with grave emphasis.

"Aw—what's bitin' him? You go back and tell the mutt that they're settler's effects."

I went back. The way began to seem long. Besides I had an appointment, but I wanted to see the thing through.

I went up to the "mutt" as directed, but I didn't address him that way. I felt more inclined to call him "Mister." But he turned his back coldly upon me—perhaps he resented my coming back—and addressed himself to some other business. I went up to one of the wickets. The first one told me I was at the wrong place—which didn't surprise me in the least—and the second one told me to go to another and get blanks to make an entry. He added some technical information which made my head swim. I waited in a condition of coma at the wicket indicated, and finally got the blanks. When I got them I found that I could make neither head nor tail of them. So I looked around for an idle man. I saw one, and he listened patiently to my story—held perhaps, like the wedding guest in the "Ancient Mariner," by my "bright and glittering eye."

"You'd better go and see Mr. So-and-So," he said finally. "He'll fix you up—if anybody can."

There was something ominous about the last three words, but "hope springs eternal," and I went to see Mr. So-and-so, whose office opened off the large hall. He bent inquisitorial eyes upon me.

"You're not an imigrant, are you?" he asked.

I indignantly denied the impeachment, and insinuated my hope that I didn't look like a "guiney" or a "dego." And I explained for the tenth time that I had left the books in the United States during a residence in that country, and that now having come back to Canada to live I had had the books sent to me.

"Ah, that's too bad you aren't an immigrant," said he, gently rubbing his nose. "It would have simplified matters greatly. As it is, I don't know what you can do—unless it would be to go to a Customs broker.

This was certainly rubbing it in. Here had I, a free citizen of this noble Dominion, spent more than half a morning trying to get a trifling little case of old books; and now I was compelled to turn the matter over to a broker. I went up Yonge street in black despair, resolved to let the old books go feed the fishes—though there was a certain battered copy of Montaigne and an edition of Sir Thomas Browne which it made me squirm to think of.

As I went along with my head bowed like a battering-ram against all the world, I ran full tilt into a plump and yielding body.

"What's the matter?—friends all dead?—or have you gone bust playing the market?"

Then I told Harold all my troubles. Harold is a business man. So he made light of my troubles.

"Come on back with me," he said, "I have half an hour or so to spare, and I'll see you through."

I was grateful, but sceptical. I doubted that any merely human ingenuity could extricate my books in less than a week. But Harold displayed a beautiful self-confidence. He seemed to rely especially on his acquaintance with a certain Customs officer, high in the counsels of the King's Warehouse.

"Where's Mr. Thingumbob?" he demanded of one of the freight-handlers.

The man pointed out a spiral stairway in the far corner of the building. Round and round we went, and

Harold and I halted on the curb.

up and up, till my head reeled. Then we shot off at a tangent into Mr. Thingumbob's office.

It was all over in a few minutes.

"Settler's effects, of course!" said Harold, and he directed me how to fill up the blanks that were presented to me. I filled.

"And now you must pay two months' storage," said the officer of the King's Warehouse.

Two months storage! So, while I was sending out "tracers" and trying to figure out how much I'd tax the railway company if the books were lost, they were all the time reposing quietly in the King's Warehouse and running up a storage bill on me. At first I was minded to protest, and point out that I had received no notice of their arrival and was therefore not to blame for the delay in taking them. But on second thoughts I decided that I had best pay and say nothing, or perhaps they wouldn't give me my books at all. So I paid the storage, or rather, Harold did—for there was no change in the office and he had to come to my rescue.

"See about the freight charges downstairs," was the parting injunction.

So we started downstairs under the guidance of an old checker, who kept telling all the way down about the people who had slipped on the iron steps and broken their backs or their necks or some other useful part of their anatomy. My hair rose in horror as I gazed at the precipitous angle of the spiral stairway, and I clung madly to the wall, rubbing all the nap off the left shoulder of my coat.

We were ushered into the little box of an office I had entered in the early stages of my Odyssey. The freight charges were summed up after considerable delay occasioned by the disappearance of the something-or-other, which should have been there but was not, and so had to be replaced by a duplicate. This took a quarter of an hour or so, during which Harold began to look worried and to fidget about. Finally the duplicate what's-its-name was made out, and the charges were announced. They amounted to one dollar and eighty-three cents—not an overwhelming amount even for a person with such an anæmic exchequer as mine. I handed over a two-dollar bill—promptly, too, for I didn't have to dig around in a large wad for a bill of such a low denomination. The grey-headed clerk looked rather flabbergasted.

"You'll have to excuse me a minute," he said as he started out the door, "but I haven't the change in the office."

Great Cæsar! Not enough change in the office to give a man seventeen cents out of a two-dollar bill!

We waited twenty minutes by the clock while that poor little grey-headed man ran about looking for change. Harold's worried look settled into a expression of apathetic despair. At last the little man limped back.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm two cents short—here's fifteen cents."

I waved my hand with lordly munificence.

"Oh, that's all right—that's all right."

Harold and I halted on the curb. We looked with mutual understanding into each other's eyes. Then with one common impulse we dashed wildly up Yonge street.

"Yep, I always get plastered myself," said the barkeep sympathetically, "whenever I have any business with them Customs mutts."

D. U. B.

The Wright Way of Taking Honors.

THERE was an utter absence of pomp and ceremony when Wilbur and Orville Wright were decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor of M. Etienne Lanel, French consul-general at New York. In fact, the Wrights merely dropped into the office of the representative of the Republic of France as though for a casual call, while the only other man present was Mr. Pliny W. Williamson, counsel for the brothers. The ceremony took place at the French consulate, 35 South William St., New York. The New York Tribune tells the story thus:

With a modesty that is characteristic but frequently trying to newspaper reporters the brother aviators maintained secrecy about the whole matter. . . . .

On Friday, after lunch, Wilbur Wright pulled his watch out of his pocket and said to Mr. Williamson:

"Where is No. 35 South William street?"

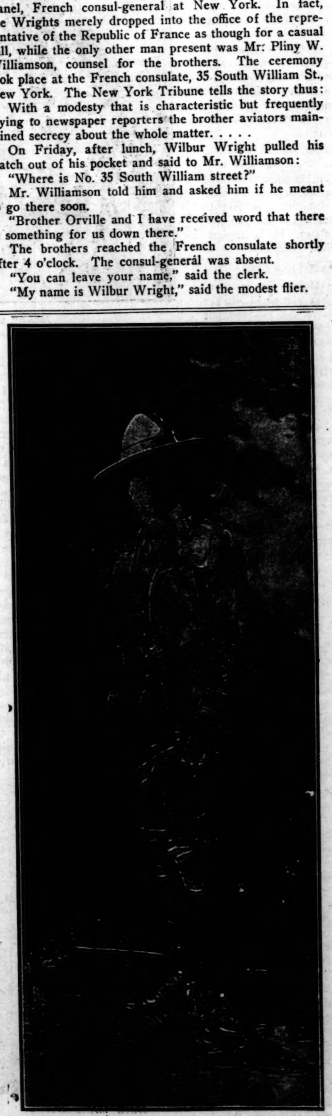
Mr. Williamson told him and asked him if he meant to go there soon.

"Brother Orville and I have received word that there is something for us down there."

The brothers reached the French consulate shortly after 4 o'clock. The consul-general was absent.

"You can leave your name," said the clerk.

"My name is Wilbur Wright," said the modest flier.



GENERAL SIR R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, K.C.V.O., Who recently received the honor of Knighthood.

COMPTROLLER OF VICE-REGAL HOUSEHOLD.
Mr. Arthur Guise, of Gorey, Co. Wexford, Ireland, who was Comptroller of the Vice-Regal Household at Ottawa during the Minto regime, and is resuming that position this winter.

The office was lively in a minute. The aviators were surrounded with chairs and telephones were called into requisition to try to find the consul-general. After leaving their names they left the office for a day.

Yesterday everything was in readiness for the presentation. But did the Wright brothers converse with reporters about the last honor they had won? They could not be found.

The Wireless Editor

THE big Atlantic liner was a-ploughin' out to sea,
The worried wireless editor was busy as could be.
(His paper must be full of news and spicy every day,
No matter if Marconigrams were scarce or went astray).

In rushed the foreman in a rage—his voice was mighty gruff.
"We're shy," he yelled; "I told you that we hadn't set enough."
"What do you need to fill her up?" the editor inquired.
"We need two good full columns," said the foreman looking tired.

"I thought," remarked the editor, "that what we had would do.
Well, if we're short of 'conigrams, I'll have to make a few."
So quickly, with a journalist's well-known resourcefulness,
He started to invent some news that he might get to press.

Developments of Canada's great big new naval scheme,
And Tommy Church's latest, richest aldermanic dream,
Bob Fleming's frank opinion of the Hocken tube project—
Dispatches hot were made on these—each one a safe subject.

The editor wrote on and on with scarce a moment's stop,
For he had worked on land in many a daily paper shop;
And well he knew that certain things occur perennially
While certain cities stand and certain men be—as they be.

Toronto naturally he found to be a useful source
Of happenings that happen regularly, in due course.
Dispatches full a dozen from this saintly town he faked:
How some poor Jews were pulled because on Sunday bread they baked,

How the Lord's Day Alliance soaked a man for buying gum
To help him on the Lord's own day from feeling quite too glum—
Thus did he go on faking up his news without demur,
Recording things which anyway were certain to occur.

At length he thought he had enough to see the paper through.
Then to himself he said: "I'd better add a scrap or two
On some big cosmic subject, some impressive theme, by gad!
My sheet must not provincial be—'twould put it to the bad!"

And so he paused and lit his pipe, looked up and then looked down.
"What is the most earth-shaking thing?" he pondered with a frown;
"What movement or what man can readily be paragraphed
To dignify the issue"—then—"O pshaw!" said he, and laughed.

"I must be getting dippy sure," he swore. "First thing I know
I'll have to throw this business up, my mind's so mighty slow.
Here I have been a-filling space with trifling odds and ends,
Forgetting clean the man on whom an Empire's art depends."

And so he wrote: "Doctor Charles A. E. Harriss, we have learned,
Has won a little of the recognition he has earned.
For years this man of genius—the greatest of his day—
Has mighty things achieved without a thought of praise or pay.

"But now the British Government votes him an aeroplane
To help the glorious work he does without a dream of gain—
Of making music a real art throughout the British world.
And soon a knightly pennon on this craft will be unfurled."

The editor he rested then, but soon the foreman gruff
Rushed in again and yelled: "We have to have just two more lines of stuff."
"All right," the boss said; "here you are: 'We note with deepest pain
That poor Sir Frederick Borden has been libelled once again.'"

H. W. J.

A Master Musician's Appreciation.

The increasing demand for the records of the world's greatest artists among the musically inclined, and professional musicians, is more than clearly evidenced by the recent selection of a Pollock Cabinet Machine (Crown Prince type) by Dr. A. S. Vogt, the world renowned Conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto.

Dr. Voght made this selection for his home use, and has expressed much delight and instruction from the instrument, and its musical reproduction.

The value he places upon the Talking Machine, as an educator, can best be understood from the following particulars of a recent rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir, which were reported to us verbatim:

The Conductor, Dr. Vogt, in some remarks to the chorus relative to the matter of tone production, referred

Dr. A. S. Vogt

to the exceptional educational value of a close study of the best vocal records now available. The purity of tone of Melba's voice was spoken of as an example which choral masters should attempt to reproduce in the larger choral bodies. Such a voice as Melba's, imitated as nearly as possible, in the mass, would result in the effect of a choral tone glorious beyond expression. The warmth of tone of Sembrich, and the exquisite temperamental quality of her work, as so splendidly reproduced in the best records, rendered these mechanical inventions of the greatest value from the educational point of view. Particularly was this true of vocal students, who would find, in the best records, object lessons of greatest importance both as regards tonal production and interpretation. In Dr. Vogt's opinion the modern Talking Machines, with their constantly improving records, were now being regarded, even by the most blase musicians as something of greater significance than that of a beautiful and diverting pastime.

Expressions like these coming from a musician of Dr. Vogt's high standing will undoubtedly convince—if there are any remaining—those few who might doubt the value of the Talking Machine, and its possibilities in the future. There are a large number of Toronto's leading musicians who just this year have come to a realization of the possibilities of the Talking Machine, and the assistance it is capable of rendering in a better understanding of the world's masterpieces as they are rendered by the world's greatest musicians.

If the Talking Machine were something that could not be obtained for less than a fabulous sum its wonder would no doubt be more marvelled at, but the fact that it can be obtained at such moderate prices makes it really even more wonderful, and it will, undoubtedly sooner or later, find its way into every home where higher education, and music especially, is given consideration.

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Their Final Appearance.
"A musical education and a delight"—Montreal Herald.
ROYAL WELSH LADIES CHOIR
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Balcony front, 75c.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING
DEC. 7, at 2.30 and 8.15
Finer and More Popular than Ever
SOUSA
and his Band, with four splendid soloists. Herbert Clarke, Cornet; Misses Frances and Grace Hoyt, Soprani; Miss Florence Hardeman, Violiniste.
Popular Prices, 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00.
Balcony front, Evenings, 50c. Extra.

A suggestion to out-of-town shoppers: If you do your Christmas buying in Toronto, do it week of December 20 and hear
Harry Lauder

"What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."—Springfield Republican.

THE DRAMA

THE play with a purpose seems to have come to stay. It is one of the forms of expression taken by the *doctrinaire* spirit of the age. There are plays on all the problems that can confront the human mind—plays on the religious problem, plays on the sexual problem, plays on the political problem, and plays on the business problem. The last class is just now especially numerous; and this week's attraction at the Royal Alexandra comes to swell the number of such plays that have recently been witnessed in this city. "The Battle" is a play on the business problem, and although it does not offer any solution of the question, but rather makes a merit of ostentatiously leaving it unsolved, it has at least the purpose of pointing out the extreme difficulties in the way of any satisfactory solution. If it leans either way, "The Battle" would seem to point out that the present system of the survival of the fittest is the only possible one.

The idea which serves as the basis of this play—that of having a multi-millionaire go down into a poor tenement and show the people there what can be accomplished by brains and energy—is an excellent one. It opens the way for many strong situations, and many telling lines of dialogue. But at the same time it is apt to lead to preachiness of tone and to conventionalizing of the characters. And into this trap the author has unfortunately fallen. His characters become mere lay-figures on which to hang the drapery of theory; and there are times when the dialogue drags heavily, butchered to make an academic holiday. From this also results a certain lack of appeal in the play. It does not grip one's sympathies, however much it may appeal to one's reason at times. And the inconclusive manner in which the arguments from both sides are presented leads to incoherency. The net result is not sufficiently sharp and definite.

As for the acting, the work of Mr. Lackaye is always careful and conscientious. But in his present role he displays some rather unpleasant mannerisms. Nor does he ever rise to emotional heights where one can forget these minor flaws. He is supported by an excellent company.

* * *

SINCE Aunt Mary was rejuvenated, she has remained always young. Once more she has brought her new youth and bubbling vivacity to Toronto, and all her old friends are turning out to bid her welcome back. Although this is its third season, Anne Warner's pleasant little farce-comedy seems to have lost none of its charm. It is as inconsequent and kindly and vivacious as ever. Also it is as well played. In Aunt Mary, May Robson has found a character that suits her to perfection; and, as time goes on her interpretation of the eccentric maiden lady seems to gain in mellowness and charm. Of course, the farce element is brought out rather insistently. But it is never obtruded and it is always good farce. So welcome to our city, Aunt Mary, and may you enjoy health and happiness and eternal youth!

* * *

LONDON Punch does not care very much for "The Servant in the House." In view of the interest the play awakened in this country, the verdict of the famous humorous publication is worth quoting at length, especially as such verdicts by Punch are generally very carefully thought out and well founded, however sprightly the style in which they may be expressed. Punch says:—

I doubt if Mr. Charles Frohman would have had the hardihood to present the new Adelphi play if it had not been for the success of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," to which it bears a sort of bastard family likeness. This is not to imply that Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, who wrote "The Servant in the House," owes anything for his idea to Mr. Jerome. "I have waited three years for this evening," he told us in a first-night speech, adding, in a burst of confidence, "and, by G—, it was worth it." Notwithstanding this pious asseveration I cannot altogether agree with him. Perhaps he is more easily pleased. Anyhow, I think him over-sanguine if he anticipates a success like Mr. Jerome's, though you can never gauge the hearing powers of a theatre audience any more than you can guess beforehand the acoustic properties of a new building. In Mr. Jerome's play you had to accept a miracle, it is true, but, once you had got over that, the rest was logical and consistent enough. But "The Servant in the House" is a veritable medley of unthinkable prodigies. It seems an extraordinary thing that, when the author wants to inculcate a great Biblical truth, it should be necessary to employ the machinery of farce; to introduce a Bishop, for example, disguised as a native Indian butler, and another Bishop with an ear-trumpet, and as blind as a bat, sitting at breakfast with a scavenger whom he mistakes for a clerical brother-in-law. I don't know which figure was the more grotesquely improbable—this second Bishop, who apparently had amassed a lot of bullion by shady processes and frankly advocated the principle that you should give as little as possible, and grab all you can get, or the drain-man, seized with a sudden passion for making the acquaintance of his

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD,
In "The Golden Butterfly," at the Princess next week.

little daughter, though he might have given himself this treat any time during the last thirteen years if the idea had crossed his mind. Indeed the only characters that I could get myself to believe in at all were the comic page-boy and the very natural snob that was his mistress. With the former I found myself in close agreement when he complained, "I never see such a lot of improbabilities agoin' on in any house"—or words to that effect. A very sensible boy.

Mr. Kennedy was right when he attributed his triumph—for the house was very good to him—chiefly to the merit of the actors, and Mr. Henry Miller in particular. It was, indeed, a remarkable performance throughout. Constantly by sheer force of sincerity they saved the situation when the sentiment threatened to be mawkish, or the melodrama too glaringly Adelphic (old style).

The author has gifts of humor and irony, and even in a play so crude in construction and so noisy in its contrasts one might catch many subtleties of thought; but no moral purpose is likely to be achieved among thinking people, or indeed deserves to be achieved, by such means as are here employed.

As for his reckless ridicule of the clergy—two out of the three either are or have been a disgrace to the cloth—there are black sheep in every profession, though not, I hope, in such lavish proportion to the whole. But I am not greatly concerned about the Church; the Church is strong enough to look after itself. I am more concerned about the Stage—a much weaker institution. It cannot afford to play this kind of game, for ridicule that is obviously unfair is apt to recoil.

I must not end without saying how sorry I was for the villain of the piece, the Bishop of Lancashire. By some extraordinary oversight no place was found for him in the scheme of Universal Love and Brotherhood; yet, being so uncharitable, he of all others stood most in need of charity.

* * *

CISSY LOFTUS, greatest of stage impersonators, has all week been delighting audiences at the Majestic with her really wonderful mimicry. This form of art has always been regarded as occupying a very inferior position—as being in fact a cheap bid for popular approval. But in the hands of Miss Loftus imitation rises to be a true artistic achievement, subtle, sympathetic, and compelling. Her impersonations of Mme. Nazimova and Rose Stahl, for instance, were a revelation of the possibilities of the art of imitation. Even to those who had never seen the great originals of these impersonations, Miss Loftus' work was able to stand alone as a great piece of acting. In the scene from "A Doll's House," it was not alone the marvellous realism of her imitation of the great Russian actress that held one, but it was even more so the real emotional power of the acting. It was a piece of work worth going far to see. It even compensated for the vulgar and inexpressibly tiresome twaddle of Joe Flynn, who followed Miss Loftus on the bill.

In a recent interview Miss Loftus gives an interesting account of her chosen art and how she came to take it up. She says:

"There is no easy road to success as an imitator. At least, I have never found one, for everything I have done has meant hard work. Of course, there are natural mimics, and for them to imitate another person's gestures and manner of speech is easy, but I do not think they attain to real success. The very facility with which they achieve their results imposes a limitation. They are not impelled to the hard work by which alone one can get inside, as it were, and reveal the real personality of the actors and actresses they portray.

"As for myself, I was never given, as a child, to mimicking people, and the way I came to enter the field is rather curious. I saw a performance at a music hall in London at which a girl gave imitations of various actors and actresses. The thought came to me that I could do better myself. I do not think it was a manifestation of conceit, for she was really not very good. I made up my mind that if one could get an engagement to do that sort of thing I would have a try at it. So I studied and worked to prepare myself. I went to the theatre and watched the actresses I intended to imitate,

JANE MARBURY,
In "Billy," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

"My, I do wish they would use Lux!"
LUX
Good for Fine Goods
10c worth of Lux will do five times the work of the same weight of any ordinary soap-powder or soap-extract. And
LUX Won't Shrink Woolens
Surpassingly good for cleansing Flannels, Silks, Dress Goods, Laces, Dress Waists, and every fine or delicate fabric. Lever Brothers Limited
Try it. Grocers sell it. TORONTO

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Absolutely Fireproof
SAM S. AND LEE SHUBERT (INC.) WILL PRESENT
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TORONTO

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Dec. 6, 7, 8
Only Matinee Tuesday
The Funniest Football Farce
"BILLY"
with Edgar Atchison-Ely
and the original cast direct from Daly's Theatre, New York.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Dec. 9, 10, 11
Only Matinee Saturday
BERTHA GALLAND
In Lee Wilson Dodd's Modern Fantasy
The Return of Eve
Direct from its engagement at the Herald Square Theatre, New York.

SEATS—BELL PIANO ROOMS, 146 YONGE STREET

TO SCOTSMEN
Heather From the Island of Islay
A Consignment of the Famous "WHITE HORSE" Whisky has just arrived, with a Bouquet of Heather from the Island of Islay attached to each bottle. As the supply is limited early application is necessary.
AGENTS
GEORGE J. FOY, Limited
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PRINCESS
Week of Dec. 6
Matinees Wed. and Sat.
GRACE VAN
Studdiford
In the great Comic Opera Success
The Golden Butterfly
Company 75 People
Large Orchestra
THE GREATEST MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.

SHEA'S THEATRE
Matinees Daily 25c | Week of Dec. 6 | Evenings 25 & 50
The Sensation of Two Continents
THE EIGHT KELLINOS
The World's Greatest Risley Act
LEO CARRILLO
Monologist.
JOHN McCLUSKEY
Operatic Tenor
LIANE DE LYLE
"In the Billiard Room."
BELLE BLANCHE
The Incomparable Mimic
EVALINE FRANCISCO'S ANIMALS
"The Five Friends."
THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures.
Special Extra Attractions
CLAYTON WHITE and MARIE STUART
In George Hobart's Comedy, "Cherie."

THE DRAMA

EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY,
In "Billy," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

and then practiced their speech and manner at home.

"Subsequently, I discovered, however, that the most difficult part of all is catching the quality of the voice. Pose and gesture are comparatively easy, but the voice, its timbre, and its varying intonations, is a very subtle thing to copy.

"Imitation is interesting work, but it becomes tiresome when one does the same people night after night, over and over again. And it is a constant strain, for one must never allow one's self to relax. But the study necessary in preparation absorbs one completely. If one goes to see Bernhardt, for example, just to enjoy her performance, one admires and is charmed, but if one goes to study her and her method of expression, one sees deeper and wonders more."

* * *

EVERY now and then the attention of the theatre-going public is called to some pitiful case of destitution, either on the part of actors or of their relatives. Players are not a provident race, and the proverbial rainy day frequently finds them or their families unprepared. The latest instance to call for pity and generosity is that of the two sisters of Roland Reed, once one of the most famous comedians on the American stage. These two women, now in their old age, are without the common necessaries of life. Recently their dire need was made public in one of the Philadelphia newspapers, and a movement has been started for their relief. A benefit is to be given for them on Dec. 7 at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, at which a number of famous actors and actresses are to assist. Donations are also hoped for from some of those whom the famous brother of these two women delighted by his work on the stage. Contributions should be addressed to George C. Brotherton, 303 Mint Arcade, Philadelphia.

* * *

JANE MARBURY, who is quite favorably known here on account of her excellent work in the Royal Alexandra Stock two seasons ago, will be seen again in this city next week when "Billy" plays at this theatre. During her engagement here Miss Marbury made many friends, who will be glad of this opportunity to welcome her to Toronto again. In "Billy" she has perhaps the best part that she has ever had during her long stage career, and assumes it with such grace and naturalness that her work becomes one of the real features of the performance. Miss Marbury also has many relatives in Toronto. Off the stage she is known as Louise Sturgis, and is a cousin of the late Arthur Sturgis Hardy, who was prominent in the political life of this province.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess: "The Golden Butterfly."
Royal Alexandra: "Billy" and "The Return of Eve."
Grand: "In the Bishop's Carriage."
Shea's: Vaudeville.
Majestic: Vaudeville.
Gayety: "The Cracker Jacks."

A THEATRICAL event which was promised to Toronto at the end of last season, but which had to be postponed on account of the illness of the star, is at last to take place. It is the coming of "The Golden Butterfly," in which Grace Van Studdiford has scored a great success. The opera is by DeKoven and Smith, who have earned much reputation—and money—as producers of that class of entertainment. It was written especially for Miss Van Studdiford, and is said to give her a splendid opportunity of which she takes the fullest advantage. The story of the opera deals with the life of Franz, a young composer, who is in love with Ilma, a chorus singer. She aspires to be a prima donna, and he dreams of success in his line, which, indeed, he achieves, but the score of his beautiful opera is stolen by the manager to whom it is sent, who is about to produce it as his own, with his old prima donna, Tina, in the leading role. The latter, however, in a fit of pique, refuses to sing, and he decides to give Ilma the long desired chance, which plan is almost frustrated by the changing mood of Tina, who decides to go on at the last minute. At this junction Franz arrives on the scene, and impersonating a Russian Prince who is in love with Tina, decoys her away from the theatre while Ilma scores a triumph, and he finally claims the opera and his love. The part of Ilma is said to be the best part Miss Van Studdiford has ever played. It gives her ample opportunity to display her talents as a vocalist as well as her histrionic ability. Those assisting in the cast include Charlotte Leslay, Florence Bowes, Lenora Norasis, Hazel Kirke, Cecilia Norasis, Harry Macdonough, Carl Haydn, Thomas Van, Charles Purcell, Louis London, and a chorus which was personally selected by Miss Van Studdiford. There will also be a large orchestra.

* * *

"Billy," the all-summer laughing success of Daly's Theatre, New York, comes to the Royal Alexandra for the first half of next week, direct from its long Broadway run with the same excellent cast of players, including Edgar Atchison-Ely.

The hero of the play, Billy Hargraves, has met with an accident on the football field, which cost him four front teeth. None of his friends, however, know the nature of his misfortune, and after being fitted out with a false set of teeth, Billy returns to society. The first act finds him, accompanied by his sister Alice, a passenger aboard the steamship "Florida," which is bound from New York to Havana. On the same boat are Mrs. Sloane, her daughter Beatrice and Sam Eustace. Both Billy and Eustace are suitors for Miss Sloane's hand. The football player's chances, however, are better than those of his rival and his case is progressing swimmingly until an overburdened steward bumps into Billy, knocking his false teeth to the deck. In this manner they are lost and, unable to explain his plight, both Mrs. Sloane and Beatrice turn against him.

The story is worked out in a clever and laughable manner, as may be judged from the fact that "Billy" met a most cordial reception at the hands of all of the New York critics, in addition to playing to excellent business at Daly's during the entire summer. All of the scenes take place on the steamship "Florida," thus giving the playwright opportunity to introduce about twenty characters in addition to those already enumerated.

The cast includes Edgar Atchison-Ely, as Billy; Mrs. Stuart Robson as Mrs. Sloane, Jane Marbury as Alice, Marion Chapman as Beatrice Sloane, Franklin Jones as Sam Eustace, Spottiswoode Aitken, Prince Miller, and others.

* * *

Miss Bertha Galland, under the management of the Shuberts, comes to the Royal Alexandra Theatre for the latter half of next week, in a revised version of "The Return of Eve," which was produced in New York early last spring, meeting with instant success. Much of the success was due to the fine acting of Miss Galland and her company and the thoroughly novel theme on which the play is based. The story tells of an old millionaire who has an idea that he would like to establish a modern Eden. Fencing in a wilderness on his estate in Virginia, he takes two children, a boy and a girl, from a foundling institution and transplants them in the wilds of his mountain estate. They are led to believe that they are brother and sister, and under the care of an old tutor, they are left there to work out their own lives as best they can. Meantime the millionaire dies. The cause of his death brings such shame to his sister that the latter takes the girl into her home in New York, while the boy is sent to Paris. One can imagine the comedy which is infused into the piece, when one thinks of the life of the girl in the Virginia wilderness contrasted to what she finds in modern New York society. The author has introduced, allegorically of course, the serpent in the person of Seymour Percival, and his tempting of Eve forms the only villainous element in the play. That he does not succeed is due to the goodness of the child, her love for Adam, whom she believes to be her brother, and the teachings of the old tutor in that fenced-in Eden. After several seasons in New York, the boy and girl are returned to Virginia where they learn for the first time that they are not brother and sister. At this point the final curtain closes the story, leaving the audience in a state of expectancy as to the final outcome.

* * *

The Eight Kellinos, European acrobats, will head the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. The special attractions for the week will be the comedians, Clayton White and Marie Stuart, in George V. Hobart's comedy "Cherie"; and Belle Blanche, the mimic, who has not been seen here in several seasons. Other acts included in the bill are Leo Carillo, cartoonist; John McCluskey, operatic tenor; Liane de Lyle, juggling novelty; Eveline Francisco and her "Five Friends"; and the Kinetograph.

* * *

Wilfred Clarke and Co., presenting a mirthful offering entitled "What Will Happen Next" will be the feature act at the Majestic Music Hall next week. Mr. Clarke, who has achieved great success in vaudeville, is the author of the playlet in which he is appearing this season. The piece, which is said to be one of the brightest sketches in vaudeville, affords him ample opportunity for the display of his talents. His supporting company is made up of experienced comedians. As an added attraction Miss Willa Holt Wakefield will give a programme of "song-readings" at the piano. The balance of the bill will comprise the Jackson Family, bicyclists; Musical Lowe, Xylophone soloist; Josephine Davis, in character songs; De Witt Young and sister, presenting "The college boy juggler and the lady boomerang thrower"; Heeley and Heeley, dancers and singers; and a special series of moving pictures.

* * *

At the Gayety next week, Bob Manchester will present his burlesque organization known as "The Cracker Jacks." In the company are Billy Hart, Frank Harcourt, Lillian Vedder, and a number of other burlesque celebrities. A good olio is promised; and as for the chorus, I cannot do better than quote the advance agent—who certainly ought to know. He promises "a select variety of beautiful feminity that gives the whole performance a decidedly girlie flavor."

FIRST-NIGHTER

"MARY," said a teacher in a certain school to a little girl whom she noticed chewing a large mouthful of gum, "come here and throw that gum in the waste-basket."

"I can't, teacher," replied the youngster. "It belongs to my sister."

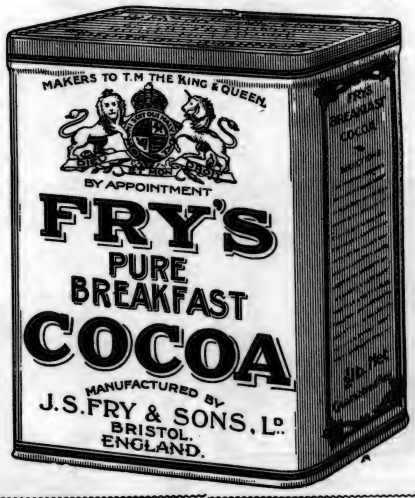
BERTHA GALLAND,
In "The Return of Eve," at the Royal Alexandra the latter half of next week.

HILL-GROWN TEA

Tea grown at an elevation of 5,000 feet and upwards, where soil and climate combine to give that delightful fragrance and delicious flavor, is used in

"SALADA"

Its purity and strength make it much more economical to use than other teas.



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If the picture has been taken by yourself it will increase its value, and will be a very pleasant reminder.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

BATEMAN—At Toronto, on December 1, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Bateman, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ROWNTREE—WEIR—On December 1, 1909, Emma, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Weir, to Lorne D. Rowntree.

VAN WAGNER—MACFARLANE—At Hamilton Beach, on December 1, 1909, Christy A. (Nan) MacFarlane, daughter of Mr. James MacFarlane, to Lieut.-Col. H. P. Van Wagner of Stony Creek, Ont.

DEATHS.

AITKENS—In Paris, Andrew C. Aitkens, in his 78th year.

BROWN—At Windsor, on December 1, 1909, Margaret, wife of Cameron Brown and daughter of Hon. Geo. W. Ross.

O'CONNOR—At Hamilton, on November 30, 1909, Augusta May, wife of D. D. O'Connor.

STRATHY—At Barrie, on November 30, 1909, Henry Hatton Strathy, K.C., in his 62nd year.

Here's a New Neilson Idea for Your Sunday Dinner

Instead of worrying over the preparation of a dessert for Sunday, let us send you one of our

French Nesselrode Ice Cream Puddings

PRICES

For serving four ..... 40c.
For serving six ..... 60c.
For serving eight ..... 80c.
For serving ten $1.00

PACKED AND DELIVERED.

This is a new and dainty form of frozen pudding—more delicious than anything you have yet tasted.

We've made special preparations to supply these Nesselrode Puddings for next Sunday's dinner.

If you telephone your order to Parkdale 294 on Saturday before 2.00 p.m., we'll deliver you one of these dainty desserts on Saturday night, all ready to serve whenever you're ready to eat it.

William Neilson, Limited

PHONE PARKDALE 294. 307 Gladstone Ave., Toronto

We'll have something different every week—watch for our announcements.

Simple enough —the way it's made—but the famous Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie is a wonder of comfort. Are you wearing one?

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL!

Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie
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All first-class shops keep, or can get them in the very newest effects —50c to $1.00. If yours will not, write for addresses of shops in Canada which have them.

Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

THE WOLSEY
Unshrinkable
Heavy Wool UNDERWEAR
For Men Women Children
Guaranteed not to Shrink
TRADE MARK
GIVES ALL THE SATISFACTION THAT UNDERWEAR CAN GIVE
AT ALL LEADING DEALERS
T-O-O.

SWORD MAKE
...NECKWEAR...
Look for this label on the tie you buy
BEST BY TEST

Three Reasons for selecting your CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT
WREYFORD & CO'S.
85 KING STREET WEST.

Our Styles are different from ordinary.
Our Quality is better than ordinary.
Our Prices are not more than ordinary.
All
JAEGER
Novelties in Dressing Gowns and Lounge Robes.
Knitted Coats in 20 different combinations, for gentlemen and ladies.
Motor Requisites — Scarves, Gloves, and Caps.
Latest Knitted Silk and Choice Weaves in Neckwear.
Express Charges paid east of Winnipeg.

LABATT'S ALE
Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.
PURE
WHOLESOME
PALATABLE
BEVERAGE

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FIRE PLACES
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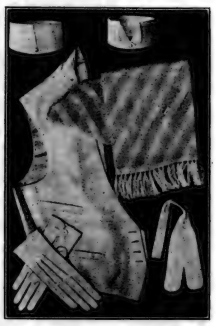
TORONTO

Men's Wear

ONE of the most conspicuous features of the recent New York Horse Show was the sea of silk hats which greeted the eye on entering the Garden. The "toppers" towered above the array of feminine splendor, in emphatic contradiction of the decline into which they were alleged to be falling last year. It was then asserted that the popularity of motoring and its consequent influence upon dress modes was rapidly working the destruction of the silk hat as an institution. Since then, however, the times have righted themselves and the topper maintains the popularity it has held since 1830, when the wearer of the first imported hat from Paris was put in prison for gathering a mob around him in Piccadilly.

The prevailing shape seen at the Horse Show was the slightly belled



EVENING DRESS ACCESSORIES.

crown, with an almost flat brim and wide felt band. This hat which is decidedly English, was especially noticeable in the boxes. On the promenade, a wider variety of style was worn and more of the curved brim with a pronounced bell-shape was seen.

The Show also afforded quite an interesting display of evening dress wear. One novel feature to be noticed was the outside breast pockets in the evening coats. This is an improvement over the inside pocket, as it has a tendency to reduce the bulging effect of the coat, caused by the handkerchief, and at the same time adds tone to its severe plainness, with a portion of the handkerchief showing.

The lapels were peaked with the regular notched collar and faced with silk of a dull finish. The skirts are wider than usual, with the tails reaching a trifle below the knees. The cuffs are now worn without the finish. In waistcoats, the single-breasted style seemed to be favored most. In buttons, which reflect the

FRENCH BEAVER IN "BRUSH" EFFECT.

discernment of the careful dresser, pearl, gold and jewelled buttons were equally represented, being limited to the conventional four in number. The vest-openings showed a decided tendency toward a "half-egg" effect, which improved the appearance of the shirt bosom in retaining its shape. Some vests were pocketless and the materials were invariably of white silk, linen drill, or pique, either plain or figured, the very newest thing being white with a self figure of satin finish.

The newest French idea in dress shirts—pique striped bosom with panel centre—seemed to be the most popular among the best dressed men. There were also many with the cluster pleats, some of which were soft and unstarched. An isolated case was observed of a pronounced ruffle down the edge of a pleated shirt, evidently a revival of the ancient under the guise of a new French creation.

The plain dress shirt was seldom seen except upon men of mature age. Most of the shirts were of three buttons. One and two buttons were rare.

The modified poke or straight collar, with points bent outward a trifle, predominated, although the narrow round tabbed wing—taken after the English model—was very much in evidence.

Among the ultra dressers the round cornered bow was favored, while others adhered to the bow with square ends.

There seemed to be a strong tendency for the English style of morning coats, which were cut rather narrow in the shoulders. The coat fits snugly at the waist, so much so as to present a drawn-in appearance, the skirts being rather full. Practically all were bound with flat braid.

Fancy waistcoats, with tie to match, were worn quite extensively with the morning coat and Prince Albert.

The holiday showings of neckwear are beginning to make themselves apparent in the shop windows. Undoubtedly the colors which have been received with most favor during this season have been green, wisteria and Old Rose. For the holiday season we will see some new flowered and figured effects which will find favor, but just now stripe, bar and panel patterns have the distinct call. Plain shades in bengalenes and baratheas maintain their accustomed vogue among the refined dressers.

Many of the best shops are making big showings of "Irish" poplins just now. Poplin is inseparately associated with Ireland because the best fabric of that name is reputed to have its origin there, but unscrupulous dealers have taken advantage of this fact to put out cheaper grades, calling them "real" poplin or real Irish poplin. However, some of the weaves and the patterns which are being shown are quite attractive. Plain shades and bias bar effects predominate.

In shapes, the slightly narrowed four-in-hand scarf has almost a monopoly of this season's style. Bows and puffs for day wear are temporarily extinct.

NEW CLOTH HAT.

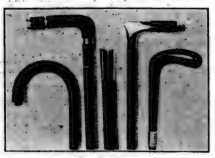
In the group of evening dress accessories illustrated on this page the collars are the new modified poke and the round-tabbed wing, the latter being taken from the latest English model. The neck protector is one of the new knitted and fringed affairs of silk, known as "reefers." The vest is of a white corded silk having a self figure in satin finish. The gloves are of white glace, prix-seam, with spear-points self-color stitched. The white tie is made of a fine mesh pique in the new rounded-end effect.

The initial fad is just now very popular. Shirts, pajamas and handkerchiefs bear the individual monogram on either the sleeve above the cuff or the lower part of the pocket as illustrated. These monograms are embroidered and dark red is the color which seems to be correct. On the handkerchiefs, the fad is particularly noticeable in a variety of designs. In their case, however, the color does not depart from that of the hankerchief itself.

There are fashions in walking sticks as well as clothes. Most of the walking sticks in Canadian shops are imported and each season a wide variety of new designs in sticks is shown. On this page some of the latest English models are pictured.

Styles in caps have become more of a certain quantity during the past two seasons, owing to an unusually keen interest in motoring, golf and outdoor sports. One of the latest models for wear on the links is made of fancy plaid cassimere, made up with the plaids matching perfectly. The visor is what is called the latest "square duck bill effect" and the cover is full and loose. The fabric used is heavy and is finished with a genuine Russia leather inside band. The lines of the new caps should display the practical smartness of the pastime for which they are intended.

As mentioned on the page of last week, a revival of the cloth hat is promised and one of the new shapes is here shown. The new hats will be soft and pliable and closely stitched all over, with the binding of the same material as the hat. They will be silk lined and one of the popular shades will be a dark Oxford Grey, very rough and hairy. The rough-faced fabrics seem to be in favor, as the shops are showing soft felts in "brush" effect of French beaver. Pearl and contrasting greys will be the popular shade in which these hats will be worn.



THE SEASON'S FASHIONS IN STICKS.

The Customer's Present.

A CUSTOMER who bought in a small way from the wholesalers, and whose credit was not of the sort known as gilt-edged, visited the city and purchased a $2800 bill of goods, paying $2,500 in cash and giving his note for the remaining $300.

After the transaction had been closed and the paper and currency had changed hands, the customer said:

"Now, after a deal of that size it is customary to give the purchaser a present. Come across with it."

"We'll throw in a pair of suspenders," laughed the salesman, temporizingly.

"A pair of suspenders, eh! Say, quit fooling. I really mean it. I expect you to do something in acknowledgment of my patronage."

The salesman went to the manager with the problem and the manager said:

"Well, if he feels that way about it we might encourage him a bit. We'll do something that ought to please him greatly. Give him back his $300 note. Make him a present of his paper. That will make him a pleased customer, raise his credit, and save him money besides."

The salesman went back, pleased to be the bearer of such joyful tidings of liberality in business.

"Well, sir," he said, "we've arranged about that present, all right. Here," with a flourish, "is your note. We give it back to you."

The customer did not seem enthusiastic. Instead, without looking at the note, he asked:

"Is it indorsed?"

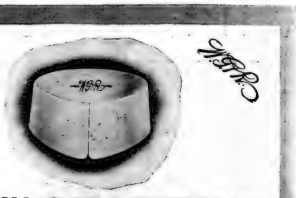
"No," said the salesman in astonishment.

"Then, I guess you better gimme the suspenders," said the disappointed customer.—Argonaut.

CHICAGO AND RETURN, $16.90 FROM TORONTO
via Grand Trunk Railway System, the only double-track route, account, Live Stock Exposition. Tickets good going Nov. 28, 29, 30, December 1, 5 and 6. Return limit, Dec 12, 1909. Three trains leave Toronto daily, 8 a.m., 4.40 and 11 p.m.
Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone, Main 4209.

The Agent—I don't see how you find room for complaint in this apartment. The Tenant—Nor I. There ain't even room to take a deep breath. —Cleveland Leader.

Says New York Life: The business of business should be only incidental to the business of life.



"THE COLLAR OF A GENTLEMAN"
Whatever the occasion there's a collar to fit it—and to fit you.
The "Plaza," here illustrated—is for every-day wear—a comfortable shape and one that looks well with narrow or medium-width four-in-hand cravat.
Nowadays, men of discrimination do not content themselves with asking for just "collars." They've found from experience it is advisable to specify, and insist on

There is nothing handsomer or more distinctive a gentleman can wear than a Fur-lined Overcoat, if the materials used in the shell, the fur in the trimmings and linings, and the make have the finger-marks of individuality and good tailoring.

This season we imported special materials for our shells and we have secured some fine, dark, rich Labrador Otters which we are using for trimmings, and some Mink and other light-weight durable furs for linings.

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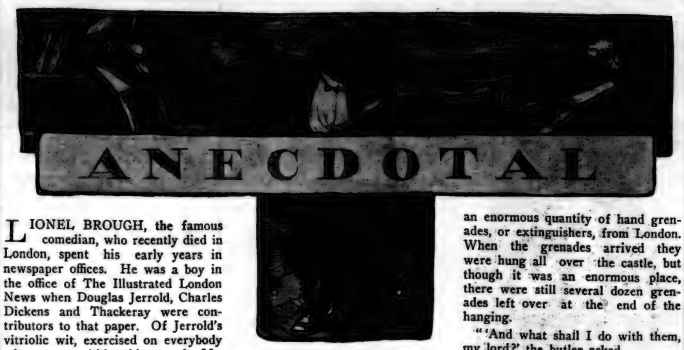

LIONEL BROUGH, the famous comedian, who recently died in London, spent his early years in newspaper offices. He was a boy in the office of The Illustrated London News when Douglas Jerrold, Charles Dickens and Thackeray were contributors to that paper. Of Jerrold's vitriolic wit, exercised on everybody who came within his reach, Mr. Brough told many stories.

"I remember Mr. Ingram, the original proprietor of the paper, once saying to Jerrold, in relation to another distinguished member of the staff, 'I wonder how it is that Blank always has such dirty hands.'

"'I can't say,' replied Jerrold, 'unless it is that he has a habit of rubbing them over his face.'"

* * *

THE Right Honorable George H. Reid, the Australian stateman, was declaiming against a proposed measure at a public meeting. Mr. Reid is an enormously fat man, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

"In ten years," he said, "we shall see the futility of this thing. In ten years we shall know how vicious it is. In ten years all men will understand what I am saying, and I shall be proved right. In ten years—"

"How about thirty years?" asked a man in the audience.

"Oh," snorted Reid, "never mind about thirty years. We shall all be dead in that time."

"Then the fat will be in the fire, won't it, Mr. Reid?" shouted the same man.

* * *

THE idea of Life originated in the brain of a young artist named Mitchell, in 1882. His studio was in the top of a brownstone, residence-like building, and it served as editorial headquarters of the new magazine for some time. One morning the office boy—who had early become a necessity when the writer became a factor—brought upstairs a neatly covered basket and took it in to the editor, saying it had been found in the hall near the Life mail box. They uncovered it, pink and crying.

"Take it to the police station," said Mitchell. "And here," as he tucked in close to the child one of the little blue cards that are known, oh, so well, to the amateur writers and artists of the whole country.

At the station house the red-necked and blue-coated man at the desk had encountered noisy baskets before and was undisturbed. But the blue card! "F'r th' love o' God," he said: "th' nerve of 'm!" And read: The editor of Life regrets that he cannot use the inclosed. The rejection of a contribution does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render a contribution unsuitable to Life's present uses.

Mr. Mitchell is still dispensing the cards.

* * *

AT a country club one day some members were swapping rather "tall" stories touching the intelligence of their respective dogs, when a reserved chap in the corner spoke up. Said he:

"Those are good stories; but the best dog story I ever heard was of Chinese origin. I'll tell it as I got it at Shanghai, where I was stationed for some time.

"A Manchu had three dogs. Returning home on one occasion, he found them on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped the dogs and drove them forth.

"The next evening when the Manchu came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found that it was warm from their bodies. Therefore he whipped the dogs again.

"The third night, returning home a little earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch blowing on it to cool it."

* * *

ADELINA PATTI probably holds the record for the number of her "farewell performances," but her example has been emulated to a greater or less extent by many other vocalists. In connection with the return of Marcella Sembrich for another farewell tour, a wag remarked:

"Singular, isn't it, about the retiring disposition of our public singers?"

* * *

AT the Lambs Club a group of actors were laughing heartily over a story just told them by the irrepressible "Willie" Collier, when some one, in a spirit of banter, asked:

"Willie, isn't that one of Lackaye's stories?"

"Not yet," quickly answered Willie.

* * *

LITTLE Helen had developed the habit of holding her thumb in her mouth, even while eating. The mother had resorted to all sorts of methods to correct the child, and finally, in desperation, said:

"Helen, the first thing you know, you will swallow your thumb, and then what will you do?"

"Well, mother, I should hate to swallow it, because I'd have a heaven of a time without it."

"Why, Helen," said the astonished mother, "where did you hear an expression like that?"

"Well—well," hesitated the little girl—"I didn't hear it exactly like that, mother, but I thought it would sound better."

* * *

ONE day a clerical friend who had consumed an hour of valuable time in small talk said to James Harper, the New York publisher:

"Brother Harper, I am curious to know how you four men distribute the duties of the publishing house between you."

"John," said Mr. Harper good-humoredly, "attends to the finances, Wesley to the correspondence, Fletcher to the general bargaining with authors and others, and—don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing his chair still closer and lowering the tones of his voice—"I entertain the bores."

* * *

AUGUST BELMONT in the smokeroom of the Lucania told, apropos of luxurious motor-cars, a story about the young Marquis of Anglesey, who died in Monte Carlo some five years ago.

"Lord Anglesey's cars were the most luxurious then known," said Mr. Belmont. "This young man went to extremities in everything. He was very intelligent, though. Once, at his historic castle in Wales, there was a slight fire. So, lest the priceless pile burn down, he ordered an enormous quantity of hand grenades, or extinguishers, from London. When the grenades arrived they were hung all over the castle, but though it was an enormous place, there were still several dozen grenades left over at the end of the hanging.

"'And what shall I do with them, my lord?' the butler asked.

Lord Anglesey coughed—he was already in a pretty bad way—and said dryly to the butler:

"'You may put them in my coffin.'"

* * *

A POLITICAL office in a small town in Iowa was vacant. The office paid two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and there was keen competition for it. The Democratic candidate, Ezekiel Hicks, was a shrewd old fellow, and a neat campaign fund was turned over to him. To the astonishment of all, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," said one of the Democratic leaders gloomily. "With that money, we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Well," said Ezekiel slowly, pulling his whiskers, "yer see, that office only pays two hundred and fifty dollars a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' nine hundred dollars out to get the office, so I just bought me a little truck-farm instead."

* * *

WITTY Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis was outwitted by another compatriot a few days ago with a joke so good that it cost His Grace a new hat. An Irish laborer was placing wood-block paving at a crossing in front of the Mercantile Trust Company's bank, in which the Archbishop keeps his account. The boss of the gang was an Italian. The prelate, who dearly loves his joke, bantered the son of Erin.

"Well, my good man," said he, "how do you like having an Italian boss?"

"Faith, your grace," retorted the man with the wood-blocks, "an' how do you like havin' one yourself?"

No one was more delighted than the Archbishop, who went in person to the nearest hat store, where he fitted the muddy Irishman with the finest hat he had ever worn.

* * *

THE following story is told of William Dean Howells, who came back home a few weeks ago from Carlsbad. As the Canarder made her dock, Mr. Howells was surrounded by newspaper men, in accordance with that unfailing custom by which the press confesses itself a respecter of persons.

The first reporter who presented himself to Mr. Howells did so with the remark:

"I am a reporter."

Mr. Howells looked at the youth indulgently. Then he said:

"I am sorry."

* * *

A MINISTER, frequently away from home, was in the habit of getting some one to stay with his wife and small daughter in his absence. Once, however, he went so unexpectedly and hurriedly that he had no time to make such provision for them. The wife was very brave until night came, when her courage began to fail. After exhausting every reasonable excuse for staying up, she put the child to bed with the injunction to pray especially for God's protection during father's absence.

"Yes, mother, we will do that tonight," said the little girl, "but the next time we will make better arrangements."

A CONNOISSEUR.
Host: "That's a bottle of my '34 port."
Jones: "Really! You surprise me. Why, it's every bit as good as mine at 38s."—The London Tatler.

Candidate for part of Juliet (to manager of Shakespearean company): "Oh, yes, Mr. Stormer, I'm awfully gone on Shakespeare's stuff. D'you know, I think he's a man in a thousand!"—Punch.

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MUSIC

THERE is a certain type of person who is always clamoring to be served with champagne musical delicacies at beer prices. But it could not be on account of the existence of such persons that the incomparable Tilly Koenen had a comparatively small audience to sing to on Friday evening of last week, for seats were to be had at prices to suit all pockets. Rather, it may be explained by the fact that we are a peculiar people and require more than mere advance notices before we consent to give a new artist a large hearing. However, we have our redeeming qualities, and one of them is that we are right there with our seat-checks in our mittens when we are absolutely convinced of the excellence of the musical banquet which is to be served.

Of course, Friday evening was not the best night for the appearance of a great vocal artist, for we have over 200 church choirs in our city, and the young people connected therewith, being of the class who "take vocal," were confronted with a "divided duty," with perhaps unsatisfactory results all round.

However, if Manager Houston can secure a return date upon an evening other than Friday, it is to be expected that a goodly audience will be present to greet the great Dutch contralto. As it was, upwards of 1,000 people were present, but this number looks lonesome in Massey Hall.

Comparisons may be odious, but there were those who declared that even Schumann-Heink paled in interest beside that golden voice of Tilly Koenen. At any rate it made a complete conquest of the audience. Whether she sang in German, Italian, English or Dutch, the rich charm of her tone and the versatility of her expression held her listeners spellbound.

The work of Bernard Tabbernal is deserving of special mention. This accomplished accompanist admirably supported the great artiste in her work.

* * *

The concert given by Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler on Monday evening in Massey Hall brought out a fair sized audience, composed of admirers of the pianistic art and of this charmingly gifted exponent of the same. Mme. Zeisler's selections were, for the most part, well known classics popular in the world of pianism. Such familiar numbers as the Chopin sonata, Op 35, the Beethoven, Rubinstein march from the "Ruins of Athens," the Schubert-Tausig Marche Militaire, and the Henselt etude, "Si Oiseau Jetais," were rendered with emotional force and brilliance as the occasion required. In the Henselt study, several little original touches in accentuation and thematic development were of interest to piano students.

A new composition by Edouard Schuett, "A la Gavotte," which is dedicated to Mme. Zeisler, proved to be much out of the ordinary. Schuett is a modern writer for the piano whose works have a great vogue in Germany, and are becoming increasingly popular upon this continent. He is probably best known by his graceful valse, "A la Bien Aimee," and his concert transcriptions of the works of Strauss, the Viennese "Waltz-King."

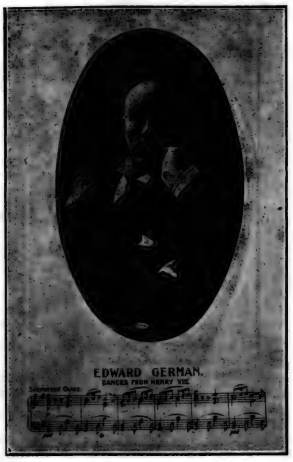
Mme. Zeisler was assisted by Mr. Cyril Dwight-Edwards, the well known baritone of London, Ont., who sang several choice songs which served to exhibit his fine baritone voice to advantage. Mr. Edwards was hampered by an accompanist who, possibly through being unaccustomed to Massey Hall, was inclined to play too loudly for the vocalist.

* * *

Some exceedingly beautiful instruments have been on view at the loan exhibition of Steinway art pianos at Nordheimer's for the past two weeks. This rare and costly collection contains examples of the most artistically decorative styles, designed after such artists as Gillot and Pilmot, whose work was admired in the court of Louis XV. The price of the finest of these instruments runs as high as $4,000.

* * *

A notable event in musical circles next week will be the production of Bennett's oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," and several new unaccompanied works by the choir of Jarvis St. Baptist Church. Those who have watched the steady development of



this organization since Dr. Broome took charge three years ago will find this programme even more exacting and enjoyable than the concert given by them last year which crowded the church to the doors nearly half an hour before the performance was announced to begin. In addition to the chorus, which now numbers sixty voices, the executive have engaged Mrs. Harry Griffin, of Buffalo, to take the contralto solos and Mr. Joseph E. F. Martin, of Montreal, as solo organist. Dr. Broome, will, of course, conduct.

* * *

A piano recital was given at the Toronto College of Music last Saturday afternoon by the following pupils of Miss Gertrude and Miss Muiriel Anderson: Marjory Hunter, John Hunter, Dorothy Pell, Gwen Taylor, Sadie O'Donnell, Jean Bateman, Edythe Woods, Eleda Ramsey, May Mann, Chrissie Cross, Muriel Lomax, Viola Gleeson, Marguerite Waddell, Grace Griffiths, Lynton Crocker, Merle Copp, Elleyne Clarke, Louise Westman, and Vera Waugh.

* * *

The return visit of the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir on this Saturday evening will no doubt be hailed with delight by the many enthusiasts who heard this company of vocalists upon its last appearance. The picturesque costumes, the pleasing quality of the voices, and novelty of the Welsh music will insure an attractive evening for those who attend. The performance of a composition of one of our Toronto musicians, Dr. Edward Broome, himself a Welshman, will impart added interest to the programme.

* * *

Gladys McMaster delighted her audience with her artistic rendering of her piano solos, on Thursday night, at the Fireman's Concert, given by St. James Cathedral Social Society. Also Leonard Kempster Smith, the sweet little boy singer, achieved great success at the Benefit Concert given by the Sons of England, Wednesday, Nov. 24. He was also the boy soloist at Clinton St. Methodist Church anniversary, Sunday evening, singing with much expression. Both these talented young people are pupils of E. M. Robinson, of the Apollo School of Music.

* * *

Mr. Chrystal Brown, formerly of Toronto, has lately moved to Paterson, N.J., from Erie, Pa. He has organized a choir of some forty-five voices which gave a very successful concert on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Brown's many Toronto friends will be glad to hear of his progress, and all wish him well.

* * *

The National Chorus under Dr. Albert Ham are rapidly getting into shape for their concerts in January next, when they will have the assistance of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Frank Welsman. Those who have heard the chorus at rehearsals lately have expressed great delight at their work, the sopranos in particular being much ahead of last year, while the tenor section is also much stronger. The contraltos and basses are again in evidence. The combination of a local first-class professional orchestra and body of well trained choristers will attract more than the usual attention, which will be strengthened by the novelty to be introduced by using a choir of trained boys' voices. The subscription lists are being well filled up and the success of the National Chorus looks assured.

* * *

The good work in Mr. E. W. Schuch's Studio goes merrily on. Recent appointments of his pupils are:—Miss Emily Miller, soprano, to the choir of Broadway Tabernacle; Miss Isabel Gill, contralto, to the same choir; Mr. W. E. G. Brown, tenor, to Jarvis street Baptist church; Miss Jessie Plaxton, soprano, to Deer Park Presbyterian church; Mrs. J. Faskin McDonald, soprano, to Wesley Methodist church, Hamilton; Miss Lilian Fowler, soprano, has been engaged at the Metropolitan Methodist church, to take the place of Miss Bertha May Crawford, who is away on a four months' concert tour, while Miss Nellie Corbett is out on eight months' tour to the Pacific Coast and Northwestern States.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

Fritz Kreisler is good and Mrs. Kreisler is his prophet, as they would say in the land of Mohammet. However, there may be superprophets in the family of even a great violinist, if the following story is an augury:

Kreisler was giving his first recital of the season in Carnegie Hall, and his usual hordes of followers and admirers were on hand with ears open to inspiration and hands surcharged with custom-made applause.

He finished his first few numbers and withdrew to the artists' room for self-communion and rest. From the ranks of the audience hurriedly rose a tall, majestic female who made for the bottom of the stairs leading to the little keep where Kreisler held forth in state.

"You can't pass here," said the attendant on guard, whose duty it is to keep matinee idolators from embarrassing and swamping the artists. "Nobody can see Mr. Kreisler now."

"What!" rose a full resonant female voice in amazed protest. "Can't see Kreisler! Me? Me? I? Me? Why, I'm his mother-in-law!" And she swept past the stunned and withered attendant.

* * *

The excellent programme presented by Mr. Richard Tattersall at the Toronto Conservatory of Music last Saturday afternoon included brilliant show pieces by Sebastian Bach and Guilmant, Wagner's impressive "Ritt der Walkuren," and several shorter numbers by Wesley, Heinrich Hofman, and Sir Edward Elgar. The Guilmant "Sonata" with its splendid form, dramatic pedal entries, and descriptive "Pastorale," is always a favorite and a fine specimen of modern writing. The different movements were admirably played. In the Bach D Major "Prelude and Fugue," Mr. Tattersall was eminently satisfactory by the clearness and rapidity of his pedalling, and by the skill and dexterity of his bravura passages on the manuals in this very difficult and exacting composition. Lighter pieces by Heinrich Hofman and Wesley served to display the pleasing tones and varied range of the organ, particularly the "Scherzo" in F by the former composer whose works are not known in this country as well as they deserve. Mr. Tattersall will give his sixth recital on Saturday, Dec. 11, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

EVENTS AT MASSEY HALL.

Following upon the splendid Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, which makes its last appearance at Massey Hall this Saturday night, Sousa comes on Tuesday.

The present is the thirty-fifth semi-annual tour of the Sousa Band, the first having taken place in the fall of 1892. There are also four European tours to the credit of Sousa besides the astonishing array of special season at world events, like the Chicago World's Fair, the Paris Exhibition, the St. Louis Exhibition, etc.

In a word Sousa has had very little rest in seventeen years, but there is apparently little chance for him to secure absolute leisure for years to come, simply because demands are such that he cannot find a stopping point.

As between his concert tours, his operas, novels and miscellaneous works, the immediate future does not offer any play-spell spots. However, with Sousa, a change of work is recreation and abject idleness is impossible.

Sousa with his band and four soloists, including our Herbert L. Clarke, will be here on Tuesday afternoon and evening next.

After Sousa, during Christmas week, comes Harry Lauder, from Dec. 20 to 25. A large number of people who come from out of town for Christmas shopping will welcome the double opportunity of combining business with pleasure.

Bridget—Will yez have your dinner now, sorr, or wait for the missus? Head of the House—Where is your mistress, Bridget? Bridget—There's an auction beyant the corner, sorr, an' she said she'd stop there far a minnit. Head of the House—Have dinner now, Bridget.—New York Sun.

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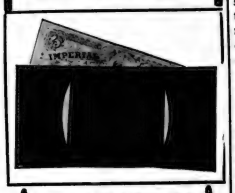

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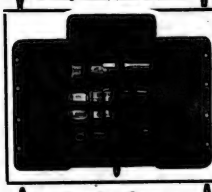

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"Ann Veronica," by H. E. Wells. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; $1.50.

MR. WELLS is astonishingly prolific in his output of first-rate literary material. Some one has remarked that he appears lately to have set himself the task of producing in rapid succession a series of *tours de force*, but I cannot see how anyone could hold the view that this masterly writer is seeking to "show off," or that he is issuing novel after novel dealing trenchantly with questions of the day merely to make a reputation for himself and head the list of bestsellers. Mr. Wells is too true an artist and too sincere a man to write merely for popularity. Following closely after "Tono-Bungay," which easily stands as the finest novel of the year, comes "Ann Veronica," a story much lighter in manner and matter, but intensely interesting and a most effective stimulant to thought on one of the large problems of this generation. "Tono-Bungay" dealt comprehensively with British sociological development. "Ann Veronica" deals with one phase of this big problem—the woman question.

Ann Veronica Stanley is a clever, healthy, spirited young girl, whose home is in a quiet London suburb. She is a student of biology, and is ambitious to broaden her life—she scarcely knows how. Her father, however, being an Englishman of the type who considers daughters merely as property to be disposed of according to his own will or whims, objects to her going on to the Imperial College; objects in fact to her doing anything which he considers unconventional. Finally she runs away to London, and finds that wherever she turns men have control of her destiny. She is also pursued almost unavoidably by two lovers, one honorable, the other something else. At last, disgusted with the fact that the world is a man's world, she takes part in a Suffragette raid, and is sent to prison for a month. This is a period of needed reflection. She realizes that she does not belong to the shrieking sisterhood demanding votes; certainly she does not dislike men. She realizes that the world is "just all egotistical children or broken-in people," and that she must be broken in—that to be happy she must be unselfish. She also thinks out her greatest problem—the love she feels for Cates, her biology instructor, a married man living apart from his wife. On her release from jail she goes to Cates and frankly avows her passion for him. The latter is keen of mind, skillful as a writer, and a man of strong character. He tells Ann that he loves her, but he also tells her of his life, revealing in plain terms that he has a strong animal nature which his wife could not understand and which led to a separation. Ann as plainly tells him that whatever he is she loves him and wants to give herself to him. So he throws up his college work and they both throw away the restraint of society and live together until they can marry. She realizes that her discontents were "no more than love's birth-pangs." Cates wins success as a writer, and their happiness is ultimately complete.

Under any less skillful hand the story would be offensive. But Mr. Wells, while treating his subject baldly and fearlessly, has been able to treat it delicately too. Ann Veronica's course is a wrong one; there is no doubt about that. But a study of her development opens a wide field for speculative thought; for the author's handling of his theme gives one the sensation that Ann Veronica experienced in following the written thought of Cates—that of "cutting things with a perfectly new, perfectly sharp knife." No one with any pretensions of keeping abreast of the best current thought and literature ought to miss reading this book.

* * *

"Canada, the Empire of the North," by Agnes E. Laut. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

In writing this book Miss Laut has done a very useful piece of work. In a single volume of moderate size she has given us in free-and-easy narrative form, an outline of Canada's past. It is much more readable than the average history, and young people, especially, ought to find it very interesting. Furthermore, it will prove of much value to new-comers in this country or prospective immigrants, and some special effort might be profitably made to place it in the hands of such people.

An introductory chapter of fifteen pages deals with Canada's potentialities and prospects. It is written in the styled termed journalese. For example: "They dreamed pretty big in the days of Queen Elizabeth, but they didn't dream big enough for what was to come; and they are dreaming pretty big up in Canada today, but it is hard to forecast the future when a nation the size of all Europe is setting out on the career of her world history." Miss Laut then proceeds to give figures to enable people to realize just how big Canada is: "In the West you could spread the British Isles out flat and you would not cover Manitoba—with her boundaries extending to Hudson Bay. It would take a country the size of France to cover the province of Saskatchewan, a country larger than Germany to cover Alberta, two countries the size of Germany to cover British Columbia and the Yukon, and there would still be left uncovered the northern half of the West—an area the size of European Russia . . . . If there were a population in eastern Canada equal to France,—and Quebec alone would support a population equal to France,—and in Manitoba equal to the British Isles, and in Saskatchewan equal to France and in Alberta equal to Germany, and in British Columbia equal to Germany,—ignoring Yukon, Mackenzie River, Keewatin, and Labrador, taking only those parts of Canada where climate has been tested and lands surveyed,—Canada would support two hundred million people."

The story of Canada, from the time it was discovered, up to the present time—and Miss Laut emphasizes the fact that it is a story, not a history—is told in the writer's best magazine style.

DR. HENRY J. MORGAN,
Editor of "Canadian Men and Women of the Time."

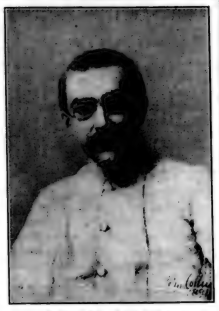
During the past few years, as almost everybody knows, Miss Laut has made a special study of Canadian affairs and her lively and absorbing articles on the expansion of our great North-west, published in Canadian and American magazines and republished broadcast, must have turned many eyes in the direction of "The Empire of the North." And in writing her story of Canada's past she has exhibited the same enthusiasm with her subject and the same mastery of it as she has in her articles concerning its present and its future.

* * *

"Deportmental Ditties," by Harry Graham. Published by Mills & Boon, London.

Occasionally we are told that the popularity of poetry is on the wane. Be that as it may, the popularity of light verse, especially newspaper or topical verse, is most certainly increasing. But light verse, like every other form of expression, artistic and otherwise, has its various manifestations. Most of the rhymes, indeed, that one encounters in the daily and weekly press, are anything but artistic; and too many of them are frankly vulgar. Hail we then with joy such writers as Harry Graham, who gives us verse that is as light as the lightest and as smart as the smartest, and which is yet inoffensive either to one's intelligence or feelings. "Deportmental Ditties" are as clever as they can be and full of human interest, but their author presupposes a fair degree of intellect and cultivation on the part of his readers. They are truly artistic not only because they are smartly written but because they can be appreciated by all sorts of people, each according to his taste and sense of humor.

It is interesting to note that Captain Graham was a popular member of Lord Minto's staff, during the latter's regime at Ottawa. His verse has been written largely by way of diversion, and much of it has appeared in Life as well as in various English publications of high standing.



RUDYARD KIPLING
Whose Latest Volume, "Actions and Reactions," was reviewed on his page a few weeks ago. The picture is from a recent drawing

* * *

"The Lash," by Olin L. Lyman. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.50.

Frequently these days one reads a story which would have been really excellent if the author had entrusted some competent person with the task of editing the manuscript. "The Lash" is one of these. The writer has a good story to tell, and for the most part he tells it well; but running through it are the small inconsistencies that spoil it for the experienced reader. Here and there the dialogue, though smart, does not ring true, and Mr. Lyman turns from burlesque to bathos with the ease and complacence of a George M. Cohan, fancying the while that he is invoking the pure spirit of pathos. But, despite its crudities, the story is much too fascinating in its way for any one to lay it aside once it has been begun. The hero is an extraordinarily shrewd young reporter who undertakes to break a political boss and his machine in a big American city. But all the time he is struggling against inherited cravings—lust of drink and lust of wandering—which overpower him even when success is within his grasp. However, the girl he loves stands by him, and the tale closes with the suggestion that her constancy will in the future free him from the lash of appetite and remorse. The story as it stands is absorbing and vivid. One enjoys it, but wishes it had been written throughout with finish and conviction.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

William Briggs' has had in press for the past eighteen months a work, which, when issued, early in 1910, will be entirely unique. It is the second edition of Canadian Men and Women of the Time, a Dictionary of Canadian Biography by Living Characters," edited by Dr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, who proposes to celebrate his half century of Canadian authorship by the publication of this remarkable work. The amount of labor, care and research involved in the preparation of this Dictionary has been almost incredible, and it is safe to say that there is but one man within the Dominion, or out of it, who could or would have accomplished it. Canadians to-day are in all parts of the world, accomplishing important work, and to reach even a fair proportion of these absentees through correspondence required years of effort at the hands of the indefatigible editor, Dr. Morgan; but he finally accomplished the task, as the pages of his new edition will amply disclose. In this Dictionary thousands of new names will be found, to take the place of hundreds of the old ones, who hae died. Canadians at home and Canadians abroad will all be interested in the result of Dr. Morgan's patriotic labors.

* * *

Mr. S. A. White, of Snelgrove, Ont., who during the past few years has contributed verse and short stories to SATURDAY NIGHT and other Canadian publications, has lately been successful in placing quite a large amount of his work with American magazines. The People's Magazine has used several short stories from his pen, and Gunter's for December makes the announcement: "The complete novel in next month's number of Gunter's will be 'The Foreign Correspondent,' by S. A. White, new to the pages of our magazine, but a writer of experience and finish. 'A Journalist's Adventures in Bohemia' is the sub-title of this delightfully entertaining story." HAL.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Verses," by Wilson Jefferson. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston: $1.00.

"The Silver Lining," by Nelson Glazier Morton. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

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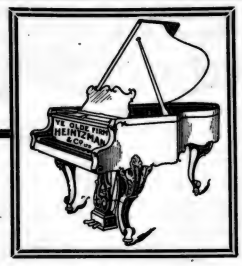

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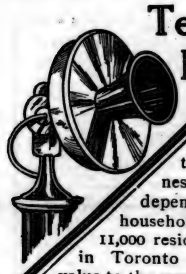

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A SKYSCRAPER TALE

(Continued from page 5.)

glow of her face had dimmed into a sickly white; while as if for the relief of his quandary, marks blue and gray darkened one thin cheek, the shadow of a cruel hand.

Coghlan used his power of speech to the utmost. He implored the girl, with every endearing term, to shoot that infernal scoundrel and thief of a janitor or to undo his arms so that he might shoot him. Had he not explained to her but a few hours ago that Flaxon must have managed to steal the package in her charge, containing papers of the highest value to him, but which no other honest man could use?

"Another such explanation, my dear, on the other side of your face, and your own mother couldn't tell you from a naygur," remarked Flaxon gently.

"I fell," snapped the girl.

"Only as you fell here in the marning for the lack of food, my dear, thank God. 'Tis a hungry future together you would have with the likes of him, even if you didn't have to fall."

"But you deceived me; you took the package from me and worked off a dummy in its stead; you know you did."

"I did take it," declared Flaxon. "I locked it up in the safe in the outer office. I set the combination at eleven-forty-four. Go fetch it, and see for yourself the papers that no honest man could use."

In a moment Katie returned with the package to the two men, the one so calmly silent, the other so wildly shouting. Disdaining both alike, with a judicial poise, comical yet impressive, she sat at the desk, the ready revolver at one side, and undid the pink tape and unfolded the brown paper. With the joyous abandonment of a child playing with white pebbles, so like to pearls, Katie ran her slim fingers through the crisp and glittering stacks of bills, meaning so much to her, oh, so much to her!

Suppose, only suppose, that they did belong to Coghlan, by sharp practice perhaps, as if every big pile didn't come that way, but yet did so belong to him that no man outside of this janitor could take them away. Why then shouldn't she obey, believe, accept; forgetting the long hard hours, the easy lies, the temptations, the resistances, the brutality of but a few hours ago, trusting that at length he would keep his word and make a lady of her.

"We won't harm a hair of his blamed old head, Katie," pleaded Coghlan. "We'll lock him in the closet, where he'll be safe and sound until the scrubbers come; and by that time we will have been to the parson, by that time we will be off and away amid all the glories of the world—think of it!—and with no one else to fear. The money is mine, honestly mine; I swear, so help me."

"From the sale of thim dibenture bonds, no doubt," reflected Flaxon. "You know yourself, Katie, how many suckers had time to bite."

"But where else?" asked the puzzled girl.

Flaxon moved for the first. He pulled out the mirror. He thrust in the extension light. He stood at one side.

With open lips Katie gazed into a deeper, truer mirror. She saw Coghlan lingering after hours. She saw the white dust she had curiously noted mornings. She saw the mysterious bundles that had come and gone—tools and electrical apparatus. She saw the record of the deed itself, burglary, bald and naked of excuse and pretence, and beyond that black damning hole she saw even a deeper gulf from which she recoiled with horror, like the honest girl she was.

"It means twenty years for me, Katie, at hard labor," moaned Coghlan, "and, oh, I have loved you so."

"Will you let him go?" demanded Katie, "I wouldn't like to think of him as pinched."

"He can go and be damned, for all of me," agreed Flaxon.

"Then I think I'll be taking that place you promised," and she delivered the money and the revolver into the janitor's hands.—From the New York Sun.

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"I think the little one is going to bear a resemblance to his father." "Well," answered Mr. Rasper, "if that is the case I hope the child will learn to bear it with patience and courage."—Washington Star.

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32 PAGES

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 8. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 4, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1148.

THE OTHER PAGE

ECONOMY is a virtue, but even a virtue ceases to be such under some circumstances. There are women of them—who make of economy a vice, and revel in the cheese-paring process, while thoroughly believing that they are doing something that is highly commendable. In plain words they are extravagant in their economies, and waste in time, thought, purpose, and comfort, much, that if carefully conserved, would be of greater ultimate importance not only to themselves but to their associates, than the possible saving of a few dollars and cents.

For some reason or other it is exceptional to find a woman who is able to take a broad view of financial matters, and when she does she occasionally passes meteor-like across the world in Cassie Chadwick of Mme. Humboldt fashion. There are, of course, plenty of women who are able to successfully manage large fortunes that have been left to them, but it is unusual to find a woman who can get out and make a big fortune for herself, rejoicing in the ups and downs that fall to her lot, finding keen pleasure in the chances she has to take, enjoying the opportunities she makes. Such a woman may have a bit of the gambling spirit, but she gets her reward in her keen enjoyment of the hazards she takes. Such women are rare—as difficult to find as the Kohinoors and Cullinans which are set to spread their radiance in high places.

Between the Hetty Greens and the spendthrifts of the world there is a long procession of womenkind with more or less ability to finance their way through life, and if most of them do it with a measure of success, they also achieve this much desired consummation with fear and trembling. They believe—these women who must provide for themselves—that a penny saved is about a pound in value and that every penny added to what you already have makes the sum a whole lot bigger than just one penny more. To such women life is a continual scraping during which they deprive themselves of many sources of development in their desire to save. The threatened rainy day comes to all of us in turn—provided we live long enough, but in order to be ready for it a rain coat and an umbrella should be all that it is necessary. One need not provide an ark in anticipation of a second flood.

Opposed to the great army of women who deprive themselves of present pleasures in order that they may be sure of future bread and butter, are the many who spend their all as they receive it, and have no care for the morrow. It's the case of the ant and the grass hopper over again; one extreme or another. Of course it is largely a question of temperament, this tendency to excessive saving or expenditure. But surely careful training might eliminate the worst features and enable a woman to see, as a man does, where it is wise to spend, and where retrenchment is necessary. The saving woman is a mixture of unexpected peculiarities and what she manages to pare off the cost of her meals in the course of a month or two, she will, sometimes, plump in one sum on a pet extravagance in the shape of a garment or a bit of home decoration. The saving woman like her opposite, usually lacks method. All she needs is to learn how and she will do much better. But to teach her one must begin when she is young. There would be many better ordered lives, many more happy existences, many more contented and pleasant-faced women if it was the unvarying rule to give girls some kind of an insight into financial matters. To this end there is always at least the possibility of beginning a good work by the introduction into every home of the system of allowances. And one cannot begin too early. The value of a penny once recognized, it will never again assume the proportions of a cartwheel, nor drop to the value of a farthing. The value of money must be acquired, and it is better to obtain that knowledge when there is a chance of rectifying one's mistakes, than in waiting until a blunder means disaster.

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THAT most erratic of clever women, Sara Bernhardt, has been deprived of the use of a telephone in her Paris home because she lost her temper and "said things," to the young woman whose duty it was to call up the various numbers which Mme. Bernhardt wanted. Alluding to the incident, Mme. Bernhardt admits that she lost her temper and in losing it also lost one of the greatest conveniences of modern times. But she also insists that there was a provocation, and that the things she said weren't half as strenuous as the things she meant. And who can blame her? Anyone who has literally "waited at the telephone" for many minutes at a time in the vain endeavor to reach some person in a hurry, cannot but have a sympathetic feeling for the temperamental actress who gave way to the emotions of the moment and put her feelings into words. No matter how perfect the telephone system and how conscientious the presiding genius at the switch board, there is bound to come a time when language is inadequate to express the sense of utter impotency that overwhelms one when number after number goes wrong, and those which aren't "busy" are the ones you didn't call but which are given you just the same. A telephone certainly is a great convenience in the home, but its most important use—that of a temper tester—is usually seldom appreciated. One "Central" who doesn't know her business or feel up to doing it, can distribute more grouches in a limited time than a combined feline orchestra on a back fence can arouse in a series of a dozen concerts. One wonders if the young woman who sometimes gives us what we ask for and often insists upon our accepting a near number in its place, feels any responsibility for the supply of more or less restrained expletives of which she is so often the cause.

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FROM England come the cabled reports that the suggestion has been made in all seriousness by some one apparently utterly lacking in either humor or the ability to look very far into the future, that suffragettes should be treated like unruly children and birched if they won't stay quiet, while the older women, like Mrs. Pankhurst, are recommended for a sojourn in St. Helena. Probably the carrying out of this idea would go further towards giving the women the ballot than any other step that could be taken. To a man—and woman—England would rise in its wrath and demand fair play. Undoubtedly, spanking would be worse than forcible feeding, but there is no doubt that the spanked suffragette would be more of a martyr to her cause and do more towards carrying it to success than any combination of would-be voters who have yet left Holloway Jail in triumph to partake of a vegetarian breakfast at the Eustace Miles restaurant.

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THERE are still lots of people who think a girl should get her training in domestic science in her own home and that the school is no place in which to teach the gentle art of turning out a dinner. Every question has at least two sides, but in this instance, in spite of all the arguments to the contrary, there seems to be no doubt that plenty of girls grow up in well appointed homes without getting more than the most superficial idea of how to run one of their own. Every girl, whether she expects to marry or not, should gain, as early as possible, a thorough knowledge of housekeeping instead of the smattering that is almost universal. In spite of her fondness for bachelor-maid ways, any girl is likely to succumb to the attraction of a home of her own once the right man offers it. The most unexpected things happen, and matrimony strikes in strange places. Even the most decided of man-haters may suddenly find herself confronted with the problem of making her newly acquired husband's income as elastic as possible. If she can easily make a success of this problem—which after all is one to which the majority of women are giving their time and brains—it will be largely because she has had a thorough domestic training in her girlhood. Many a first quarrel has arisen over the incompetency of the wife to do her share in wisely expending the income her husband earns. Much domestic infelicity can be traced to the indigestion caused by sodden biscuit and badly cooked chops. Even when there seems to be no necessity for a girl to learn details of household management it is well to remember that Fortune's wheel has a habit of turning when least expected and she who is up to-day may be financially down to-morrow.

In a play, meeting with a large share of popularity in New York this season, a deposed Queen, residing for the time being in a Harlem flat, has to cater for two, so she buys ten pounds of lamb chops for luncheon, decorates them with their nice little paper frills, and puts them in the frying pan to sizzle until they are brunette on one side and with a decidedly strawberry blond appearance on the other. Seems exaggerated, doesn't it? Yet, there are dozens of women we know who would cheerfully admit that their first attempts in the housekeeping line weren't much more successful, and that when they first donned a pinafore for the purpose of cooking a dinner, their mistakes were just as amusing.

Once there was a bride—her identity is somewhat too personal a matter to dwell upon unnecessarily—who, finding herself bereft, at one blow, of both her maids, realized that it was necessary, as she lived in the country, to prepare an evening meal without any assistance whatever—or else starve. And before she had got very far in her venture she wished with all her heart that she had decided upon the latter alternative, and elected to go hungry. When the servants, who were sisters, had been summoned to the bedside of a sick mother, it was still early in the morning and a good wood fire was burning although the day was one of June's brightest and best. This the bride decided would have to be kept in as she knew nothing of the mysteries of lighting another. And what that fire consumed through the long hours, it is impossible to tell, but by five o'clock when the last clothes pin had disappeared in ashes, there was a decided lack of wooden spoons, bowls and such things in what had been a well appointed kitchen. And just at the moment that the fire so carefully nursed all day, was to be used in the preparation of the evening meal, it simply went out. Two people dined that night on bread and cheese and what odds and ends the larder possessed, and if one portion was consumed in something approaching tears, the little bride herself was not to blame, but rather the mistaken upbringing which had resulted in educating her in all directions except one.

By all means let a girl's life be made happy and as free from care as circumstances permit, but it is surely a mistaken kindness which, by letting her grow up in ignorance of her domestic duties, lays for her the foundation for what is almost sure to be discomfort, if not unhappiness in the future. Let the girl learn the care of her home with her mother as a teacher, but in order that all girls may have the privilege of receiving instruction in what is likely ultimately to become their life work, so arrange it that those other girls who lack the chance of home instruction may receive it elsewhere.

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ONE has long suspected that something more than devotion, purchased by a moderate tip, animated the soul of the European hotel porter who so industriously seeks to turn one's luggage into a travelling art exhibit. The label habit is one only acquired by the traveller in his first season; after that he becomes *blase*, and even has been known to deny himself the privilege of having a multi-colored bit of paper affixed to his travelling paraphernalia, in that breathless moment of departure when the menials collect from the gold braided, broad-chested being who reigns in the "bureau" to the man who helps the porter who helps the man who assists the driver of the hotel 'bus to place one's hand bag and dressing case on the red plush seat of that vehicle. Always, at this all absorbing moment of the departure of the 'bus does the usual line up of the anxious take place, to speed the guest once they have lightened his pocket. Inside and outside the portal they block the way while an extra chamber maid or two hover hopefully in the middle distance, animated by the belief that they may be mistaken for the alert young person who has already waylaid one at the chamber door, insisting upon a substantial recognition of the fact that she always brought tepid water instead of hot, and forgot the towels the more persistently she was reminded of the fact The line at the door of departure is always long and the faces often those of persons one fails to recognize, but it is necessary to run the gauntlet and disburse lire or francs, or whatever the coin of the realm may be, receiving in return bows so low and so obsequious that one is forced to wonder how low a genuflection could be purchased for the smallest coin of the country.

Finally one embarks. Everyone has been remembered above his deserts, save sometimes the porters at the station and theirs is a rough and ready hold-up method instead of one of gentle persuasion. At the next hotel en route one may receive excellent service or one may be puzzled by the unanimity with which one's bell remains unanswered and one's orders unattended to. At the time of departure the usual scene is re-enacted. One "coughs up" one's collection of small coin, and one's last label is carefully covered by a new one. One remonstrates, but to no avail, and at the next stopping place one is treated better.

The explanation, according to the wise ones best versed in the mysteries of European travel lies in the fact that there is a code among the hotel porters and that the angle at which one's "Splendide" label is affixed will tip off the baggage handler at the "Royale" in the next town as to whether one is generous, merely just, or utterly mean. Consequently, if one is travelling cheap or on the mistaken belief that one can dodge the pursuing vengeance of the untipped, either think it over carefully and decide to reform or stay at home, or else spend your time between cities scraping off the newly affixed label to your luggage instead of admiring the landscape from the railway carriage window. Sometimes, of course, the hand of the porter may tremble, the label slip, and one get requited above or below what one deserves; but then mischances like these occur in bigger matters than the affixing of gorgeous studies in color on a nice back-ground of leather bag.

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OF course, youth is beautiful. And there's nothing better to be than one-and-twenty, save perhaps the verge of three score and ten. Between them lies life—at one end an unwritten book, at the other a thick volume with pages smeared and blotted and filled with the things we ought and we ought not to have done. It has been said that any man has the material for one thrilling, all-absorbing story in his own experiences be he ever so hum-drum and dull. So just as truly has every woman the making of a volume of reminiscences, not as spicy as Lady Cardigan's or as full of general interest as Lady St. Helier's, but still, if truly told, without bias and without malice, as full of "heart interest" as a blood and thunder melodrama, and as sentimental as a simpering lady in an old time "Keepsake" book. The dullest woman has lived her life. The greyest matron has had her romance. The young person who looks more or less askance on her elders could find material for a good old-fashioned three-decker novel in the experiences that lie hidden behind her grandmother's serene manner and delicately wrinkled face. The young have yet their way to travel; the old have their resting place in sight. Which is best, the looking forward or the looking backward? To have accomplished or to still be in the thick of the fight? Age needs no pity; it is youth which still has to suffer. White hair is the sign of accomplishment, yet in judging, it is well to remember that once it was brown.

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THERE'S no doubt they know how to do some things uncommonly well in Germany. As a case in point, take the fact that a law has been passed in at least some parts of the Empire, making it a punishable offence for a woman to endanger the safety of her neighbors by wearing an over-long hat-pin. Anyone who has narrowly escaped having an eye impaled on a silver or steel skewer protruding several inches beyond a hat brim will immediately begin to feel that Germany would make an ideal resting place, say during the rush hours of street car catching, principally about six p.m. The average human being, when menaced with an array of hat pins of various heads but with a startling unanimity of points, can be pardoned for yearning to take the law into his own hands. Fortunately, whatever he thinks, he manages to hide most of it under a show of indifference and almost look as if he liked the danger he ran. Few people have the courage of the man in New York who was annoyed by a long plume that persistently swept across his face in the Subway one day, and who reverted to the primitive for a bit, inasmuch as he is said to have bitten in two the hat ornament that was bothering him. In Paris the custom was started, of having little shields for the ends of the hat pins, and this custom has spread to other places. In the "Fatherland" where the Government has time for all sorts of details and delights in regulating everything, women are forbidden to wear over-long hat pins under threat of punishment. Here, where women please themselves pretty much in the matter of what they do and what they don, every man may become an amateur Raffles, with a keen anxiety to add to his collection of purloined pins, unless either the Law or the Lady intervene and put a stop to what is unquestionably something more serious than an annoyance.

MADAME.

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO, LORD GREY'S POPULAR SISTER,

Lady Minto is the wife of India's present Viceroy. Her health is said to have been seriously affected by the recent attempts on the lives of Their Excellencies.

TORONTO SOCIETY

A RUMOR of the engagement of a young scion of a very prominent family, to a girl practically unknown is one of the items floating on the sea of gossip just now. Although unknown in smart circles, I hear very good things about the reputed *fiancee*, who seems to combine good looks and good sense in an unusual degree.

Mrs. Ernest Henderson, *nee* Clarkson, received yesterday and Thursday afternoons in her new house, 327 Major street.

Mrs. and Miss Phippen were kept very busy from an early hour in the afternoon on Tuesday, receiving scores of visitors at Clover Hill, where they are domiciled for the winter. Mrs. Phippen, who looks more like the sister than the mother of her pretty daughter, was in a *vieux rose* gown, and Miss Phippen wore a dress of another shade of pink. Miss Hoodlees, of Hamilton, was in pale pink, Miss Adele Austin in pale cowslip, and the two friends of the hostess, who presided over the tea and coffee trays in the diningroom, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, of Llawhaden, and Mrs. Arthur Hills, formerly fellow-citizens of Judge and Mrs. Phippen in Winnipeg, were in harmonious shades of green, each gown a rich and beautiful one. The tea-table was centered with a large cluster of pink carnations in a tall rock-crystal vase. The little son and daughter wandered in from the nursery for a greeting from some late callers, and were pronounced "perfect dears" by all who saw them. Certainly we have gained two charming members of society in the bright Winnipeg mother and daughter who now share the duties of hostess at Clover Hill.

MISS ROSAMOND GROSVENOR,
The daughter of the late Hon. Algernon Grosvenor and niece of Lord Ebury. Miss Rosamond Grosvenor has just celebrated her twenty-first birthday and is considered by many people to be one of the prettiest girls in English society.

Mr. Charlie Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, who has been an invalid for many weeks is now convalescing. Miss Mollie Plummer is in Paris.

Mrs. McLeod, of Durness, is returning from her visit in the Western States this week.

Mrs. W. D. Matthews entertained at dinner last week and also gave a luncheon on Thursday last.

Mrs. John Bruce, 37 Bleecker street, gave a tea yesterday, to present her daughter, Miss Muriel Bruce, an attractive debutante, who has been greatly enjoying her first flutter in society. Owing to the absence of Mrs. Bruce, with the I.O.D.E. party in the West last month, the coming-out tea was postponed from the early autumn until the return of the "Daughters" from their trip.

The *bal poudre* in the King Edward was the great event of last evening. The conversazione at Victoria College was another bright gathering last night, given by the Board of Regents, Faculty and students of the college.

Mr. and Mrs G. W. S. Johnson have gone to Southern Florida and the Bahamas for the winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Christina Turnbull, daughter of Mr. Robert Turnbull, of Two Creeks, Man., and Mr. Reginald G. Romeyn Mackenzie, of Miniota. The marriage will take place at the home of the bride on Thursday, December 23rd.

Mrs. C. Everett Hoffman, of Berlin, was visiting friends in Toronto last week, after her trip abroad. Mr. Hoffman came to town with her.

Mrs. George E. Bryant, 16 Castle Frank Crescent, received last Monday in her new home, for the first time and will be at home every first Monday during the season.

P. P. C. cards from Mr. and Mrs. Harold van der Linde remind their friends of their departure from Toronto, where the Woman's Art Association and other enterprises will miss the bright and helpful interest of the charming lady.

Mrs. Stewart Houston is the hostess, this afternoon, at the Art Gallery, 165 King street west, where the exhibition of the Society of Applied Arts is still on. Mrs. Houston sent out cards for this afternoon to a number of her friends.

Mrs. Murray McFarlane, 18 Carlton street, is giving a tea on Thursday next, to present her sister, Miss Mary Walton, one of the pretty and graceful girls who comes out this season.

Mrs. J. F. W. Ross and her niece, Miss Boyd, received a great many friends on Friday afternoon at a tea in the Ross home in Wellesley street, where the finely proportioned and generous sized drawing room, library and diningroom were filled with smart women about half past five, while rows of bright gleaming motors lit up the street for blocks, and knots of chauffeurs wondered what there was in a tea for "us fellows." Mrs. Ross wore a heliotrope gown with v-shaped neck, and Miss Boyd a dainty white gown. The king-basket of the season, overflowing with yellow 'mums, the dainty single variety, held the centre of the tea-table and the eyes of every guest entering the room, by its beauty and wealth of bloom. Handsome Miss Elizabeth Blackstock and several other fair maidens waited upon the guests, and the tea was most enjoyable and bright.

Mrs. Sloane gave a tea at her home in Isabella street on Thursday, assisted by Mrs Frederick J. Aylward, from half past four to seven o'clock.

Captain Sweny, who has been spending some weeks with his people at Rohallion left at the week end to rejoin his regiment in India. One evening last week Colonel and Mrs. Sweny entertained a number of intimate friends, who bade goodbye to Captain Sweny with much regret.

A dinner was given at Stanley Barracks last Friday by the officers in quarters, and an informal dance wound up a pleasant evening. There is a *"chic"* about any entertainment given in barracks, which appeals to the fair guests, and rarely does a refusal find its way to the gallant red-coats who are hosts there. Major Carpenter is now in Colonel Williams' rooms, and there is a bright and jolly lot of young men either temporarily or permanently in residence.

Mrs. Burnham has been staying with her mother, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, at Yeadon Hall, since the family came home from Europe, and visitors and guests have been glad to see her looking so well. Her young son, Eric, who had a severe illness has now quite recovered. Major Burnham is now stationed in Halifax.

Mrs. McEvoy received, for the first time since coming to Toronto, at her home, 611 Jarvis street, on Monday afternoon and a great number of old and new friends called upon her. Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay assisted in the reception of the callers, and Miss Martin presided at a dainty little tea-table set beside the cosy open fire in the fine big room. Mrs. MacEvoy is a very charming young matron with a frank and unaffected manner which is eminently attractive.

Mrs. Anglin is visiting Lady Falconbridge. Mr. Vincent Hughes spent the week end with his two fine little sons who are under the care of Lady Falconbridge, at the family home in Isabella street.

Invitations were received a few days since to the reception to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Colin F. Gordon, 152 St. George street, in honor of the marriage of their only daughter, Miss Kathleen Marion Gordon, and Mr. William Willcocks Baldwin, on Saturday, Dec. 18, at three o'clock. Miss Gordon is the first of three lovely brides from St. George street this season whose weddings are interesting society.

Mrs. D. Ogden Ellis, whose dainty daughters made their debut this season, is giving a tea next Wednesday, to present them to her friends at her home in Huntley street.

Mrs. Maclaurin, 713 Spadina ave., is giving a tea

A representative and very interested crowd of friends of Miss Sniveley, the lady superintendent of the General Hospital, assembled on Wednesday evening to witness the presentation of an address and a purse of gold from the members of the Alumnae Association of the Toronto General Hospital Training School for Nurses, of which Mrs. Findlay is president, and Mrs. Aubin secretary, and whose invitation had bidden the privileged outsiders to this pleasant event. About nine o'clock, the address and presentation were offered by Dr. J. F. W. Ross in a happy manner, and Miss Sniveley received a bouquet of pink roses and another assurance of appreciation felt by all for her excellent work during the quarter of a century which has elapsed since that first of December, 1884, on which she arrived at the post of duty in the General Hospital. Miss Sniveley looked as she felt, in the midst of true friends, and her assurance that ample provision has been made for her comfort during the term of her life, were heartfelt and greeted with applause. Mr. Flavelle, in the speech for the hospital authorities, told of an annuity of seven hundred dollars a year being secured to Miss Sniveley, and I understand the nurses' gift was a thousand dollars in gold. Everyone pressed up to congratulate the recipient of these substantial tokens of regard, and added many sincere words of praise and affection. Afterwards, the pretty nurses, in their uniforms and caps, served dainty refreshments to the company, and D'Alesandro's orchestra played gaily in an alcove embowered in ferns. Among the many prominent persons present were President and Mrs. Falconer, Major and Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Flavelle and Miss Flavelle, Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rundle, Mrs. Frank Yeigh, Mrs. Walter T. Lee, Dr. and Miss Dickson, Dr. O'Rielly, Miss Reid, Dr. and Mrs. J. Elliott Brown and a great many others. The nurses' quarters where the reception was given, were decorated with flowers and the rooms of the lady superintendent were full of blooms. It was altogether a most delightful and heartsome affair.

The marriage of Miss Helen G. Matthews, youngest daughter of Mr. W. C. Matthews, of Chestnut Park road, and Mr. W. Hubert Tappan, of Mansfield, Ohio, took place on Saturday last in Utica, N.Y., Rev. W. E. Brown officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Tappan spent a few days with the bride's family here and have gone for a short honeymoon trip, after which Mrs. Tappan will again be in Toronto and give her many friends here an opportunity of wishing her much happiness in her new life. Some time ago, the bride began a course of nursing in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, which was interrupted just as she has made an excellent showing, by a severe illness. She returned to her duties last summer, but has now given up a nurses' career for that far happier lifework where love lights the way. Mr. Tappan is a Cornell man and son of a prominent and prosperous citizen of Mansfield. Miss Helen Matthews was, like her elder sisters, always a popular member of her set, and the Matthews' home has ever been a rendezvous for bright young people into whose pleasure their elders entered with sympathy. The marriage was so quietly arranged that it has been a great surprise to everyone, but congratulations and affectionate good wishes though tardy, will be none the less sincere and hearty.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther gave a young folks dance in honor of their second daughter, Lulu's, debut, which was most enjoyable, and adds another to the many gay reunions at McConkey's this year. The arrangements were very good, and it was really a young dance, only three married people being invited. Mrs. Crowther received at the door of the *salle de danse*, in a handsome black jetted gown. Miss Crowther wore pink satin and the debutante wore white satin, carried an armful of roses, and looked very nice indeed. Among the guests were several visitors in town, Miss Campbell Noble coming with the Misses V. and F. McLeod and Miss Josephine Fletcher, of Kentucky, enjoyed one of her last dances here. Supper was served in the palm room and the cafe shortly after eleven at tables decorated with red roses, and the dance was a great success. The family party of ten took supper at a special table.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Ethel Chalcraft, daughter of Mrs. W. E. Chalcraft, 40 Bedford road, and Capt. Gordon F. Morrison, Q.O.R., took place on Nov. 24, at half-past two, in the Church of the Redeemer, Rev. C. J. James, the rector, officiating. The church was handsomely and effectively decorated with huge clusters of golden 'mums and fine palms, and the very large choir of surpliced men, women and boys rendered a beautiful anthem and a full choral service, preceding the bride's procession to the chancel, singing "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." The ushers, Mr. Berry, Mr. Suydam, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Scott, followed, then a very smart girlie in white, with white hat with buttercup satin rosettes and carrying a basket of flowers, the two bridesmaids, Miss Talbot and Miss Hope Wigmore, and the maid of honor, Miss Elsie Chalcraft, all wearing yellow satin dresses with transparent yokes and sleeves, and sashes in Empire fashion of gold tissue. The hats were of gold tissue, faced with russet, and the dainty shoes were of russet leather. The boquets were of yellow 'mums. The effect of this sunny color scheme was lovely. The bride, who was brought in by her uncle, Mr. Randall, wore a soft trained gown of white satin made in princess style, with a bertha of lace and pearls and transparent guimpe. The veil of tulle was held by a crown of orange blossoms, and the boquet was a shower of lilies. The bride's pretty fair hair was arranged in large puffs at the back. Mr. Harry Miller, son of Lieut.-Colonel Miller, Q.O.R., was best man. The bridegroom is adjutant of the regiment, and very popular with his fellow officers. After the ceremony, Mrs. Chalcraft held a reception at her home in Bedford road, which was decorated with yellow 'mums in every room, and the bride's table in the dining room, centred with the wedding cake, was lovely with white roses and lilies. The presents, arranged in an upper room, with no cards attached, were very lovely. The groom's fellow-officers gave him a handsome liquor stand of three cut-glass decanters, with an inscription on a silver plate let into the stand of rare inlaid wood. A piano, grand father's clock, and many cheques were among the gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison left on the afternoon train for their honeymoon, pelted with confetti and paper chasers, and serenaded by the drums and buglers of the regimental band. At the *dejeuner*, Mr. James proposed the health of the bride and groom, greeted by cheers and singing, while the orchestra joined in. Mr. Morrison responded neatly. One of the guests was the aged grandmother of the groom, Mrs. Angus Morrison, who was much interested in the whole affair.

Miss Mabel Chalcraft.

Mr. Gordon Morrison.

Miss Clinton, of New York, has been, for a week or so, visiting Mrs. John Cawthra, 105 Beverley street, and all who have had the pleasure of meeting this very attractive girl hope her visit may be much prolonged. Miss Clinton's family are of "Old New York." The New York before the war, and this latter day daughter has been reared in an atmosphere which even the mad rush and money chasing of the present day has not entirely vitiated. I do not know any nicer girl than a really nice New Yorker, whose people have "belonged" there for generations.

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MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, Dec., 2, 1909.

The St. Andrew's Ball, the big social event of the week, was held on St. Andrew's Night in the new hall—which used to be the old dining room of the Windsor Hotel. The ball has been an annual affair for many, many years, and although it now has rivals for the proud position it once held of being "the most fashionable function" of the season, it remains always popular. It was once honored by royalty, when the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present just thirty-one years ago, and it has been graced many times by the presence of vice-royalty. Coming early in the season when everyone is still fresh in the pursuit of gaiety, is one reason why the St. Andrew's ball is always well attended—but beyond all else is the sentiment which attaches to an "institution," particularly a Scotch one. For the last few years there has been little, beyond a few people in kilts and some display of tartan ribbon and heather, to distinguish its nationality. The programme always provided for a number of Scotch dances, but there were few who could dance them and they were cut short. Obviously, the thing to do was to have the younger set learn the national dances. Classes were formed, lots of people—not all Scotch, were found willing and desirous to learn, and at this year's ball the strathspeys, reels, and characteristic Scotch numbers received their full share of recognition. Among the debutantes enjoying their first big ball were; Miss Rita de Lery Macdonald, in pink Liberty satin with gold embroidered trimming; Miss Florence Watson, in white satin; Miss Margaret Greenshields, wearing a very dainty white satin, with silver tunic; Miss Dorothy Macpherson, in white satin embroidered in white and gold; Miss Marguerite Skaife, in white satin with lace bodice; Miss Florence Shuter, who also wore white satin trimmed with bands of gold and pearl embroidery; Miss Davida Wigmore, who chose a decided color instead of white, wearing turquoise blue crepe de chine, hand-embroidered, and trimmed with gold fringe; Miss Elsa May, whose white satin gown was veiled with a silver net over-dress; Miss Jeanne Chevalier, in white crepe de chine; Miss Marguerite Beaubien, in pink chiffon and Miss Grace Towers, wearing white Liberty satin.

An interesting visitor to Montreal was Dr. E. W. Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the "philosopher of Concord." Dr. Emerson came up from Boston to address the Archaeological Society, at a meeting at Mr. A. Baumgarten's residence, his subject being the life of Charles Eliot Norton, founder of the American Institute of Archaeologists. Many more people are interested in this particular 'ology than one might suppose. The Montreal Society, now in the second year of its existence, has a membership of over two hundred, with Principal Peterson, of McGill, as president, Mr. Baumgarten as vice-president, and Dr. Judson Eaton, secretary. A good many ladies belong, and are represented on the committee by Miss Jessie Dow. Perhaps as much to see Dr. Emerson as to hear about Dr. Norton, quite a large number of members gathered in Mrs. Baumgarten's drawing-room, and after the lecture the host and hostess held a short reception. Dr. Emerson bears a marked resemblance to the pictures of his distinguished father, and when he spoke at the Art Association, the following night, on the truly Emersonian subject of "The Relation of Art to Life," the manner if not the matter, recalled one's early porings over the "Essays."

Mrs. William Prentice was the hostess at a very much enjoyed dance, which assumed quite the proportions of a private ball, there being almost three hundred guests present. The new Windsor Hall was turned into a ballroom, with a good orchestra stationed on a platform at the far end of the room, partially hidden by palms and plants, interspersed with clumps of crysanthemums. It was a young people's dance, and programmes were dispensed with, the informality rather adding to the merriment of the evening. Mrs. Prentice received near the entrance to the hall, with her two daughters, all three charmingly gowned. The hostess was wearing pale blue satin with overdress of jetted net. Miss Nora Prentice had on a very smart gown of satin with draped tunic of silver tissue. Miss Mona Prentice was in satin of a soft rose shade veiled in tulle.

Mrs. Gavin Ogilvie, who before her marriage was Miss Mary Gzowski, of Toronto, held her first reception in Montreal last week. Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie, who were staying with Mrs. Ogilvie, senior, for a while, until their own home was ready, are now settled at 85 Redpath Street, formerly Mr. A. R. Creelman's residence. Mrs. Ogilvie received in her new home, and many friends called during the afternoon. She wore a pretty mauve gown, and had her drawing room decorated harmoniously with vases of pink roses. In the dining-room were big fluffy yellow chrysanthemums, and violets on the tea-table. Mrs. Bertie Ogilvie and Miss Marion Thompson poured the tea, and Miss Cassels, Miss M. Stearns, Miss Hickson, Miss Alice Ogilvie, and one or two other girls handed round the refreshments.

A quiet wedding was that of Miss Marjorie Howard, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Palmer Howard, of Montreal, to Dr. Thomas B. Futcher, of Baltimore, Md., which took place in the Church of St. John the Evangelist. The Howard family is very well known, the late Dr. Howard having been Dean of the Medical Faculty, of McGill University. His elder son, a half-brother of the bride, Dr. Robert Bliss Howard, F.R.C.S. is married to Lord Strathcona's only daughter. No invitations were issued for Miss Howard's wedding, at the church, only relatives and a few on-lookers being present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the recently appointed rector, Rev. Arthur French. Dr. Campbell P. Howard gave his sister away. The bride, who is a very pretty and graceful girl, had chosen green cloth for her travelling costume, in which she was married. She wore a green hat with it, and a diamond and pearl brooch, the bridegroom's gift. A bridal "touch" was given to her attire by the bouquet of lily of the valley which she carried. Her bridesmaid was Miss Marjorie Clouston, Sir Edward Clouston's petite and pretty daughter, this being the second time, I believe, that Miss Clouston has been a bridesmaid within the month. On this occasion she wore a hyacinth blue dress and a black picture hat, and carried Killarney roses. Dr. W. G. McCallum, of New York, was best man. After the church service, the bride's sister, Mrs. E. M. Von Eberts (whose husband, by the way, is also a physician) held a reception at her residence for a few intimate friends. After their honeymoon trip, Dr. and Mrs. Futcher will take up their residence in Baltimore.

Miss Stikeman entertained a large number of guests—young ladies and matrons—at a tea to introduce her niece, Mrs. Cecil de St. Denys Wotherspoon, an English bride who has come to live in Montreal. Mrs. T. C. Kidd and Miss De Salaberry presided in the tea-room, which was bright with yellow chrysanthemums; and several young ladies assisted in serving.

Among the brides receiving within the past few days was Mrs. Patrick Davis, who with Mr. Davis has been staying for a few days with her mother, Mrs. H. Baby, and who received at her old home, Dorchester street, wearing her white satin wedding gown. Mrs. Baby, gowned in black velvet, received with her daughter. Mrs. Arthur Magill, formerly Miss Maud Burland, held her postnuptial reception last week, and was assisted in receiving by her bridesmaid, Miss Graham Watt. The young hostess wore pale blue silk eolienne, and Miss Watt was in white crepe de chine with trimmings of baby Irish lace. Mrs. Robert Willis, prettily gowned in pale pink satin, received in her new home, with her mother, Mrs. Lawlor, and Mrs. A. P. Willis. Mrs. Fred. A. Matthews was another bride who received at her apartments, wearing her wedding gown, and assisted by Mrs. J. Martin, her mother. Mrs. Francis L. M. Chaplin also received recently.

Mrs. N. McLeod Yuile had a largely attended and very pleasant tea at her residence on the Cote St. Antoine road. Mrs. Lansing Lewis's tea on Friday afternoon was another very enjoyable gathering. Mrs. D. A. Shirres and Mrs. Francis Cole poured the tea at a table arranged very daintily with pink and white roses. Other social doings included a small, informal dance given by Mrs. Louis Beaubien for her debutante daughter, at their roomy suburban residence in Outremont; a card party, followed by dancing, Mrs. H. Jeannotte being the hostess, for Miss Berthe Jeannotte, also a debutante; a bright little dinner party which Miss Betty McLennan gave on Thursday evening prior to the dance at the Windsor; and a "bridge" party which Mrs. R. Forget gave for her guest, Miss Des Rivieres, of Quebec.

Sir George Drummond's friends are concerned about his health, which has been failing for some time. During the last few days Sir George has been confined almost entirely to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer and Miss Hosmer will spend the next three or four months abroad. They have sailed for Europe, and expect to winter in Italy.

The Friday afternoon Symphony concerts (fortnightly) which have come to be a feature of Montreal life, social and musical, through the season in town, began last week, with an audience composed of the usual ninety-five per cent. of women and five per cent. of men. The concerts begin at four o'clock, an hour when few men can get away from their offices, so the (intermittently) leisured sex have it mostly to themselves for the first few numbers, when a few male lovers of music desert their business down town in time to hear the soloist. The list of patrons of the concerts this season includes the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and Lady Pelletier, Sir Edward and Lady Clouston, Sir George and Lady Drummond, Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, Lady Hickson, Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hays, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Miller, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Burland, Mr. and Mrs. George Cantlie, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Angus, and a number more.

B. E.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis are settled in their apartment at the St. George, and Mrs. Jarvis will receive next Tuesday.

Mrs. George Gouinlock, of 37 Walmer road, is giving a tea to introduce her daughter, Laura, on Monday, Dec. 6th.

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DRESS

Fashions in Furs.

AT this time of year furs, of course, play an important part in the wardrobe of the woman who would be well dressed, and she may count herself fortunate who has a variety of these becoming as well as useful dress accessories at her command. In Paris just now chinchilla is said to be a first favorite, and its delicate grey is often seen in combination with various tones of lavender and violet. It is used for more ceremonious occasions and appears in various forms from stole and muff to hat trimming, and always with pleasing effect. Not only is it worn with velvets and rich and heavy cloths, but also combined with delicate airy fabrics such as mousseline de soie in cape or stole. Sometimes a little ermine also is used in the more elaborate creations, but the chinchilla itself is sufficiently attractive to need no adornment but its own beauty.

Wonderful as are the furs shown for the delectation of the woman with a very big income, those intended for her less well-off sister, are very pleasing and often almost equally effective and becoming. In this country furs are more or less a necessity, and in choosing them

IN PINK AND SILVER.

This pretty and effective tea gown is distinguished by the way in which the wing sleeve is cut in one with the shoulder piece. The front closes well over to the left side with satin-covered buttons, balanced by a similar line on the opposite side, and the back is of most graceful character, an Empire effect being imparted by the becoming girdle. A large share of the success of this dainty garment rests on the deft and individual decoration applied. An original note is struck by facing the wide wing sleeve with silver tissue, a tiny kilting of the same occurring at the throat, fancy galon being used for the girdle.

the woman with the slender purse should have an eye to the future. In the matter of furs it pays in the long run to purchase the best one can afford, for they can be remodelled when necessary, and like lace and jewels, if carefully looked after, will last for a long time. A good stole and muff are a necessity with a tailor-made suit these chilly days and Alaska sable or mink are among the best, although bear is again fashionable, and fox and lynx are always sure of many admirers. Fisher, too, is having a decided vogue. A fur coat is something of a luxury, but since the introduction of pony almost anyone with a fair dress allowance can afford a heavy coat other than cloth. In New York the pony coat is enjoying popularity, and is cut in a variety of ways and trimmed with long-haired furs. In England, too, pony seems to have come into its own, and a very handsome model that came from England is of Russian pony trimmed with beaver, the shades of brown being particularly artistic.

The simple fur coat in long lines, more or less close fitting according to the mode of the moment, is no longer all that is expected. The making up of furs has become a real art, and some of the models turned out are elaborate in the extreme. A pony skin coat three-quarters in length, is made with a big pointed shawl-collar of pointed fox. Finely marked soft pony skin in black is used, the effect being decidedly good. A caracul coat which reaches nearly to the feet is opened up the sides almost to the hips. This coat has a collar and edging of Alaska sable and is lined with brocade. The fastening at the waist line and also across the side openings consists of bows of heavy braid. Beautiful muffs, all of large dimensions, come to match the various fur coats, and wrapped in an up-to-date set of furs, the average woman is not only delightfully warm and comfortable, but she has the added consciousness of wearing something that suits her admirably.

The key note of fur fashions this year is luxury, and the woman who can afford it can hardly be blamed if she treats herself to more than she actually needs of these becoming garments. On the other hand the designers have evolved a number of substitutes for the more expensive furs, and in muffs especially it is possible for the nimble fingered woman to show how much she can do for herself. The best shops are showing muffs of chiffon, silk or velvet, usually made to match the hats with which they are to be worn, and while many of these are fur trimmed, others depend for their air of smartness upon the skill with which they are made. One pretty muff carried out in beautiful shade of golden brown chiffon is made in inch wide tucks. There is a strip of the tucked chiffon in the middle, and it is heavily embroidered in a scroll pattern in silk braid with thick clusters of hanging loops. At each edge of the panel are more tucks, the edges being finished with narrow bands of Alaska sable although the popular marabout could be used with almost as good an effect. While it is necessary to have a little interlining if the muff is to be used for practical as well as ornamental purposes, it is the fashion this year to have muffs as floppy as possible, therefore there is no stiffness about this model. To go with this a scarf twenty-four inches wide and two yards long may be made of the chiffon and edged with trimming to match that on the muff. If it is so desired the ends may be gathered and finished with medallions of the braid. Many such dress accessories may be evolved at comparatively little cost, and they add a smart touch to a costume and go a long way towards making a woman look well dressed.

To Wear at Five O'clock.

THE tea gown, always a popular garment to the woman to whom it is becoming, and unfortunately often worn by others as well, has taken on a new lease of life in the French capital and some exquisite models are being turned out in Paris. Many of these wonderful "creations" are as filmy and dainty and almost as elaborate as ball dresses and in many instances cost even more.

One lovely model recently made for the trousseau of an American bride suggested a brown-eyed Susan in its delightful mixture of coloring. It was of pale brown watered gauze mounted on a lovely shade of yellow satin, the under dress being full about the feet. The gauze which was cut in tunic form hung straight from the shoulders, the neck being cut low over an unlined guimpe. This, like the wide armholes and hem was edged with bronze and gold trimming which also edged the long, unlined sleeves. The underdress was banded in at the waist with a girdle of ribbon in which bronze gold shades predominate.

Some of the new tea gowns are built much on the lines of the picture frock. Soft silks and satins as well as rich brocades and velvet are used in the fashioning of them, and they really are more beautiful than almost any other garments in the rich woman's wardrobe. One of the daintiest seen in the imported models is of the palest pink, satin being the material chosen for the foundation, the overdress being in tunic form and of finely tucked chiffon in a paler shade than the satin. The tunic ends in a point in front and is edged with a narrow band of silver studded pink lace. The garment opens in a large V both back and front and is edged with the silvered lace. A broader band of the same trims the gown in simulated bolero fashion, the effect being extremely good.

A very smart gown is in blue satin in a somewhat

MINK AT ITS BEST.

Always becoming to the wearer, whatever her age, mink is shown at its best in this delightful cloak. Designed for either day or evening wear, it serves a double purpose and, the first cost over, would prove a distinct economy. The lining of the cloak is white brocade. The accompanying hat is one of the large fashionable shapes in black velvet trimmed with handsome plumes.

dull tone with an overdress something like a long coat slit at the sides. The upper part of the garment is of Irish lace in the same tone as the foundation and is trimmed with gold in the shape of ornaments which hold together the slits at the sides in frog effect. Gold also is used in the finishing of the neck which is cut square.

A very handsome gown suitable for a tall brunette is of satin brocaded in gold and old blue. The gown hangs straight from the bust and ripples out about the feet, the sleeves being long and drooping and lined with blue chiffon over gold. A round neck bolero of velvet in the same tone as the blue of the gown, is lined like the sleeves, and is held in place on each side at the front with ornaments of gold and blue enamel.

Many delightful little matinees and dressing jackets are being designed and just now it is the fad to wear these, made of a delicate shade of crepe, with a flowered silk petticoat and embroidered mules. The effect is enchanting when worn by a pretty woman and suggests French modes of nearly two centuries ago.

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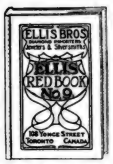

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, Nov. 20, 1909.

KING MANUEL is the centre of interest just now, not only because he is a king, and the guest of our own Royal family at Windsor, but because he is such an attractive, boyish king. As he drove through the streets on Wednesday going to and returning from the banquet at the Guildhall, the women in the crowd on all sides said, "What a dear boy!"

The youngest king in Europe looks younger than his years, which are exactly twenty. He is fairly tall, slight and graceful, and has a round, chubby face, with soft, rather shy eyes and a very young mouth. There is a slight line of dark moustache which makes the mouth look even younger than it otherwise might with its slight dent at each corner above a chin which has the roundness of boyhood rather than the firmness of manhood. The King's complexion is sallow, but he has a faint color, and the effect is pleasing on the whole.

It is said that he is not only having a delightful visit at Windsor, but that he was gratified at the public reception he received, which was in marked contrast to the attitude of the Spanish people when King Manuel visited the other boy king, Alfonso.

Wednesday was a fine autumn day, so there was a great turnout to see the procession. It was robbed of some of its charm owing to the fact that there were no ladies in the party. When there is a visiting queen the ladies of our own Royal family and their suites are also much in evidence, and the gowns and general appearance of so many celebrities add to the interest. Of course, the King and Queen do not go to the banquet when the city entertains a visiting monarch, but they are represented by the Prince of Wales and the Connaughts, father and son. The streets were beautifully decorated, and there was a great turnout of soldiers in brilliant uniforms, some to line the streets and some to form an escort; bands played, people shouted and handkerchiefs were waved, as the carriage with its red-coated postillions and men servants, escorted by a detachments of picturesque Horse Guards with their helmets and red cloaks, drove along, followed by the carriages of the English and Portuguese officials. The Duke of Connaught got a special cheer all to himself, for he is very popular with the general public. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Mr. H. B. Irving were "commanded" to Windsor, where "Trilby" and "The Lyons Mail" were the performances given. Prince Olaf was allowed to see the dress rehearsal of "The Lyons Mail," and sat alone in the King's special chair enjoying himself immensely, even though he could not sit up to see it when the grown-ups did.

* * *

THE political situation is occupying the minds of almost everybody, and the plans for a general election are being laid very carefully. The world of London is divided between the people who support the Budget as a great and noble scheme, and those who think it spells the ruin of old England, and the establishing of a new and revolutionary state of affairs. However, whatever the result, the election will put into circulation a great sum of money, and keep a good many people busy.

* * *

ELLEN TERRY opened the bazaar held under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship the other day, and looked her charming unaffected self, as she always has done and always will do till the end of the chapter. She has the reputation of being never on time, but this day she rushed in breathless just at the appointed hour, and hurried to the platform.

"People say that the proverb, 'Better late than never,' is a good one," said Miss Terry, "but I think it is better to be never than late, so here I am. I have much pleasure in declaring the bazaar open, and hope it will be most successful."

She tried to escape after this, but was brought back to the platform to receive roses from a dear little boy and girl, the great-grandchildren of Charles Dickens, and to listen while the chairman reminded the audience of the times they had waited outside the pit door to see and hear Miss Terry and forgot that bad weather and aches and pains existed. Miss Terry smiled, frowned, shrugged her shoulders deprecatingly, shook her head at the chairman, waved a parcel wildly and enquired in pantomime if she was to give her book, which she was donating, to the book-stall, or what in the world was to be done with it anyhow. All of which charmed the audience, for Ellen Terry is always their own dear Ellen Terry. A granddaughter of Dickens played the violin, and Miss Hogarth, the original of Agnes Wickfield, sat on the platform. Mr. Henry Dickens was present, and his wife helped at the sale. An original feature was the presence of a real pavement artist who was brought from his "pitch" on the embankment to draw to order. He did post-cards and big drawings, and made a good bit of money for the charitable work which the Fellowship conducts. I forgot to mention before that Miss Terry looked very well in a black gown with a cape lined with rose pink, and a pink-lined hood; her hat was a big fluffy turban sort of thing.

* * *

CLARA BUTT and Kennerley Rumford made a great hit on Thursday night at the Royal Albert Hall, with the new song-cycle, "Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral," which had its first performance in London. The words are by Hilaire Belloc, and the music by Liza Lehmann. The songs are rather like Captain Graham's "Ruthless Rhymes," for they deal with the tragic ends of all naughty children who disobey their guardians. Both these men understand children, who are really bloodthirsty little wretches, when they pile on the horrors the way they do. All children are like Budge and Toddy, who liked something "bluggy," and perhaps the grown-up children to whom the songs are sung and who laugh so unfeelingly, appreciated this. The first song is about Rebecca, who slammed doors for fun and perished miserably; then there was Jim, who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion; Matilda, who told lies and was burned to death; Henry King, who chewed little bits of string and was early cut off in dreadful agonies, and Charles Augustus Fortescue, who always did what was right and accumulated an immense fortune. The audience simply shouted at the gravity with which Mr. Rumford and his handsome grenadier of a wife sang of these sad affairs. Jim, who left his nurse, met a lion who began with his toes, then his heels, his shins, ankles, calves and knees, and Clara Butt sang with great feeling, "No wonder Jim *detested* it!" Matilda's aunt, who had always kept a strict regard for truth, "attempted to believe Matilda; the effort very nearly killed her."

Mr. Ben Davies was in good voice, and Johannes Wolff played the violin delightfully. The flowers presented to Clara Butt were something wonderful. As she walked off the stage, she seemed like a moving bush, with both arms encircling huge bunches of flowers.

M. E. MACL. M.

The Two North Poles.

NOW that the North Pole has actually been discovered, says Popular Electricity, of Chicago, endless have been the discussions as to how one would know when one was there, in what direction a compass needle at the Pole would point, etc. The writer goes on to clear the matter up thus:

"Not every one understands that the North Pole and the north magnetic pole are two entirely different things. As a matter of fact there are few localities on the earth's surface where the compass points due north. The reason is because the north magnetic pole, or area, lies in the vicinity of King William's Land just off the Arctic Coast of North America, in Bothia. These are strange lands that we don't hear much about after we have left our school geographies behind.

"When this magnetic pole is between us and the North Pole the compass points due north. As we go either east or west from this line it is easy to see that the compass is 'off' to a certain extent. If we were to travel north of the magnetic pole the needle would point south; west of it the needle would point east.

"Sir James Ross in 1831 located the north magnetic pole approximately, at a point up in Bothia. But in 1903 Capt. Roald Amundsen, in the good ship Gjoa, set out on an expedition which lasted till 1906, and during those three years he relocated the magnetic pole and incidentally made the 'Northwest Passage,' the goal for which mariners have striven since the days of Hendrik Hudson.

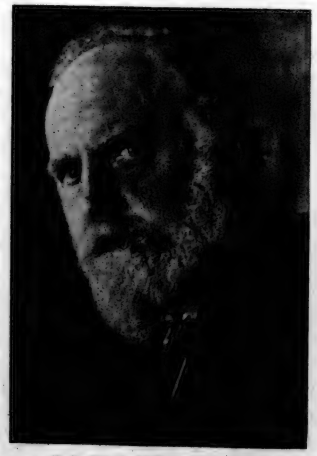
"Amundsen and his assistants lived for nearly two years at Gjoahavn in King William's Land, west of the coast of Greenland. This was about 100 nautical miles from the magnetic pole and is a favorable point for making magnetic observations.

"Terrestrial magnetic force is different on every part of the earth's surface and is not always the same at a given point. It is subject to regular daily and yearly changes, and Amundsen wanted to find out about these changes. Evidently the best place would be near the seat of the magnetic power, so there he posted himself, and for nineteen months, day and night, his party took readings of their instruments—both inclination and declination.

"Amundsen himself also made short excursions right into the very region of the magnetic pole and was able, by the aid of declination observations, to prove absolutely that the magnetic north pole does not have a stationary situation, but is continually moving. Its general location is, however, in the region mentioned above, and it does very well to steer by."

James Hamilton Lewis, of Chicago, who recently lectured in Paris on his return from China, expressed some startling theories in the address delivered by him before the French Geographical Society. It is his opinion that China is preparing for a crusade against all foreigners under the belief that Japan, instigated by the English, Germans, and French, is preparing to invade the country. As a result the cry of "Out with the foreigners," is heard everywhere. "China," said Mr. Lewis, "is waiting only for sufficient financial resources to strengthen its armies, when it will take away all concessions possessed by foreigners for mines, commerce, and business opportunities now enjoyed in the country."

While the Queen of Norway is in England, it is understood that she will select an English governess for little Prince Olaf, and there is every probability that she will take this governess back to Christiania when she returns. It has been decided that Prince Olaf shall have a thoroughly English education, and, in due course he is likely to be entered as a cadet at the Royal Naval College at Osborne, where he will undergo precisely the same training as has been given to the Princes Edward and Albert of Wales.



W. T. STEAD, BRITISH JOURNALIST.
Mr. Stead, who is well known in Canada, having visited this country on a lecturing tour within the last two years, is now busy interviewing the spirit world. So far he claims to have communicated with Gladstone, Manning and a few more of equal note. He claims that politics are as potent in the spirit world as they are on this old earth.

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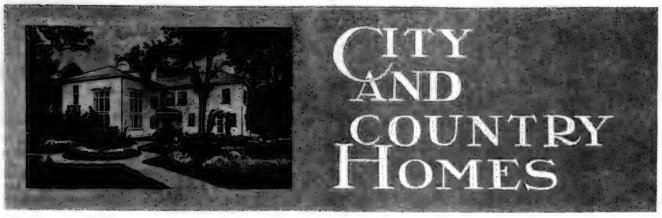


Furnishing the Living-Room or Library.

THE living room or library is now the most important feature of the home. The old-time parlor, familiarly known as the chamber of horrors, is largely a thing of the past, at least among people who give any serious thought to home-making. But the living room threatens to become in too many cases a fad—merely a room furnished according to a prevailing mode. Some people, when they fit up a sizeable apartment with mission furniture, hang its walls with burlap, put up some steins, etc., according to the style approved just now, think they have a real living room. But more than this is needed—they must put something of themselves into the room, or the effort is not truly successful. Have you ever, asks Russell Fisher, in House and Garden, visited the home of a friend and *felt* in his living room a sort of soothing peace that was of such a subconscious nature that it never occurred to you to formulate it or investigate the reason therefor? That feeling was in all probability aroused by your friend's thoroughly harmonious furnishings—not only the furniture, of course, but the entire scheme, the coverings of wall and floor, the hangings, the pictures and their frames, the ornaments (or the lack of these), and the color scheme of the ensemble. I sincerely hope, continues Mr. Fisher, that you have had this pleasurable experience, but surely you have had its opposite—the mental jarring produced by an assemblage of reprehensible design, unsuitable combinations and garish colors. Unfortunately the latter condition of things is too common to have escaped the attention even of the least observant.

DOORWAYS OF TORONTO:—
Doorway of Residence of Hon. L. Melvin-Jones, St. George Street.

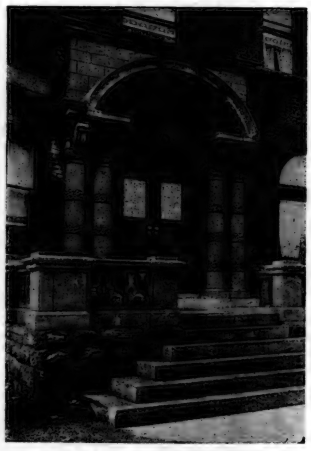
Now a great many people have the idea that the only satisfactory method of furnishing a room—so far as the furniture is concerned, at least, is by holding steadfastly to one of the so-called Period Styles, letting no incongruous note find its way into the room. It sounds reasonable enough, to be sure, but practically it doesn't work out just that way. There is a good deal more to furnishing a room—and particularly a living room—than can be squeezed into a formula. The room that has in it nothing but Louis XVI. furniture may look well in a building devoted to the interests of some historical society, but it will in all likelihood not make a living room in your home that will attract you into it and make you want to sit down and be comfortable.

A year or two ago I had the privilege of seeing the living room in the home of the late Grover Cleveland at Princeton. There was nothing that remotely suggested Period furnishing about it. In it were great easy chairs, upholstered in unobtrusive tones, chairs of mahogany of several periods, chairs of wicker, an old English chest—I cannot give you an inventory of the entire contents, but in some mysterious way its elements from different lands and various periods dwelt together in perfect harmony and seemed to lend, each in its own degree, a portion of the quiet, restful distinction that made the room seem like a true haven of rest.

The part played by the furniture itself in a successful living room or library is, of course, one of the most important elements that go to make up the whole. It is a surprising thing to find how great an improvement has taken place during the last few years in the furniture that is being made by manufacturers on this continent. Three or four years ago it was a difficult thing to find in the stores enough furniture of good design and careful workmanship to furnish the whole house. One could pick up a stray piece or even a set at times, but there was no consistent note of merit running through all the various kinds. The situation is very different to-day. It is possible to find in the stock of the better manufacturers furniture that instantly impresses one with its grace of design, its soft, beautiful finish and its honest craftsmanship. The day of the flimsily glued furniture has gone by, at least so far as the better known manufacturers are concerned. No doubt the recent developed popularity of antiques has been largely responsible for this improvement. The "Colonial" is chiefly in evidence—reproductions or adaptations of the rather heavily built furniture that was used by our grandfathers, although, of course, older periods known by the name of Sheraton, Chippendale and Adam are well represented in the modern reproductions.

Still another tendency in the available furniture is not so pronounced but nevertheless surely there. It is the recognition of the suitability of old English furniture, particularly for the dining room, but to some extent for the library as well. In these reproductions are included representations from the Elizabethan, Jacobean and the William and Mary periods, stamped with the mark of a rugged honesty of purpose and executed always in dark oak.

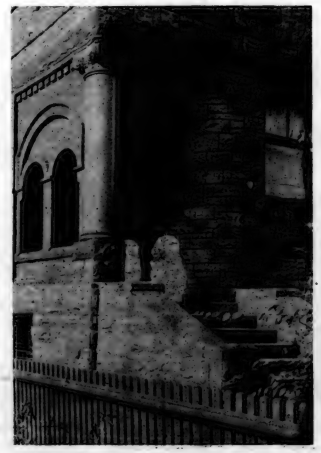
There is also still another tendency in the available furniture for library or living room. That is the modern English which has been associated with various names, including those of Morris and Voysey. In this general type the woodwork of the room itself and the furniture are alike in material and finish. The furniture is usually associated with plain paneled woodwork, bearing little or no carved detail but depending for its effectiveness on the beauty in the grain of the wood and in the finish given it which serves to accent and display rather than to gloss over the beauty of the grain, and retaining the wood's natural color.



DOORWAYS OF TORONTO:—
Doorway of Residence of Stephen Haas, Esq., St. George Street.

There is apparently no lessening in the appreciation accorded another type of furniture—that known as the craftsman type. It is not unlike the modern English work excepting in an entire freedom from the faintest suggestion of Art Nouveau motives. There is a substantial and serviceable note in this furniture of oak that improves upon acquaintance—a quality that unfortunately is not to be found in many of the novelties annually thrust into the furniture world.

It is impossible, of course, to formulate all the elements that go to make up a successfully furnished living room or library. There are, however, one or two suggestions that may help. In the first place, do not be afraid to use furniture of different kinds in either of these rooms, and particularly in the living room, where furniture of a single kind often serves to dispel rather than to create the desired atmosphere of hospitality and attractiveness. It is usually an advantage to use several of the old-fashioned, heavily upholstered easy chairs that belong to no particular period, provided only that their covering is made harmonious with the other furniture and with the wall and floor coverings and the hangings. Chairs of wicker usually help in creating that informal atmosphere that makes a living room attractive rather than stiff and repellant. See that these have cushions of the same upholstering material or of a material that harmonizes with the rest of the room. One word of warning: do not use mahogany with a pronounced color scheme of reds. That particular color will serve most effectively to kill all the beauty in the mahogany.



DOORWAYS OF TORONTO:—
Doorway of Residence of Ridout Gibson, Esq., St. George Street.

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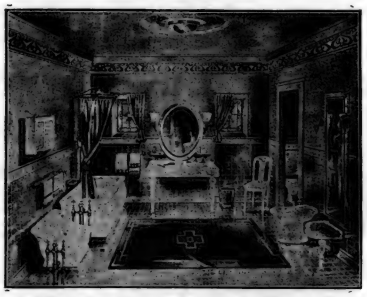

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BUILT IN furniture—bookcases, sideboards, cupboards, seats, etc., are now features of nearly all carefully-planned modern homes. They are, if well conceived and properly constructed, not only harmonious, decorative adjuncts, but very economical. They save money and space too. Such pieces should, to give the best effect, conform closely in color and finish with the standing woodwork of the room of which they are practically a part.

When the house plans are in the making and before contractors' estimates are asked, such window seats, inglenooks, bookshelves, corner cupboards, and buffets as may be deemed desirable should be included (suggests a writer in House and Garden,) for at this time they add but little to the estimate as a whole, whereas if they are later figured upon separately, or put in as separate jobs the cost runs up decidedly.

There are now many good architects who specialize upon the small house, and some of these make much of quaint and effective built-in pieces in the interior arrangement.

When looking over a completed house in which such features are included—and where the color and finish of the wood trim and the tint of the sand-finished walls are harmonious and attractive, the prospective occupant will feel that the house as it stands is almost livable, and be encouraged to think that the trouble and expense of furnishing and decorating will be small.

Frequently when a man is about to build the house which will be his permanent home, his desire is to embody in it all of the good features of his neighbors' homes, and those which he has gleaned from long and careful study of the published plans and pictures of exteriors and interiors. It is then a large part of his architect's work to eliminate and choose for him the possible features from the chaotic selection offered. When once the type of house has been determined, it is much easier to decide the detail and finish which will be appropriate, and while in the designing of the built-in features it is the effort of the good architect to escape from the ordinary stereotyped styles, he can often find some suggestion in a house of another man's planning which will prove acceptable embodied in his own, and as it is especially true of architecture that "there is nothing new under the sun," this adaptation is by no means unusual.

As representative of the craftsman style of house which is much favored to-day, the living-room shown in the first photograph on this page is of particular interest. The wood trim and furniture of oak are stained and finished in weathered effect, the delightful gray-brown color toning well with the oatmeal shade of the tinted wall.

The atmosphere of the room suggests comfort of living, its harmonious color and well-chosen and suitable furnishings rendering it thoroughly homelike. The built-

A fireplace usually gives an excellent opportunity for building in seats and bookcases.

in seat at the left of the fireplace, with the high paneled back, and the glazed bookcases set in the wall at the lower end is distinctive and pleasing. Also the simple, sturdy mantel is typical and good.

A frequent pitfall to the inexperienced is the finish given this built-in furniture. Often it seems desirable to the amateur to make these pieces appear as furniture rather than as a part of the room. With this idea, such pieces are treated with a different finish from that used on the standing woodwork, and always with disastrous effect. If the corner cupboard in a room, where ivory finish woodwork prevails, is stained mahogany and is complemented by mahogany mantel in the same room, this will stand out aggressively, and the room will present a restless effect which is most unsatisfactory. In the true Colonial house the doors are frequently all mahobany, while the standing woodwork is all enamel, showing the beautiful ivory tone which is so typical, but the mantel is always finished in the same ivory tone and with the exception of the hand-rail of the balustrade there is no mahogany introduced save in the doors as mentioned.

The effective use of white enamel, as a finish for the interior trim, including the built-in and glazed bookshelves, is well evidenced in the library shown in the second photograph on this page. The quiet restrained treatment of this room is very pleasing, and the architectural detail of the mantel, bookcases, and other standing woodwork is satisfying.

In the interior of houses designed upon other lines than the Colonial, white enamel finish for the woodwork may be correctly and effectively introduced.

A very unusual design for a built-in buffet and window-seat is shown in the diningroom of the Southern California house here illustrated. Much of the wall space is devoted to buffet and china closet. Where the paneled wainscot is unbroken it is topped by a wide shelf holding decorative steins and choice bits of pewter and brass. The low window-seat is fitted with a deep drawer, and, set beneath the sunken window, serves to connect the two sections of the buffet which flank it, filling the end of the room most effectively.

Where one must live in a house planned for another's needs it is often possible to introduce some pieces of built-in furniture advantageously. A window-seat, for instance, may be put in by an amateur or unskilled workman, and, properly upholstered, it will present a good effect and serve all purposes. If there be certain crudeness of construction which must be hidden, a valance, either plaited or plain, which will extend from the seat line to the floor, will be correct and cover a multitude of sins. The style of valance used should be determined by the valance of the window draperies; that is, if the

In building in bookcases, or any other features, it is a safe rule always to have them of the same wood and finish as the standing woodwork.

window shows a plaited valance the same should appear on the seat.

If inglenook seats are desired and the fittings of the room are along the craftsman or mission lines, high-back benches, such as are yet used in some country schoolhouses, could be utilized, stained like the standing woodwork of the room, and the seats made comfortable by a mattress pad covered in some suitable material.

Still another convenience that should be arranged for in the drawings, or while the house is being built, is a full-length mirror panel for the closet door of a bedroom.

Fashions in Wood.

"I HAVE thought of fitting the interior of my home with walnut wood," a woman recently said to an artist-builder, says The Craftsman. "Do you advise me to use it? For I do not want to put too much money into anything that is likely to go out of fashion." And the artisan shuddered. "To think," he said, "that there should be such a thing as fashion in a wood so beautiful and durable as walnut, that a woman's interest in it should hinge on whether or no others would think it in style or pronounce it the fashion, and that she should stand ready to discard it whenever their ignorant opinion should change! How can a woman," the man continued, "fit up her own home other than in accord with her own taste, her own personal appreciation of beauty and comfort? And having achieved this, or even the vision of it, how could she let her purpose hinge on whether someone else agreed with her, or fancied something different? What relation have other people's houses to hers? She would not permit anyone to dictate to her a fashion in children or husbands or religion, then why in a home, which according to her theory should be the blessed abode of all three? It is difficult to imagine a more artificial or absurd idea than that fashion could create or destroy anything intrinsically beautiful, and fashion cannot even exist where there is an appreciation of the value of work. Walnut wood, for instance, is an appropriate, permanently beautiful fitting for a room, or it is the reverse. Its beauty cannot be intermittent."

And the man's argument in regard to the wood applies with equal force to architecture, furniture and every final piece of handicraft which enters into the process of home fitting. It is, in fact, true of all of life. If you understand the truth about the beauty and then labor to express it, you have discovered the secret of right, happy living. And what one or a dozen people think about some trivial departure along eccentric lines can no more affect the life of the woman who has learned to see it clearly, to live consistently, than the gay chirp of a spring robin would make her decide to model her home after the cross section of a nest. The achievement of beauty in architecture, in home fitting, is too fundamental and vital a matter to be affected by the chirping of robins, or neighbors. It is the expression or should be, of all the supreme impulse toward reasonable beauty which a human being is capable of. Imagine a fashion about the material symbol of spiritual development,—and a home is this or nothing. But to appreciate beauty fully one must labor to produce it. It is not enough to recognize it. It is necessary to cooperate with nature in making it possible.

WATERING potted plants is not a difficult thing, yet improper watering is the cause of many failures. It takes only a small intelligence to determine by touch whether the earth in a pot is dry or moist, and if it be dry to water it until it is moist. If the earth is moist, of course, there is no need of watering. Watering too often is only harmful when the drainage from the pot is not good, or when the pot stands in a saucer full of water. Pots which are put in a jardiniere or bowl should be lifted whenever they are watered to see that there is no water standing in the bowl. Nothing except complete dryness is worse for an ordinary house-plant than to have the earth about it constantly saturated. It should be moist but not wet.

AS the "cosy-corner" idea has lost favor, there has been a more restrained use of pillows for a lounge or divan. In an ordinary living-room the usual allowance now is three, while in a parlor or reception-room none are used. Again, in a den of boudoir, one may enjoy a heap of down-filled pillows. The location must decide the correct number of pillows. As to the colors, it is always in good taste to have two pillows match the covering of the divan, with a third showing a contrast in color and design. A pillow twenty-two inches square is a comfortable size, but with a wide divan twenty-four or twenty-six may be adopted. Cords and tassels, or any decorative finish to the seams is not in vogue now, but the seam is turned a quarter of an inch and stitched on the outside.

This Southern California home shows an unusually successful built-in buffet and seat.

Fur---Most Delightful of Christmas Luxuries

DID you ever witness the transports of delight with which a normal Canadian woman receives that most acceptable of presents—an article of Fur?

It may be that our climate requires fur; it may be that the "nice lil Canadienne" knows how charming a pretty face looks amidst becoming, well-chosen fur; it may be that all women just naturally revel in the soft, fluffy beauty of fur. At any rate, we can assure our readers that buying furs for a lady is one of the most pleasant Christmas tasks imaginable, and one of the best rewarded.

Of course, we mean when you choose furs with discretion. You need a good reputable store in which you can rely. You need the fullest possible choice, and you need the advice of experts on style as well as fur.

All these conditions are met with here at Simpson's, every one! And more than that, we don't encourage extravagance, although we have furs as fine as you can procure anywhere. Compare if you will, we welcome comparison. The Christmas showing is ready.

New silver-pointed Sitka, for stoles and fancy neck pieces, late designs from Paris and New York. Some are extra large, some medium, others small. All are handsomely trimmed with large brushes and heads. Prices from $40.00 to $160.00.

Handsome silver-pointed Fox Muffs to match Stole, in new fancy rug and other shapes. Prices from $27.50 to $80.00.

New Black Lynx Stoles, that soft, fluffy fur so brilliantly black, in latest shapes. Prices from $37.50 to $100.00.

Large Black Lynx Rug Muffs to match Stoles. This class of fur will be very scarce about Christmas time. Prices. $35.00, $45.00, $55.00.

New Black Fox Furs in several new creations, mostly stoles with wide shoulder effect, trimmed with heads and brushes. Prices from $35.00 to $80.0.

Black Fox Muffs in two-skin rug style, with two heads and three brushes, something entirely new, $35.00 to $45.00.

Natural Alaska Sable Stoles, in new and pretty designs. Some have long stole fronts, others the wide shoulder effect. All are handsomely trimmed with natural and Siberian squirrel tails. Prices from $12.50 to $50.00.

Natural Alaska Sable Muffs to match stoles, in staple, Empire and pillow shapes, also handsome rug and fancy muffs. Prices, $7.50 to $32.50.

Elegant Mink Stoles and Fancy Neck Pieces, made from the very finest Ottawa Valley mink, soft, dark brown color, and have a lustre that's not seen in the cheap grades, beautifully striped and matched, trimmed with paws, tails and heads. Priced from $12.50 to $175.00.

Fine Mink Muffs, made from same grade of skins as stoles are, in Empire, pillow and fancy shapes, $35.00 to $75.00.

Persian Lamb Muff, in Empire, pillow and fancy rug shapes, soft, close curl, brilliant black muffs, are lined mostly with fancy brocade. Priced from $12.00 to $37.50.

Persian Lamb Neck Pieces, including throw-overs and fancy designs, hardly two alike, $12.00, $15.00 and $18.00.

A Muskrat Coat for $62.50

Muskrat Automobile Coats, full sacque back, 46 inches long, with high storm collars and large revers, lined with good brown satin. These coats are made from the best Eastern Canada skins—the backs only being used—they wear well, look well, and are priced below their value. Special **62.50**

Initial Handkerchiefs for Men and Women of Refinement

A DOZEN good pure Linen Handkerchiefs—would they ever be unacceptable? We strongly advise you to buy now when our Initial alphabet is complete.

Men's Irish Initial Handkerchiefs, with hand-embroidered initials:

Half dozen in a pretty box, tied with ribbon, for 70c.

Quarter dozen in a pretty box, tied with ribbon, for $1.00.

Half dozen in a pretty box, tied with ribbon, for $1.00.

At, each: 15c., 20c., 25c., 35c.

Women's Hand-Embroidered Handkerchiefs:

3 in a pretty box, for.....$1.00

2 in a pretty box, for ..... .25

3 in a pretty box, for ..... .75

Each: 15c., 25c., and 35c.

See pages in our Christmas Catalogue for detailed handkerchief news.

Leather Novelties for Christmas

GOOD taste can be expressed in leather, and we prove it very plainly by our Christmas display. Novel utilities as well as stylish everyday necessities are here by the score. This is one of the leather goods assortment of America. We know that our prices are right down to common sense, too, because we buy in quantities sufficient to control the situation.

We might particularly mention our assortment of Hand Bags at $1.25. We say with quiet, calm confidence, these are the nicest Bags in Canada at a dollar and a quarter. See them!

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THE MARCHIONESS OF ANGLESEY.

An engagement that has caused a good deal of interest is that of the Marchioness of Anglesey, widow of the fifth Marquis, who died in 1905, to Mr. Howard Gilliat of Honington Hall, Warwickshire. Lady Anglesey is a daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and a granddaughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey. At the time of her marriage to the fifth Marquis Lady Anglesey was said to have the finest collection of gems in the United Kingdom. This picture of her is from a portrait painted by Miss Morris, daughter of the late Phil Morris, the famous Academician.

The Beauty of the Queen.

ALL who have seen Queen Alexandra are unanimous in agreeing that she has retained her youth and beauty in a marvellous manner. Commenting on this generally accepted fact, a writer in Vogue, who claims to have found the secret of her perpetual youth says:—Of course everybody wonders how she accomplishes it; how she preserves that bloom and grace and charm, that brightness of eye and roundness of throat and cheek. It is not a matter of chance, however, but the result of careful study and attention by which a system of habits has been established that are now instinctive, so that the beautiful Viking princess has taken on an imperishable habit of youth; she will never grow old. This royal lady has always believed it to be part of her duty towards the people of her adopted land to keep her beauty and grace intact for them, for, ever since she landed at Gravesend that early March day in 1863, exquisitely lovely in lilac silk and radiant in her girlhood and rare beauty, the English people have worshipped her unwaveringly. Never a hint of dislike, or a word of criticism has ever been heard in regard to her from her adopted people. For she proved as sweet as she was beautiful.

To begin with, the Queen has never permitted herself the evil luxury of anger or any show of bad temper. Nothing will so quickly age a person as anger, nothing so quickly dissipate the look of youth as vexation and irritation, and the Queen has never been known to lose her temper, consequently the wicked wrinkles that tell the tale of wasted forces are not written upon the smooth skin. Then this wise royal lady realizes the wisdom of studying how to preserve her health and strength, in spite of the exacting, nerve-racking duties that fall to the lot of a royal personage. She has never taken any chances with her health, but at the first sign of incipient illness relaxes and keeps her bed for a few hours, and wards off attacks of disease. The Queen has always prepared herself for all great court functions with the most studied care; she is massaged, and bathed in stimulating lotions and oils, and is properly nourished before the event, and immediately after any functions she returns and is again rubbed and fed.

At all times Her Majesty is careful about her diet, for upon this she counts to keep her figure and the beauty and freshness of her skin which even now is like that of a young girl, with a delicate bloom in the cheeks. She never eats heartily, but depends rather upon small meals taken more frequently than is the usual custom. Whenever she has the least hint of fatigue she refreshes herself with a glass of warm milk and a few little hard biscuits. Invariably before she is to receive at a Drawing-Room she sips a glass of warm milk, and she partakes of this refreshment again immediately after the Drawing-Rooom.

She does not drink tea, coffee or chocolate or wine, milk being her only beverage. Cows are kept at the royal stables connected with all the royal residences, so that the milk is fresh and pure. She avoids condiments in her diet, pepper, vinegar, and strong spices being eschewed by her. They dry the skin and produce wrinkles, besides affecting the liver. And she refuses desserts of a rich heavy kind. She eats very little meat and rarely beef. Chicken, tender birds, fish and eggs make up the substantial part of her diet. All the food she eats is of rather light nature, honey being a favorite sweet, as well as a little simple cake made with honey. She is very fond of pure olive oil and has it substituted for other fats in every possible case. She eats a great deal of fresh fruit, vegetables and nuts. She is especially fond of everything that comes fresh from the dairy, milk, cream, unsalted butter, little cream cheeses, and curds and butter milk. She is fond of dairy work and has her own private dairy at Sandringham where she frequently goes to play at making butter and cheeses. She is as happy as a girl when in her rose trellised dairy, and she often sends gifts to her royal friends of butter and cheese made by her own hands. She not only drinks buttermilk freely, but applies it as a cosmetic, bathing her face and throat in it and letting it remain till morning.

Before rising the Queen has a glass of milk about half an hour before her bath. At half past ten or eleven o'clock she breakfasts on fresh fruit, eggs and toast. At her luncheon she has a bird or some dainty fish, a salad dressed with lemon and oil, and some fresh cottage cheese or some honey. In place of the five o'clock tea which is one of the institutions of the British Empire she has warm milk and some little biscuits or honey cakes. Nor does she eat the heavy dinner that is served at the royal palaces; these are not to her taste and she has her own dainty birds and vegetables and salads.

The Queen is an ardent advocate of fresh air and exercise although she has never adopted the strenuous sports of the English people. She is fond of riding and driving, skating and of brisk walks at all times of day, and in all kinds of weather. She lives in cool rooms, never having the temperature above sixty, and she believes in open windows. When at Sandringham, she spends nearly all her time out of doors, in the garden and about her dairy. She is a graceful and accomplished skater and at one time was an ardent bicycle rider. She is fond of yachting and rowing, but does not hunt or shoot, as she has always avoided excitement when possible, and does not practise exciting sports. To reduce the whole matter to its elements is to find that Queen Alexandra has kept her youth and beauty by living simply, eating temperately and keeping her temper sweet and unruffled. There is no mystery about it all; what she has done anyone can do. But who has the courage, and the perseverance to follow her royal example?

The Words of The Widow

Man loves best what he loves last, but woman always worships her early ideal.

* * *

Self love has one merit; there's never a co-respondent.

* * *

The Creator made man, but woman often sees to his finish.

* * *

Life is a game of chess in which every one is willing to be cheque-mated.

* * *

Anyone can be happily married; the trouble is to stay that way.

* * *

Love's like a slot gas-meter; needs money to keep it going.

* * *

Everyone is good until inclination spars with duty; then it's a question of luck.

* * *

Money talks, but not as loud as the woman who has it.

* * *

Love is the frosting on the lemon pie of life.

* * *

The good girl will get her crown in the Hereafter; the other sort prefers a tiara here.

* * *

Any man can run a motor; but it takes an experienced one to make it go.

* * *

The game may be worth the candle, but seldom the price of the gas bill.

C. C. M.

If One Had a Million Dollars.

THE Philadelphia Evening Times asks what you would do with a million dollars, if you had them. The question was asked several days ago, but did not seem to have an urgent personal bearing and so it was left to stand over.

Nor is there now any intention to answer it except to say that we should none of us do the things that we think we should do. We should not buy the things that we now crave for, or at least not many of them, because the fun of it would wear thin in about a week. Most of the things that we purchased on Monday would be mere lumber by Saturday, for there is no real fun in buying unless we are buying what we can not afford. The holiest joy of life is denied to the millionaire, and that is to want a great number of things, to want them badly, and to get a few of them one at a time and at long intervals, and even then to feel that we really cannot afford them. There is no such luxury as a pet extravagance. The moment an expenditure ceases to be extravagant it becomes commonplace and savorless. There must be a sense of guilt to give zest to the spending of money.

Why, observes The Argonaut, the poor millionaire who wants to give a present to his wife is at his wit's end. As a rule—of course there are shining exceptions—he has not sense enough to call sentiment to his aid and to buy her a five-cent bunch of violets presented with a kiss and a whispered secret. The only values he knows anything about are preceded by the dollar mark, and by a curious paradox these very values to which he is confined have no value for him. There can be no value where the supply is unlimited, and so he does the best he can by purchasing some costly nothing that means as much to its recipient as a blade of grass in a fifty-acre meadow. Not for him is the delight of buying something that seemed unattainable.

The philosopher's stone turned everything to gold—and therefore everything to worthless dross, including the virtues and the beneficences of human nature. We may think how generous we would be with a million dollars, and it is to our credit to think so, but the chances are that it would make us meaner than we are now, if possible, harder and less sympathetic. By all means let us go on trying to be millionaires and at the same time let us hope that we shall never succeed, for, as Pascal said, the pleasure is in the pursuit and not in the capture. When we have once caught the fox the fun is all over for the day, and there is nothing for us to do but go home and "so to bed."

A TITLED NURSE.

The Marquesa del Merito has been added to the band of woman who at various times have left luxurious homes, in order to nurse the men who have been wounded while employed in defending their country. The Marquesa, who is very popular in London society, has left with her husband for Melilla, to assist in caring for the wounded Spanish soldiers. She has been residing in London for some time superintending the education of her son and daughter. She was presented at Court this Spring, when she wore the ribbon and star of the Order of Maria Luisa of Spain, being the only wearer of the Order present. The Marquesa belongs to one of the most aristocratic Spanish families. She is a relative of the Duquesa de San Carlos, Mistress of the Robes to the Queen of Spain, and also of the Duque Santo Mame and the Marquesa de Viana, both members of the King's household.

A Woman.

THE great Love that was not for her
Passed on, nor paused to see
The wistful eyes, the hand's vague stir,
The mouth's mute misery.

The little Love she recked not of
Crept closer bit by bit,
Until for very lack of love
She smiled and welcomed it.

Not her's to choose, to weigh and part
The greater from the less;
She only strove to fill a heart
That ached with emptiness.

—Theodosia Garrison.

The Daughter of a Martyr.

ONE reads with sympathy (says Genevieve Grandcourt, in Harper's Weekly), of Mlle. Ferrer's appeal to King Alfonso to spare the life of her father, Don Francisco, the Spanish educator, who was shot in Barcelona on October 13, but probably without any knowledge of the sad story of her family relations. She said in Paris the other day that her eldest sister, Trinidad, was twenty. So Paz must be very young indeed, possibly not more than seventeen.

Trinidad, who also lives in Paris, has pathetically referred to her sister Paz as "playing in the theatre, sometimes," the other times too plainly referring to bleak weeks minus engagements. "Until lately we hardly ever saw each other," she added, turning away to hide her tears.

There is the saddest of domestic shipwrecks to account for the situation of Ferrer's three daughters, the youngest of whom is with her divorced—and remarried—mother in Russia.

When Trinidad was barely four years old the separation of her father and mother took place, and she and little Paz were taken to Australia, where they were provided for, and in a manner educated, by an uncle. Then, for some unexplained reason, the girls came back to Europe, and Trinidad found herself in Barcelona "with her father, where she stayed only a few days." She soon joined Paz in Paris.

The two sisters, however, drifted apart soon, for they, apparently, had as little in common as their father and mother.

"I am a good Catholic and loyal to the King," Trinidad declared to a French friend of her father's who sought her out, and found her a sort of maid-of-all-work in a restaurant. When she was a monarchist and Catholic, why, forsooth, should her father be suspected of being anything else? That was the burden of her song; and neither she nor Paz believed a word of the things that were said of him. She had telegraphed her father's lawyer in Barcelona that it was ridiculous to suppose any such thing. It was strange what things her sister Paz believed—that the King would consent to her father's death when every one knew he was a good king and her father an innocent man. She was afraid Paz was getting "liberal" notions in the theatre. Paz said she was afraid the Church would kill her father. It made Trinidad shudder, as the Church was great and good and wise. She and Paz did not understand each other; she was sorry, for she loved her sister. Both of them had been stopped in the streets and given messages of sympathy by the common working-men—some of them had even come to the restaurant with offers to befriend her. "If the King dared injure a single hair of her father's head." She was a little doubtful about it all. but Paz was not, and said it was all right, and that she need not be afraid of the Spanish consul, who had tersely advised her to confine her statements to facts within her knowledge.

Paz was a little more direct.

"You see, both my father and mother married again—and that let me and Trinidad out. I have seen my father, but can hardly remember either my mother or my youngest sister. Trinidad doesn't bestir herself—she takes it for granted that, because father is innocent, that means he will not suffer. I know better. Trinidad is timid. She hasn't faced the public like me."

The question naturally arises in one's mind, why should Ferrer's daughters be thus estranged and abandoned if he was the altruistic, not to say wealthy, man he has been taken for? Doesn't the old-fashioned idea that "charity begins at home" enter in here. Or, may it be granted, can it be conceived, that he was actuated by some inscrutable conscientiousness which bound him perversely to his "mission"—*i.e.*, the uplifting and educating of Spain—and that beside this all personal considerations may have paled.

Psychology has even more interesting puzzles than this one of a man's leaving his flesh and blood to suffer for a cause. It may be, too, that, if he was working on borrowed money, he did not feel justified in using it for any purpose but the one in hand. We are prone to think as kindly as may be of the dead—not to say of a man who in this material age has enough faith in the ultimate goal of humanity to give life itself to his convictions. There are so few of us who, as Ibsen says, are not "pitifully afraid of the light." We tactily agree with some one who has said that the minute a man gets convictions he is prepared to die a fool.

Nevertheless, the picture of Ferrer's momentary breaking down before being led to death—not from any shrinking fear of the mystery he was to face, but because he had just been told that his folorn little "Paz" had tried to save him—lingers sadly in the memory.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay is writing the platform for the Equal Franchise Society, to be adopted at its convention at St. Louis.

President Taft, addressing eight hundred girl students at Columbus, Mississippi, indorsed votes for women "when they all want them."

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

One of the best speakers among Englishwomen will be heard at Massey Hall on December 6th, when Mrs. Philip Snowden will lecture on "Woman's Suffrage in England." Coming so closely after Mrs. Pankhurst, leader of the militant element, has expressed her views in Toronto, Mrs. Snowden—who belongs to the large body of suffragists who believe in winning the ballot by constitutional methods—will be listened to with much attention. She is an excellent speaker and is said to possess a genuine gift of oratory. She is also a young and very attractive looking woman with undoubted personal magnetism. Upon her graduation from the Liverpool Training College she became a school teacher in Leeds, and soon afterwards became identified with the Labor Party, to which she has been of genuine assistance; she also led a vigorous crusade against the heavy drinking in those days in Labor and Socialistic Clubs. Her marriage to Mr. Philip Snowden took place in 1905, and since then she has addressed many public meetings in all parts of Great Britain, often taking her husband's place when he was prevented by illness from appearing. Mrs. Snowden at the time of the departure of the well-known Baptist minister, Dr. Aked, from Liverpool for New York, preached a remarkably eloquent sermon in his church. In America Mrs. Snowden has lectured many times with great success.

"On Her Who Wakes."

ON her who wakes o' nights,
Out of brief sleep, to stare upon the dark
With that dull, sickening heaviness of heart
Which only women know from women's woe,
Have pity, oh, thou God, have pity now!

On her who wakes from dreams
Of a lost love come back to fail no more,
And, waking, knows that such shall never be;

On her who wakes from dreams of baby lips,
She who has never borne,
Nor ever can, a child;

On her who wakes upon her husband's arm,
From seeing those dear days, and that one face—
The face she must forget;

On her who reaches out
To clasp her babe—the little babe
That died on a far yester-year;

On her who wakes o' nights,
With arms that yearn to reach
Through space and time and all past bitterness,
With lips whose words and kisses must be dumb,
Thwarted in giving what her nature means;
For whom there is no comfort and no hope,
In having lost the joys of womanhood—
For whom fulfillment never more may be—
On her who wakes o' nights,
Have pity, oh, thou God have pity now!

—Annie Pike Greenwood, in The Century.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew is said to be the most beautiful woman in England. She is the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde, commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In 1901 she married Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, who won much honor and distinction in the Boer War. The Pole-Carews are one of the few families who can trace their descent without interruption from the days of King Harold.

After twice planning to visit the Rocky Mountains to engage in a grizzly bear hunt and after twice being disappointed, the Duchess of Vendome, niece of King Leopold of Belgium, is preparing to make the trip this winter.

Vicar (severely): "I was surprised and sorry, Mrs. Smith, to observe that your husband walked out o' church in the middle of my sermon last Sunday."
Mrs. Smith: "Oh, you really must excuse 'im, sir; 'e's a somnambulist, and walks in 'is sleep, you see."

Letters of a self-made Woman to her Daughter

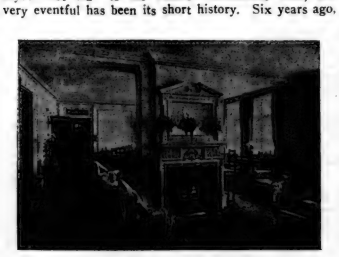
MY DEAR ANNIE:

In answer to your suggestion that you should change the spelling of your name to Anne, as that name seems more dignified and acceptable to you, I am very glad you have consulted me, before the girl for whom you have formed a liking. Her idea of changing her name from Alice to Alyce seems affected, but of course I am not criticising her. There has been an Annie in my family since my great grandmother immigrated to this country. She was Annie O'Brien and she came from Tipperary where there are lots of them—both gentle and simple; she was the latter. If you think Anne is a nicer name, I have no objection to your making the change, but won't you always be ready to answer to the old name when I use it, for it has great association and loving memories for me? I can hear my father calling "Annie, my girl"; when he wanted mother, and "Where's little Annie" ? when he wanted me, and we called you Annie because of those dear ones who had used that name and used it well. So, though I am willing all the rest of the world should call you Anne, I must always keep the dear little name without any dignity, and it will be your home name, dear. The proofs are beautiful, and the new way of doing your hair is most becoming. I am so glad that you liked it. I must tell you about the State dinner, for it was one of the things I found new and disagreeable. You know I have never quite become reconciled to wearing the evening raiment that Madame contrives, and the last dress is worse than usual, for, the style is now uncomfortable to the fullest degree. I am always afraid to eat all the little messes served at a banquet, and I cannot drink the wines because they make my head ache, so I have something substantial before I go to these dinners, and after I come home they have something plain ready for me. Then I just pretend to eat at the dinner and there is no harm done, only it is very tiresome and long drawn out. If it were not that your father has important affairs and so much money, we wouldn't have to suffer so much in this sort of way. The dinners are all alike, but State dinners are just a little worse than others, longer, more formal, and one has to wear diamonds. Somehow, Annie, when I think of the years when all the jewelery I owned was a cairngorm brooch, and a hair bracelet, these diamonds and little crowns and big rings seem as if I had no right to them. You will never know this unfit feeling, because you are to have a pearl necklace when you come out, and all the other things later on, and you shall wear mine whenever you feel like it. I think, to be quite comfortable with diamonds, one should begin early on pearls, and work up to the other jewels. I am so glad, dear, that you are looking forward to Christmas vacation and I note what you say about asking some of your school friends to come home with you. If you like to invite the girl from Jamaica and that orphan who plays so well, we could have a good Christmas day here, and then your father would take us down to New York to see the theatres and hear some operas. The orphan would probably enjoy that. Do not invite Alyce this vacation. The others are as many as I care to have the first time. Next summer, when we go to the seaside, you may have half a dozen if you wish—and welcome, for the house we intend taking is quite large. I am just finishing this in a hurry to get some extra time for paying a visit to a poor family. This is one of the days when I am glad to have plenty of money and spend it as I want to, but I have to get the chauffeur to promise not to tell anyone where he takes me, because one of the drawbacks to being rich is that everyone who isn't asks you for money, and you don't like to refuse. A lady collecting for a family in need came here yesterday and when I gave her five dollars she said she was surprised I had not more sympathy for the poor, as she had been told I had only been rich a short time. I have told you this, Annie, because of what you wrote in reference to the remark you overheard one of your borrowing classmates make about your allowance. People are apt to say thoughtless and ill-advised things which should not be noticed. Serene indifference turns the barb of envy and malice into the flower of admiration and respect. Never, if you can possibly avoid it, take the slightest notice of a jibe of the sort we are discussing. And when you find a really good chance, be particularly pleasant and kind to the person who uttered it. Thus you will make a friend who will like and respect you, and one should make as many friends as possible. The girl who was unkind and rude will lose no time in helping you where she finds you lacking. It has been my experience many times.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER

The Ladies' Automobile Club.

POPULAR as motoring is among Canadian women they have not yet emulated their English sisters and formed a woman's automobile club. There is however a very flourishing club of this sort in London. Describing it in the Ladies' Field, K. D'Esterre Hughes says:—Not old is the Ladies' Automobile Club, nor very eventful has been its short history. Six years ago,



The Drawing-Room.

when the wonders of automobilism were exciting general attention, it was seen that women were going to play a prominent part in helping forward the then new method of travelling. It was felt at the time that a centre was needed where women could congregate and deal with social side of the automobile movement. Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, from the first days of motoring an enthusiastic automobilist, spoke to her personal friends of a club, and gradually she drew around her a group which formed the nucleus of the present Ladies' Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland

From the start it was seen that a club devoted to the interests of women motorists would appeal strongly to a growing section of the public; but the members who constituted the first committee decided that it would be well to proceed slowly. Lady Beatrice Rawson was one of the first to come to Lady Montagu's assistance, and at her house it was that the earliest conference with reference to the club was held. All the members present at that meeting were greatly against beginning on a large scale and burdening themselves with a big debt; but it was not until after there had been several meetings, in Lady Montagu's drawing-room and in the committee room of the Royal Automobile Club, that it was definitely decided to collect the six months' subscription and start in one room.

The Royal Automobile Club, or, as it then was, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland—from whose name, by the way that of the Ladies' Automobile Club was partly derived—fathered the young club and, until a room was found, both allowed letters regarding the new venture to go out from, and enquiring candidates for the Ladies' Automobile Club to be received in its own home in Piccadilly.

For half a year from October, 1903, a large room was rented in the Hans Crescent Hotel, during which time Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who, with Lady Montagu and Lady Beatrice Rawson, was a vice-president, acted as hon. secretary, and did an immense amount of work for the club. At the end of the six months, the membership being 200 and the financial outlook fair, dainty, comfortable quarters were acquired in Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street, London, into which the club, not being superstitious, moved on Friday, April 1st, 1904. From that day the membership has rapidly grown, until now the names of 450 members are recorded in the books, and it has been found necessary to open a waiting list for those candidates who wish to be elected whenever vacancies occur. Soon after the move the Duchess of Sutherland was elected president, and Lady Edward Spencer Churchill fourth vice-president. Since then there has been no change in the officers of the club, though every year a few alterations are made in the committee list.

On June 9th, 1904, a meet of the members was held in Waterloo Place, and quite an imposing array of cars

A Corner of the Writing-Room at the Ladies' Automobile Club.

was then to be seen in that open space. The members, led by the Duchess of Sutherland, drove from there, through St. James's, Green and Hyde Parks, to Ranelagh. This was but the first of a number of visits paid by the Ladies' Automobile Club to Ranelagh's beautiful grounds, for there on several occasions have been held automobile gymkhanas for members of the club. There have often, too, been invitation meets at the homes of different members. These have sometimes taken the form of a garden-party, sometimes that of an informal afternoon tea.

During the winter months the committee generally arrange for one or two attractive illustrated lectures to be given at the club, while sometimes—especially in its early days—courses of technical lessons are given by the club engineer to those who wish to understand somewhat of the workings of the internal-combustion engine.

In the days when there was a Gordon Bennett Race for motor-cars arrangements were always made for members to journey together to wherever the race was to take place, and so enjoy a good long motor spin. But those days are now no more. A long time ago, or so it now seems, that there was an automobile race-meeting, on the Madeira Road at Brighton, organised by the Royal Automobile Club, and one of the events was for members of the Ladies' Automobile Club only. The race, which was a handicapped one over about a mile, was competed for by several ladies and finallly won by Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, The first prize was a handsome fan, presented by the directors of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, while the second, which fell to Mrs. Manville, was a 20-guinea cup presented by Mrs. Lloyd. The next automobile race-meeting in which the club as a whole was interested was the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club's great opening one at Weybridge in 1906, when a large number of the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club journeyed to Brooklands to see what was to be seen on the huge motor-track.

Gradually, as the motor-car engine has been perfected, has the art of flying in heavier-than-air machines been developed, so that now interest in one generally means interest in both these kindred sciences. Therefore it was not surprising to see many members of the Ladies' Automobile Club among those who visited Brooklands on the occasion of M. Paulhan's remarkable achievements.

Some French fruit culturists have recently essayed the use of fruit walls of glass instead of masonry, with interesting results. With a glass wall the same kinds of fruit can be grown on both the north and south sides. The Count de Choiseul, a distinguished amateur horticulturist, finds the results for pear trees most excellent, the fruit grown on the north side of the wall being equal to that grown on the south side, and even smoother. Other well-known nursery gardeners have made the experiment with good results for pears, peaches and apples. The principal objection made to the glass wall is that it does not store up heat like a masonry wall, to keep the plants warm at night. During the daytime the heat is nearly equal on both sides of the wall.

In commenting on the refusal of English suffragettes to eat when imprisoned. The Houston Chronicle inquires whether their judges have tried fudge.

MRS. CLEVELAND AND HER SON.

One of the most charming and interesting of all the women who have presided in the White House is Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who was Frances Folsom, and who lived during her girlhood at Buffalo, being educated at Wells College, of which she is now a trustee. Married in the White House at twenty-three to her guardian, the President of the United States, Mrs. Cleveland made nothing but friends during her residence in Washington. During their subsequent life in Princeton she was Mr. Cleveland's devoted companion up to his death in 1908. Mrs. Cleveland has had five children, the eldest surviving being Esther, who was born in the White House and is now sixteen. Mrs. Cleveland is said to retain all her charm of manner as well as her youthful appearance, and makes an ideal mother.

A New View of the Japanese.

THAT the Japanese are over-praised for their civilization, if judged according to Western standards, is the conclusion to which a widely travelled Englishwoman, Lady Westmacott, arrived after a sojourn among them. Lady Westmacott has just finished a tour of the East, and in The Pall Mall Gazette recently gave her views of the Japanese both in their own land and in Corea.

"Frankly," she said, "I expected Japan to interest me much more than any of the other countries that I should see. I had for years been studying Japanese prints, . . . and I may say straight off that there is nothing left in their own country for the tourists to see that in any degree equals the collections of Europe. The English need not go further than the print room of the British Museum, or London itself."

On her journey across Siberia Lady Westmacott made acquaintance with many of her fellow passengers, whom she judged to be for the most part men returning from or going out to their different businesses, and "was surprised to hear them speak always so bitterly of the Japanese. There were Americans, English, French and Belgians that I can recall, but never a good word to be said for the Japanese."

Before reacning Seoul she "had come across enough of the genus Japanese (to be stared at and questioned by him in a manner quite Japanese on many subjects which our civilization would consider decidedly *intime*) to be able to contrast the behavior of the man in the street in Seoul. There, if you took the street car, the Coreans, dressed in immaculate white, with quiet, dignified manners, would either take no notice of you at all, or if smoking would move to some other place in the open car, or if the car was crowded would even offer you their place.

"I must confess they looked too gentle a race—much too gentle for one like myself, who wish they were strong enough to rise up and drive out the intruder, but at any rate, they are a well grown, straight limbed race, with well bred features and a dignity of manner that gives you the impression that they are a race of men. I suppose those met in the street cars were the people.

"The Japanese, *au contraire*, would continue to smoke, as he had a perfect right to do, spit and clear his throat after the manner of his kind, keep up a flow of conversation with an acquaintance perhaps several seats off, etc. Against all this I have not a word to say. I travel to study nations as they are and I do not carry any standard of what I think they should be like, but when I hear people talking of the high civilization of the Japanese I repeat that if by that it is meant that they they have our Western civilization I protest they have no more idea of it than a set of roughs.

"I may say that I travelled second class to avoid a fortnight's delay, from Chemulpo to China with thirteen Japanese in my cabin, who kept the doors tightly shut, smoked night and day and went through their toilettes most naively in front of me, to my amusement. When the ship got into dock and I wanted to get up, for I had been prostrate myself all the way, and I asked the Japanese cabin boy to ask the 'gentlemen' if they would mind going out till I got my clothes on, he came back, after various gigglings and whisperings with them, to say, 'Japanese gentlemen say too cold outside;' so I dressed with twenty-six eyes fixed on me from the first stocking to the last hook. And pray do not think that I minded, if they did not, only do not repeat to me the old 'wheeze' about their being so civilized.

"I left poor unhappy Corea behind me—the Poland of the Far East—where the Japanese with their modern arms were shooting down ill armed Coreans (old men, women and children not being exempt) at the lowest rated estimate of about twenty Coreans a day to about two Japanese, the former trying to defend their homesteads against seizure pure and simple, with no payments. Where I to write the half of what I read and saw and heard I should be merely putting down ill remembered facts which can be authenticated in the writings of well known authors by any one who wishes to see how much of truth there is in my statements.

"I come to Japan. Now, I have often questioned myself why I was so terribly disappointed with it. Had I expected too much? Was I disgusted with the race before I ever reached their country, or is really overrated?

"I do not know the answer. The fact remains I think it a most disappointing place. The scenery to my mind, is so monotonous. If you have seen one place in Japan you seem to me to have seen every place in Japan. The people are undersized and crooked limbed and indescribably ugly. Talk of having a bad taste in your mouth —I had one in my eyes after weeks of nothing but them, and I felt that I must get away to look at something beautiful again.

"Their way of sprawling themselves out on the seats in the railway trains, exposing much more of their crooked legs than would be considered *comme il faut* by races who do not lay claim to half the civilization the Japanese do, their way of fixing you with an insolent stare, and spitting and smoking all around you, make me think travelling with Annamites or Cambodians a luxury compared with a journey in a Japanese train. I asked a Japanese car boy why the notice 'No smoking allowed' was hung up in our carriage, considering it was thick with smoke. He smiled and replied, 'Japanese gentlemen always smoke.'

"True, I was impressed to pass large dockyards at forenoon on the Inland Sea, where I was told, and am ready to believe, that they were turning out ships for their fleet quite as good as any built in European dockyards, but I got back to my own private impression of them in landing to Onomichi in the afternoon—where I was so mobbed by all sorts and conditions, fingering me and my clothes as if they were savages and had never seen a European before.

"Such a noisy, insolent crowd surrounded and followed me up through the town and to the Temple that I wanted to see, that in self-defence, or to cool my desire to injure some of them, I had to take refuge on the railway platform to avoid them, and even then they reached over the barrier as far as they could and shouted at me. Behavior such as that I have never encountered in any land, but I can imagine creatures in a primeval forest behaving in that way.

"I do not travel to kick and complain of everything; I go to enjoy myself. And though I might not have cared for Japan or the ways of its inhabitants, I should have had nothing to say against them if I was not all the time being told that they are such a highly civilized race. And the people who say this mean from our point of view. Ten thousand times No."

ONLY DAUGHTER OF A GREAT MILLIONAIRE.

Miss "Baby" Field, whose right name, by the way, is Evelyn, is the only daughter of the late Marshall Field, and will probably be one of the richest of debutantes when she is old enough to make her bow to Society. Little Miss Field is said to be devoted to her two brothers, who are at Eton. Her mother, who is very popular, has married again and is now Mrs. Maldwin Drummond.

The Hon. Mrs. Howard.

THE Hon. Mrs. Howard, who before her marriage was Miss Margaret Charlotte Smith, is a daughter of Lord Strathcona, and heir to her father's title. She was married a number of years ago in Montreal to Dr. J. B. Howard, and has three sons and a daughter. The latter, and her oldest brother. Mr. Donald Howard, have recently been twice in Canada, and accompanied Lord Strathcona to Quebec at the time of the Tercentenary celebrations. Mrs. Howard who is devoted to out-door life, and is a capital tennis player, spends much of her time with her parents at their English and Scotch homes. When Lord Strathcona was the tenant of Knebworth Park, Lord Lytton's estate, Mrs. Howard assisted her mother in the duties of hostess, and many Canadians have the most pleasant recollections of visits to that delightfully hospitable home.

Lord Strathcona's Daughter.

A "Forcible Feeding" Challenge.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has taken up the cudgels for the suffragette martyrs to forcible feeding. Home Secretary Gladstone declared recently that the process is far from being torture. To this Mr. Shaw replies:

"I will undertake to procure the co-operation of the Fabian Society in providing for a Gladstone banquet which Sardanapalus would have regarded as an exceptional treat. The rarest wines and delicacies shall be provided absolutely regardless of expense.

"The only condition that we shall make is that Mr. Gladstone shall partake through his nose, and that a cinematographic machine shall be at work all the time registering for the public satisfaction the waterings of his mouth, the smackings of his lips and the other unmistakable symptoms of luxurious delight with which he will finally convince us all of the truth of his repeated assurances to us that the forcibly fed suffragist is enjoying an indulgence rather than suffering martyrdom."

Word comes from Ohio University that Mrs. A. D. Winship has just entered the freshman class at the age of seventy-nine. For two seasons she has attended the summer school, and now she has planned a course of study which should occupy her mind till she is ninety. The Ph. D. degree should fall to her somewhere about her eighty-eighth year. She sets a capital example, and it may be hoped that all her senses may be spared her to the end. After all (asks The Springfield Republican) why should education be the monopoly of the boys and girls? It would be a capital thing if a jaded lawyer, doctor, or business man who can get a year off now and then from his work could steal off to the academic groves and refresh his mind by studying things he has forgotten or which have been discovered since his college days.

TORONTO SOCIETY

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD CURRY, of Tyndall ave., and the Misses Currie, of Admiral road, are spending the winter at their Georgian Bay home.

The sales of pictures at the Thumb Box exhibition have been encouraging—some buyers carrying off their purchases to the States. The studies already sold are: No. 60, by Maxwell Andrew; 167, 174 and 178, by Miss M. F. Black; 179, by Fred. H. Brigden; 93, by J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.; 42, by Gertrude Spurr Cutts; 121, 126, 127, 131, and 132, by James E. H. Macdonald; 157, by C. Macdonald Manly; 138 and 139, by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.; 70, by Lillie Victor Smith; 100, 107, and 108, by Sidney S. Tully; 16, by Maude Wilkes. The exhibition has been visited by many well-pleased patrons.

Mrs. O'Regan, 55 Woodlawn avenue, has returned from Washington and New York, and will receive on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

The St. Andrew's Society held their annual dinner on Tuesday evening at McConkey's, when the ballroom echoed to the eloquence, mirth, song and cheering of a very large company of loyal Scotchmen. It was a most joyous and successful gathering.

Mrs. R. J. Copeland entertained a very bright party of young folks at a charming dance on Monday night, at her home in Walmer road. The guest of honor was that radiant debutante, Miss Edna Cromarty, whom to know is to love. A number of girls just out, and a smart lot of dancing men were among the guests who had a royal time and a dainty supper. Mrs. Copeland was assisted by Mrs. Cromarty and Mrs. Williams.

MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX
the daughter of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox and grand-daughter of Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn. She has also for aunts, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Westmoreland, the Countess of Warwick, and Lady Angela Forbes. Beauty and brains, therefore, are hers by birthright.

The death of Mr. H. H. Strathy, K.C., of Barrie, which occurred on Tuesday was not unexpected, as his son was recalled to Barrie on Sunday after having just returned to his home here. Mr. A. G. Strathy went up at the end of last week to see his brother, and returned to town fearing ill news, which soon followed him. The late Mr. Strathy was a prominent and wealthy citizen of Barrie, where his decease is deeply regretted. His illness was only of short duration.

Mrs. Bicknell gave a young folks dance in the Metropolitan last Thursday evening.

The marriage of Mr. William Francis Morton, formerly of Toronto, and Miss Emma Jane Lapham, of Sarnia, takes place at the home of the bride's parents next Monday.

The marriage of Mr. W. Grant Morden and Miss Doris Henshaw, was celebrated in St. Paul's church, Vancouver, on Wednesday, Nov. 17, Rev. A. W. Du Pencier officiating. The bride was brought in by her father, Mr. C. C. Henshaw, and wore a bridal robe of rich white satin, embroidered with pearls, and trimmed with Honiton lace. The court train hung from the shoulders, and the veil of tulle was fastened under a wreath of orange blossoms which had been worn by three preceding generations of brides in this family. There were seven bridesmaids: Miss Atkins, in pink; Miss Jukes and Miss Davis in turquoise; Miss Walker and Miss Graveley, in yellow; and Miss Green and Miss Bell-Irving were in *eau de nile*. Their bouquets were of pale pink carnations and lily of the valley. The service was fully choral and the son of the organist, Master Gordon Spier, sang a solo during the signing of the register. The best man was Mr. Clifford Brown, of Toronto, and the ushers were: Hon. George Broderick, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Manson, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Cambie, Mr. Toole, Mr. Sweeny, Mr. Von Roggan. Mr. Abbott, a very old friend of the family proposed the health of the bride at the reception following the ceremony, when Mrs. Henshaw welcomed a large party of guests at her home. The wedding presents were unusually sumptuous, and from both sides of the sea. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Morden left for Southern California on their honeymoon, and will journey south to Florida before returning to Canada.

On Wednesday of last week, at four o'clock, one of the smartest weddings ever seen in Dutton was solemnized by Rev. James Malcolm, at the home of Mr. Albert Edward White, whose only daughter, Miss Nina May White, was married to Mr. Arthur James Moore, of Hamilton. The drawingroom, where the ceremony was performed, was decorated with chrysanthemums, ferns and palms. The bride was brought in by her father and wore a *robe des noces* of rich white satin square guimpe of Brussels net and baby Irish lace, and the bodice and skirt draped with rose point. A tulle veil and orange blossoms, and a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley, and the groom's gift, a pearl necklace, completed the bride's costume. Miss Muriel Drake was maid of honor, in a draped gown of old rose satin, with guimpe of lace, and a bouquet of pink roses. Helen Price, the flower maiden, wore white mull, embroidered, and carried a basket of sweet peas and maiden hair fern. The groom gave her a gold bangle bracelet and to the maid of honor a pearl and amethyst pendant. Mr. Fred. Moore was his brother's best man. After the dejeuner Mrs. Moore changed into a gown of taupe broad cloth and beaver hat to match and the happy couple left for the West on their honeymoon. The wedding presents were very handsome.

Everyone who knew her, or had admired her beauty and grace was simply shocked to hear of the untimely death of Mrs. Jack Palmer, formerly Louise Blight, one of the smartest young matrons in Toronto. The deepest sympathy is with her bereaved young husband and sorrowing parents.

A number of members of the Heliconian Club met Madame Bloomfield Zeisler, on the invitation of their president at her cosy flat in La Plaza last Monday afternoon. Both hostess and guest of honor were gowned in grey, and a few of the guests were Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mrs McGillivray Knowles, Miss Estelle Kerr, Miss Maud Wilkes, Mrs. Blewett.

Mr. H. Edward Griggs lectured on Shakespeare's tragedy of Julius Cæsar on Tuesday evening, to a full house in Association Hall. The lecturer was in quite another vein to that of last week's lecture, as last week's was different from the playful airy spirituelle style of the first lecture, on Midsummer Night's Dream. The lectures are unique, the audience is unique also, such a sea of attentive appreciative faces would inspire a lecturer if he needed inspiration, which perhaps, even the finest speaker does. In writing last week of Mr. Grigg's luminous and sympathetic way of handling the Jew Shylock, I regret to notice that the printers rendered the first adjective as "humourous," a most misleading description of the tone of the lecture. Next Tuesday evening the play discussed will be Antony and Cleopatra—"World forces and the individual."

Among the pretty girls visiting in Toronto has been Miss Joan Raikes, of Midland, whose becoming coiffure suited her face exactly.

Miss Anna Jennings is again *en pension* at The Pines 66 Bloor st.

The marriage of Miss Inez Florence Campbell and Dr. William Anderson Dalrymple, was celebrated on Wednesday, at 385 Bathurst street, Rev. A. Logan Geggie officiating. The bride was gowned in lace over satin, and her bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Ethel Campbell was her sister's bridesmaid, and Miss Dorothy Farringer was flower girl. Dr. James M. Dalrymple, brother of the groom, was best man. Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Dalrymple are spending their honeymoon in the Eastern States, the bride went away in a suit of amethyst broad cloth and hat to match.

The engagement of Miss Florence Ann McLeod and Mr. Morse Tillinghast Burtis is announced, and their marriage will take place in January. They will reside in Lockport, N.Y.

Captain and Mrs. Skinner, who are visiting Judge and Mrs. Magee, return to India immediately after Christmas.

Mrs. Sylvester expects her daughter, Mrs. Smallri of Montreal, on a visit for Christmas.

The Ladies' Home Journal offered a prize for the prettiest bride's table, and the Acheson-Blakeley table, arranged by McConkey, has been awarded first prize. The Buffalo photographer who did the wedding group was so struck with the design of this table, that he photographed it and sent it in on his own initiative, with the above gratifying result. 'Rah for Toronto!

The Recital on the 26th inst., in Massey Hall, given by Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, was a thing of beauty and a joy to recall. The contralto has all the natural dowry and every acquired excellence one could desire for the singing of beautiful songs in a perfectly beautiful way. This is no aimless and sounding platitude but the tribute of one of the hundreds who came out patting themselves on the back to think they had not let so great a treat as Tilly Koenen's singing pass by unheard. It was, easily, the most chuckling and appreciative audience that has emerged from Massey Hall this season, and it had good reason. The Dutch lady, with her mobile face and splendid voice is great!

Mrs. Cruso, 39 Borden st., gave a tea on Thursday. Mrs. Brock, 21 Queen's Park, gave a tea on Thursday, and a third tea-hostess was Mrs. Sloane, 143 Isabella st.

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Column

ABOUT four weeks ago I was walking home along King West, and passed the corner of Jordan Street, when a very small crouching form darted out of the shadows and touched my arm with a grimy paw, while a hollow voice murmured, "I'm so hungry, give me a cent, lady, to buy something to eat." The small form and grimy paw belonged to a boy, and I was keenly disturbed to reflect that I had no small change about me. About a week later, the same boy and a still smaller one accosted me on the same corner, but in a bolder manner. Last week, three small boys were begging from women in that locality, and on last Saturday I stood inside the restaurant window and saw four small boys at the same game. The head fakir still groans that he's so hungry, and holds up a pair of coarse shoe laces so that if a policeman should catch him begging he has his defiance on view. The second boy has also a pair of shoe laces, but the two smaller pirates are taking chances. The boys catch hold of ladies' ermine tippets and stoles as their owners come out from tea in the palm room, and we counted fourteen women on Saturday who in the space of fifteen or twenty minutes were so held up, and generally responded. One beautiful girl gave the beggar a quarter, and just then I came out and spoke forcibly with the result that the four beggars scooted through the arcade to Adelaide Street, and were lost to view. The increase from one to four beggar boys, infesting the entrance to a smart restaurant, leads one to wonder if there is really a law against such enterprise, and if so, are the boys too cute for the policeman on duty?

❧

Talking of cuteness, the little newspaper chap at the football game (Rah, for 'Varsity!) on Saturday was open eyed. Realizing that any subject but whether 'Varsity would give Ottawa "what for" was stale and uninteresting to the mob of enthusiasts who stood on the damp sod to watch the match, he refrained from calling the headlines on his papers. Instead, he said in a brisk manner. "Buy a paper to stand on, Mister; keeps yer foots dry," and they bought!

❧

The angel-child offered the new minister a piece of candy, as he was paying his ministerial call. "Eat it," she commanded, and he obligingly caused it to disappear. "Was it nice?" she enquired, and on being assured of its delectability she continued meditatively: "That white candy was once pink," and left him to his reflections.

❧

Perhaps under the glamour of her attractive appearance and the persuasions of her nice manner and pleasant voice, many a woman who is telling you she was convinced by Mrs. Pankhurst hasn't thought of her peculiar way of putting things. There were tears in many eyes, says one, when Mrs. Pankhurst told how Christabel had a pain and she, her mother, wasn't allowed to break the rules of the prison and kiss the spot to make it well. Why should Mrs. Pankhurst have worked on the sympathies of our warmhearted Canadian men and women by relating her failure to secure the privilege aforesaid? It wasn't a story that should have caused a tear to anyone, not if they grasped the thing fairly. Just make a noise like a thinking machine, and see if you still weep!

❧

"How nearly always," writes a titled woman in England, daughter and wife of a peer, and of the Olympians from the beginning, "is it remarked that woman does not turn against man until she realizes that she fails to attract him." And so we have another turn of the wheel, and if "hell (excuse me, but it's the poet, not I) hath no fury like a woman scorned," it may be that a personal grievance is at the bottom of many an ardent suffragette's campaign. It sometimes takes a very natural reason to start a very unnatural and unreasonable female!

❧

"What's the difference between discipline and culture?" asks a man who has looked but little into the niceties of language. There's so much difference that it would take a page to tell of it. I was just reminded (in the crazy way such jogs to the memory sometimes come) by this question of the man on the outside of a naughty yarn I heard years ago about the Northwest Mounted Police. "You must have a shave and a clean collar on Sunday parade, or you'll catch it, but you needn't bother about a clean shirt—and we don't," said the veteran as he turned a reflective quid. And what my memory jogged me with was an idea that while discipline might be the clean collar and the shave, culture was the clean shirt. Very dreadful what "thinks" come to one, isn't it?

❧

There is a fiend in human shape who insists upon changing names of streets, places and towns. Every now and then he bobs up unexpectedly and gets in his deadly work before one is awake enough to stop him. For instance, away up on the shore of Trinity Bay in Newfoundland there is a wild, rocky bit of coast, and some way out a barrier of terrible rocks standing jagged edged out in the sea, and breaking the roll of the wide Atlantic so well that between them and the coast is a bit of comparatively safe harbor. And looking on their great points and teeth some mariner in a moment of harmonious sympathy called the water they guarded "Ragged Harbor." It's one of the many wild spots I love up there, this Ragged Harbor, with its weird stories of death and tragedy and the really strenuous life. Just one of them. Some years ago, the floating ice from the Arctic packed itself against the shore of Ragged Harbor, and when the fisher folk came out in the spring morning they saw an ice field, and, Good Billikens! hundreds of swiles (seals), young and old, calmly roosting thereon. Then Ragged Harbor rose as one man, and woman, and dashed out after the unexpected bit of treasure trove. And the women, always impulsive and daring, went miles out on the ice, knocking the baby seals, dragging them into some gory piles, and hustling after more. They do such things in Ragged harbors, and never was such a bit of good luck as came to them that day. When they were as busy as bees over their harvest, there came a loud shout, and a wild rush for the shore, for the wind was changing and the ice was moving. To hear the rest of it, one needs to sit on the bare bleak rocks, and gaze out over the wide beautiful merciless sea. For, dear land-lubbers! the ice left the shore quickly, and there were many mothers of Ragged Harbor far out upon the pack, too weary even to try to run toward the black belt of icy sea that rushed between them and their homes. And, if some succeeded in reaching it, and flinging themselves madly in, the chill struck their vitals at once, and they never rose again! So they vanished, praying, stretching arms of terrible yearning to babies asleep in wooden cradles, to frantic husbands and sons and daughters and broken old gran'-fers and gran'-dams, and that is one of the tales one hears at Ragged Harbor. Now, came recently a Macdonald, with probably a Scott microbe in his soul, poor man, I'm pitying not blaming him, and called our Ragged Harbor by a new name, our place of tragedy and terrible possibilities is now basking as "Melrose." Wouldn't it make one wild to be told the story of the ice pack and the score of women and men it stole away, about a soft, silly, romantic Melrose? And I'm after addressing my postal card remarks to those I may know out there, as follows: "To Ettie Murphy, Ragged Harbor, Newfoundland (miscalled Melrose)" which may or may not meet with Ettie's approval.

❧

I have just been told the story of a collector which I am sure is a fact, knowing the teller as I do. The collector paid my friend a visit a few mornings since, and told her she had called for a subscription to her charity. The good soul had her purse ready, when the collector, noticing the page who had opened the door, but pleasantly ignoring his buttons, enquired if he were a son of the lady. On being told of his position in the house the collector at once enquired what wages he was paid. She also asked what other servants were employed and their wages. By this time, the mistress of the house had put her money back in her purse, and her purse in her pocket, which, of course, was bad for the charity, was it not?

LADY GAY.

FORMAL OPENING OF GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED, NEW SALESROOMS, CITY HALL SQUARE.

The beautiful new premises of Gerhard Heintzman, Limited, at 41-43 Queen street west (opposite City Hall), will be formally opened to the public on Wednesday and Thursday, December 8th and 9th, and readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, as well as their friends are cordially invited to visit the above salesrooms, which are said to be the finest piano salesrooms in Canada, and a fitting home for the world-famed Gerhard Heintzman pianos.

All visitors, during the opening, will be presented with a memento of the occasion. An especially attractive souvenir has been prepared for all lady visitors.

The Bridge of Years.

WHEN I was six and she was four, the midge!
We used to play about the old red bridge,
And often dig in sand for half the day;
'Twas then we "made it spades," as one might say.

We quarrelled fiercely once, as I recall:
She said a word—'twas not polite at all;
She said it thrice to make her meaning clear,
We came to blows, we "made it clubs," I fear.

Long afterwards we played at bridge—I lost.
Lost all, yet played on, reckless of the cost;
Then asked her, with the courage of despair,
"A diamond may I make it—solitaire?"

She said a word; she said it very low
And only once; it didn't sound like "No."
I was—and am—the happiest of men
For we have always "made it hearts" since then.

—Frank M. Bicknell, in The Smart Set.

Fooling the Housekeeper.

THE impressions which the public have in regard to the color of food are interesting, but their instinct in this matter may easily be deceived by modern tricks. For some not quite clear reason there are many people who look upon the brown egg as necessarily a new laid one, and hence a fair demand for brown ones has arisen, which is easily met, not by the honest brown egg, but by the white egg which has been steeped in a dye which renders it visually indistinguishable from the real article, says The Lancet.

Again, when milk happens to be of a buff tinge it is commonly held to be richer than white milk. Of course, nothing can be easier than to satisfy this preference for a milk of a creamy shade. White looking butter is disliked as looking too much like dripping. The remedy is simple: it is artificially colored.

Vegetables must be bright green to make them look fresh, the consumers of them being quite willing to ignore the fact that copper does not make them fresh or wholesome. On the other hand, curiously enough, bread must be white, and not the slight brownish color natural to the flour from which it is made.

It is, of course, perfectly natural to take color as a criterion of the dietetic value or flavor of food, and the attractive or unattractive appearance of food may make all the difference as to whether that food is or is not assimilated properly. The deceit which is practiced by artificially coloring food may thus serve a useful purpose so long as the coloring matter is harmless, but as a rule the proceeding is an immoral one.

It does not follow that because food is unattractive its value as nutriment is nil, while every form of sophistication is open to commercial abuse.

A correspondent last week submitted to us a brown shelled egg which on opening displayed a gorgeous red coloring scattered chiefly through the white. On analysis the coloring proved to be an aniline dye. The dye had deposited a nice brown on the shell, but an excess had permeated its pores and, meeting with the slightly acid contents, was changed to a port wine color inside. Until the egg was opened, therefore, it appeared perfectly attractive, but on opening it the zest to eat it quickly disappeared.

There is practically no control over the coloring of foods in this country, and it is obvious that in some instances protection is desirable. If color is used to give a false appearance of quality there can be no doubt about that being fraud, but whether it is a mischievous fraud depends on particular circumstances.

A New Idea of Death.

"CURRENT LITERATURE" quotes Dr. Felix Regnault as saying that few indeed are the men and women of full age—say 25—who have not yet contracted the malady that will kill them. Normally, as contemporary investigators are beginning to find out, it takes twenty years for a fatal malady to kill a patient. It may take thirty years. The popular impression is that a man may die suddenly or that he may only require a year to die in or six months. To be sure, a man may be killed or a child may die in a few months at the age of one year. But ordinarily speaking, all deaths are very slow indeed and about 95 per cent. of civilized adults are now stricken with a fatal disease. They do not know it. They may not suffer from it. In due time they will have their cases diagnosed as cancer, or as tuberculosis, or diabetes, or what not. But so inveterate are current misconceptions of the nature of death that the origin of the fatal malady—in time—will be miscalculated by from ten to thirty years. In the case of human beings, death—barring accident—is nearly always caused by some specific malady. This malady is as likely as not to be cured—what is called "cured." The "cure," however, no matter how skillful the treatment or how slight the disease, has left a weakness behind it in some particular organ of the body. One of the organs is, if not prematurely worn out, at least so worn that its resisting powers are greatly diminished. All of us in this way when we have reached a certain age possess an organ that is much older than the rest of the physique. One day we shall die because of this organ. Even if we live to be very old indeed, we shall not die of "old age," but of weakness of the lungs, or of the kidneys, or of the liver, or of the brain.

"Hello, Brown, settled in your new house yet?" "I guess so. Everything is unpacked now except the things we really need." Detroit Free Press.

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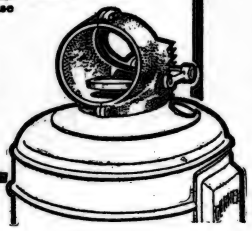

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THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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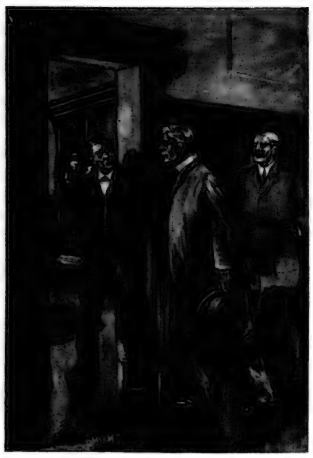
Synopsis:—On the morning of January 15th, 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, receives a visit from a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who shows a singular interest in a new German tire. He invites Holford to visit him that evening, when he tells his guest that he needs assistance, as he is suspected of murder.



"What do you mean. What has happened now?" asked Kirk quickly. "Tell me; she's—what?"

THE whole scene was strangely weird and incongruous. Kirk at one moment speaking of a remarkable tragedy and at the next chaffing his pet.

At last, however, I fixed my host to the point, and asked him straight out what had occurred.

"Well," he said, placing down his pipe and resting his protruding chin upon his right hand, as he gazed across at me, "just follow me for a few moments, and I'll describe, as best I can, all that is known of the affair—or, rather, all I know of it. Do you happen to know Sussex Place, Regent's Park?"

I replied in the affirmative. It was, as you probably know yourself, a highly respectable crescent of large houses overlooking the park. Entrance was gained from the road in the rear, for the houses faced the park, perhaps one of the pleasantest rows of residences in London. The occupiers were mostly City merchants or well-to-do ladies.

"Well," he said, "in one of those houses there has lived for the past five years or so Professor Ernest Greer, the well-known chemist, who, among other appointments, holds the Waynflete Professorship of Chemistry at Oxford University. Though his age is only about fifty-five, his whole career has been devoted to scientific research, with the result that he has amassed a considerable fortune from royalties gained from the new process he patented four years ago for the hardening of steel. I dare say you've often seen his name mentioned in the papers. He was a most popular man, and, with his daughter Ethelwyn, often went into society. In addition to the Regent's Park house, they had a pretty seaside cottage down at Broadstairs."

"I've seen the Professor's name very often in the papers," I remarked, "in connection, I think, with the British Association. I read, not long ago, an account of one of his interesting lectures at the London Institution."

"Then you realize his high standing," said Kirk, interpolating an aside to Joseph. "Well, Mrs. Greer is dead, and the household at Regent's Park consists of the Professor, Ethelwyn, her maid Morgan, two housemaids, a female cook, and the butler Antonio Merli, an elderly Italian, who has been in the Professor's service for nearly twenty years. On the evening before last—that was Sunday—at twenty minutes to five o'clock, the Professor and his daughter were together in the large upstairs drawing-room, which overlooks the park, where Antonio served tea. Five minutes later Antonio reentered and handed his master a telegram. The Professor, having read it, placed it upon the fire, and remarked that he would be compelled to go to Edinburg that night by the 11.30 from King's Cross, but would return in three days' time, for the girl had accepted an invitation for the grand ball at Sutherland House to-morrow."

"The Professor sent no reply to the message?" I asked, much interested.

"No; but half an hour later his actions struck his daughter as somewhat peculiar, for having suddenly glanced up at the clock, he rose, crossed to one of the three long windows—the end one—and drew up the blind. Then, after a pause, he lowered it again. Then twice he pulled it up and down quickly, and returned again to where he was sitting. At least, that is his daughter's story."

"He signalled to somebody—using the Morse code, I should say."

"Exactly my theory, Mr. Holford. I note that you follow me," exclaimed the friendless man. "You possess a keen sense of deduction, I see!"

"Apparently you don't believe this statement of Miss Ethelwynn's?" I said.

He sniffed quickly, but did not at first reply.

"The fact that he drew the blinds up and down at a preconcerted hour shows that he communicated with somebody who was awaiting the signal outside in Regent's Park," he remarked at last.

"Well, what then?"

"At eight he dined, as usual, with his daughter, and after dinner the faithful Antonio packed his kitbag and suit-case, putting in only sufficient clothes for a stay of three days. At her father's order Ethelwyn telephoned to the station-master's office at King's Cross and secured a sleeping berth in the 11.30 express for Edinburgh. At a quarter to eleven o'clock he kissed his daughter good night, and went away in a cab to the station, promising faithfully to be back to take her to the ball."

"And he disappeared—I suppose?"

"No, he didn't," my companion exclaimed, as, turning to the bird, he said, "Mr. Holford jumps to conclusions just a little too quickly, doesn't he, Joseph?" And he slowly relit his pipe, which had again gone out.

"First," he went on, "let me tell you of the arrangement of the Professor's house. The whole of the ground and first floors are devoted to reception rooms. The remaining two floors and attics are bedrooms. Now, on the first floor, reached by passing through what is known as the red room, a small boudoir at the back, and then through a short passage, one comes to a large and spacious studio, an addition made by a former owner, a well-known artist. The only entrance is through the Red Room. The Professor rented the house on account of this studio, and had it fitted up as a laboratory. Here, secure from intrusion, he frequently carried on his experiments, making those remarkable discoveries which have rendered him world-famous. The laboratory is shut off from the boudoir by this short passage, there being two doors, one in the boudoir itself and one at the entrance to the Professor's workshop. To both these doors are patent locks, of which the Professor keeps the keys, carrying them upon his watch-chain. No one else has a key, while the door from the conservatory over the porch is walled up. This is in order that no prying person shall enter in his absence and discover what experiments are in progress—a very natural precaution."

"Then they were secret experiments he was making?" I remarked.

"Yes. And now for the mysterious sequence of facts. They are as follows: Next morning, when the servants opened the house, one of the maids found, lying upon the hall table, a note addressed to Miss Greer. When Ethelwyn opened it, she found it to be from her father, telling her with regret that he must be absent abroad for several months, but that she was not to feel uncomfortable, and giving her certain directions, as well as how to obtain money during his enforced absence."

"Well?"

Joseph, the parrot, set up a loud screeching, trying to attract his master's attention.

"Two hours later Antonio discovered upon the stairs leading up to the drawing-room a curious little gold and enamel charm in the form of a child's old-fashioned wooden doll—a beautifully-made little thing," he went on; "and half an hour later a maid, while cleaning the boudoir outside the locked door giving entrance to the laboratory, was surprised to find a small spot of blood upon the white goat-skin mat. This seems to have aroused Antonio's apprehensions. A telegram to the Professor at the North British Hotel in Edinburgh, sent by his daughter, brought, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a reply stating that he was quite well, and it was not until seven o'clock last evening that Ethelwynn communicated with me, her father having suggested this in the note she had received. I called upon her at once, and was shown the note, the little golden doll, and the ugly stain upon the mat. By then my curiosity became aroused. I went out to a telephone at a neighboring public-house, and, unknown to anybody, got the reception clerk at the North British Hotel in Edinburgh. In answer to my inquiry, the young lady said that during the day a telegram had arrived addressed to Professor Greer, and it had been placed upon the board where telegrams were exhibited. Somebody had claimed it, but no one of the name was staying in the hotel."

"You have now said that the Professor was your friend," I remarked. "I understood you to say that he was an enemy."

"I'll explain that later," said my companion impatiently, drawing hard at his pipe. "Let me continue to describe the situation. Well, on hearing this from Edinburgh, I drove to Kings Cross, and, somewhat to my surprise, found that Professor Greer had left London by the train he had intended. The sleeping-car attendant who had travelled with him up North was just back, and he minutely described his passenger, referring to the fact that he refused to have an early cup of tea, because tea had been forbidden by his doctor."

"A perplexing situation," I said. "How did you account for the bloodstain. Had any of the servants met with an accident"

"No, none. Neither dog, nor cat, nor any other pet was kept, therefore the stain upon the mat was unaccountable. It was that fact which caused me, greatly against Miss Ethelwynn's consent, to seek a locksmith and take down the two locked doors of the laboratory."

And he paused, gazing once more straight into the flames, with a curious expression in those deep-set brown eyes.

"And what did you find?" I eagerly inquired.

"I discovered the truth," he said in a hard, changed tone. "The doors gave us a good deal of trouble. At the end of the laboratory, huddled in a corner, was the body of the Professor. He had been stabbed to the heart, while his face presented a horrible sight, the features having been burned almost beyond recognition by some terribly corrosive fluid—a crime which in every phase showed itself to be due to some fiendish spirit of revenge."

"But that is most extraordinary!" I gasped, staring at the speaker. "The sleeping-car conductor took him to Edinburgh! Besides, how could the two doors be locked behind the assassin? Were the keys still upon the victim?"

"They are still upon the dead man's watch-chain," he said. "But, mark you, there is still a further feature of mystery in the affair. After her father's departure for the station, his daughter put on a dressing-gown and, sending Morgan to bed, seated herself in her arm-chair before the fire in the red room, or boudoir, and took a novel. She read until past four o'clock, being in the habit of reading at night, and then, not being sleepy, sat writing letters until a drowsiness fell upon her. She did not then awake until a maid entered at seven to draw up the blinds."

"Then she was actually at the only entrance to the laboratory all the night!"

"Within a yard and a half of it," said Kershaw Kirk. "But the affair presents many strange features," he went on. "The worst feature of it all, Mr. Holford, is that a motive—a very strong motive—is known to certain persons why I myself should desire to enter that laboratory. Therefore I must be suspected of the crime, and—well, I admit at once to you I shall be unable to prove an alibi!"

I was silent for a moment.

"Unable to prove an alibi!" I echoed. "But the police have as yet no knowledge of the affair," I remarked.

"No; I have, however, reported it

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."—Shakespeare.

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in another quarter. It's a most serious matter, for I have suspicion that certain articles have been abstracted from the laboratory."

"And that means—what?"

"It means, my dear sir, very much more than you ever dream. This is at once the strangest and the most serious crime that has been committed in England for half a century. You are a man of action and honor, Mr. Holford. Will you become my friend, and assist me in trying to unravel it?" he asked quickly, bending forward to me in his earnestness.

"Most certainly I will," I replied, fascinated by the amazing story he had just related, quite regardless of the fact that he was the suspected assassin.

I wonder whether if I had known into what a vortex of dread, suspicion, and double-dealing that decision of mine would have led me I would have so lightly consented to render my help?

I think not.

"Well," he said, glancing at his watch, "the place has not been touched. If you consent to help me, it would be best that you saw it and formed your own independent theory. Would you care to come with me now? You could run along and make some excuse to Mrs. Holford."

The remarkable mystery, surrounding as it did one of the best-known scientists in the land, had already gripped my senses. Therefore I did as he suggested, and about an hour later alighted from one of my own cars at the portico of that house of tragedy.

A white-faced, grave-eyed man in black, the man Antonio, opened the door in response to our ring, but on recognizing my companion he gripped him quickly by the arm, gasping:

"Ah, signore, I had just telephoned to you! I had no idea you were returning to-night. Madonna Santa, signore, it's terrible—terrible! Something else has happened. The young lady—she's—"

"What do you mean? What has happened now?" asked Kirk quickly. "Tell me; she's—what."

But the old Italian could not speak, so overcome and scared was he. He only pulled my companion forward into the dining-room on the left, and with his thin, bony finger pointed within.

And as I entered the big room my eyes fell upon a sight that staggered me.

Like the old servant, I too, stood aghast.

Truly Kershaw Kirk had spoken the truth when he had said that the mystery was no ordinary one.

At that moment the problem seemed to me to be beyond solution. It already ranked in my mind as one of those mysteries to which the key is never discovered. Who *did* kill Professor Greer?

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

What I saw in the house of Professor Greer on the night on that fifteenth of January formed indeed a strange and startling spectacle.

Ah, I am haunted by it even now! That sallow-faced man who had conducted me there was himself a mystery, and upon his own confession was suspected of a foul crime. Besides, it was being kept rigorously from the police, which, to say the least, was a proceeding most unusual.

What could it all mean? Who was this Kershaw Kirk, this "dealer in secrets," as he called himself, who was immune from public trial, even though not immune from arrest and imprisonment? The whole intricate problem launched upon me during those past few hours held me in fascination as nothing had ever held me before.

I could see that the man Antonio held Mr. Kirk in great fear or great regard, for he was urbanity itself.

But what we saw within the fine, solidly-furnished dining-room, with its carved buffet filled with antique shining silver, was so unexpected that even my companion gave vent to an exclamation of amazement. Upon the dark carpet near the empty grate, her head pillowed upon a yellow silken cushion, lay a very pretty, fair-haired girl of about twenty-two. Her hat was off, otherwise she was in walking dress, with a short fur jacket and a fine blue fox boa, which, loosened, showed the delicacy of the white throat. Her face contour was bloodless; but all one side of her face was swollen, disfigured, and white as marble.

"Great heavens!" cried Kirk, as he fell on his knees beside her and grasped her hands. "Why, look! She's been disfigured, just as her father has been!" And he benf until his ear was against her heart.

"Get me that little mirror from the wall—over there, Mr. Holford. Quick!" he urged.

I sprang to do his bidding, and he placed against her mouth the little carved bracket wherein the square of looking-glass was set. When he withdrew it, it was unclouded.

"She may not be dead!" I exclaimed. "Shall I go for a doctor?"

"No," Kirk snarled; "we want no doctors poking their noses about here. This is a matter which concerns only myself, Mr. Holford!" And he bent to the prostrate girl to make a more minute investigation in a manner which showed me that he understood the various symptoms of death.

"As you know, signore," Antonio said, "Miss Ethelwynn left last night to stay at her aunt's, Lady Mellor's, in Upper Brook Street, and I have not seen her since, until ten minutes ago I chanced to enter here, when, to my amazement, I found her lying just as you see her, except that I put the pillow beneath her head before telephoning for you. I didn't know whom to call."

"You've told no one else of this?" Kirk asked quickly.

"Only my brother, signore. He's staying with me. The girls have all left, and Morgan, Miss Ethelwynn's maid, is at Lady Mellor's."

"Your brother!" repeated Kirk reflectively.

"Yes, signore. He's here." And a respectably-dressed man a trifle younger than Antonio, who had been standing out in the hall, entered and bowed. "Pietro keeps a tobacconist's in the Euston Road," he explained. "I asked him here, as I don't care to stay in this place alone just now."

Kirk regarded the new-comer keenly, but made no remark. His attention was upon the unfortunate girl, who as far as we could gather, had returned in secret, entered quietly with her latch-key, and removed her hat, placing it upon the couch, sticking its pins through it, before she had been struck down by some unseen hand.

There was no perceptible wound, and Kirk could not determine whether she was still alive, yet he refused to summon medical aid. I confess to being somewhat annoyed at his obstinacy, and surprised at the secrecy with which he treated the whole of the remarkable circumstances. That very fact tended to strengthen the suspicion that he himself knew more about the crime than he had admitted.

Surely the police should be informed!

He was very carefully examining the girl's clothing, seeking to discover a wound; but, as far as we could see, there was none, yet the pallor of the countenance was unmistakably that of death, while the hard, white disfigurement of the face was weird and horrible. The eye was closed, distorted, and screwed up by pain, and both mouth and ear seemed shrivelled out of shape.

"Who's responsible for this, I wonder?" growled Kirk to himself. "Why did she wish to return here in secret—to the house wherein she knew her father was lying dead? There was some strong motive—just as there is a motive for her death as well as her father's." Then, looking up to me, he added, "You know, Mr. Holford, this poor young lady was her father's assistant and confidante. She was in the habit of helping him in his experiments, and making notes at his dictation of certain results."

I knelt at the other side of the inert, prostrate form, and took the ungloved hands in mine. The stiffening fingers were cold as ice.

"It's brutal — blackguardly!" cried Kirk in a frenzy of anger. "Whoever has thus sacrificed the girl's beauty deserves a dog's death. The motive in both cases must be vengeance. But for what?"

Antonio and his brother were active in getting brandy, sal volatile, ammonia, hot water, and other restoratives; but, though Kirk worked unceasingly for half an hour in a manner which showed him to be no novice, all was to no purpose.

There was no sign of life whatever. Indeed, the color of the disfigured portion of the fair countenance seemed to be slowly changing from marble-white to purple.

Kirk watched it, held his breath, and, staying his hand, shook his head.

"Why don't you call a doctor?" I again urged. "Something may be done, after all. She may not be dead!"

"I can do all that a doctor can do," was his calm, rather dignified reply, and I saw by the dark shadow upon his brow that he was annoyed at my suggestion.

So I straightened myself again and watched.

At last my eccentric companion came to the conclusion that no more could be done for the unfortunate girl, and we all four lifted her from the carpet on to the large leather sofa set near the window.

(To be continued.)

Field's Description of America.

EUGENE FIELD'S first visit to Europe was made soon after he had come into a considerable sum of money and while he was still a resident of St. Joseph, Mo. He had been a reporter on The St. Joseph Gazette a number of years and was becoming known on account of his verses. The legacy that had been left to him by a relative looked so large to him that he did not believe he would ever have to do newspaper work again. Little did he think that when he returned from Europe he would not have a dollar of it left, although such proved to be the case.

Field's fame (says Lippincott's, in telling the story) had not extended to Europe at that time, but when he reached London he met friends there who introduced him in good society. He was invited to a number of receptions and met many people of note. On every occasion he was called upon to tell something about his native land, and the tales he told would have put Munchausen to shame. At one of the gatherings the subject of lynchings in America was being discussed.

"I suppose it is not unusual to see one or more lynchings every day," remarked an Englishman.

"Not at all uncommon," replied Field. "In fact, we are so accustomed to seeing people lynched that we pay little attention to hangings of that character."

"And you have seen people lynched?" inquired a horrified lady sitting beside the American poet.

"Many of them," Field answered, in a tone so assuring that it would have done credit to a liar of twice his age and experience. "The last lynching I witnessed," he continued, "was just before I sailed. I was with some friends at dinner in a cafe in New York. The waiter had brought us pudding that had salt in it instead of sugar. We tasted it, and then with one accord arose and strung the waiter up to the chandelier."

"Did you participate in it?" asked the awe-stricken lady in wide-eyed surprise.

"Well, no," replied Field. "I did not exactly have a part in it, for at the moment he was strung up I was down in the kitchen shooting the chef!"

How We Recognize Ourselves in Books.

EARLIER in life I had recognized myself in "Sentimental Tommy," but what writer or singer or actor or artist has not been willing to swear that Barrie must have peeped at his or her heart during sleep and used him as a model for that fascinating and odious hero of a charming book?

For weeks after reading that book I trod the earth with an extra lightness of step, wishing that the passers-by could read my thoughts, rather glad that I was not merely handsome like some poor devils I knew, whose looks were their only asset.

Yes, I felt that Barrie had been kind to me when he immortalized me in "Sentimental Tommy."

My first setback came when one of the dullest, most hack-writing of mortals who ever pushed a plodding pen over innocent paper confided to me one night over some very ordinary wine (anything but French) that he didn't know how the devil it had happened, but he believed that Barrie must either have met him or else knew some intimate friend of his, because in "Sentimental Tommy" he had plumbed his nethermost depths.

"What conceit!" thought I. But I said not a word.

It was an unsuccessful artist who next unbosomed himself to me. It would never have occurred to me that he had anything in his make-up of the Sentimental Tommy order.

But there he was telling me that he might have sat as a model for that wizard of a Barrie. "I'm half angry at it," said he, "because my foibles are all there, too."

After that the confessions came whenever I called them forth by carefully careless questioning. Dozens of men and not a few women—if I may be believed—have told me that Barrie made pretty good use of his brief trip to this country, because he had fashioned his most enduring figure out of their component parts.

I no longer think that the public will be interested in my every fleeting thought, nor do my actions hold a glamour even for me, for I realize that we who make bread and butter out of our emotions are all sentimental Tommies, and that most of what we say and do is sentimental Tommyrot; that Tommy is an eternal type, and that, like Wordsworth concerning Shakespeare, any one of us could have written Barrie's book—"if we had had the mind to."—Charles Battell Loomis, in November Smart Set.

DELIGHTFUL PLACES FOR REST AND TREATMENT.

Along the Grand Trunk line are several good places where a few days or weeks is all that is needed to ward off a severe illness. To those who are in a nervous condition or need a higher altitude, we can recommend the Algonquin Park, the highest point in Ontario, where the "Highland Inn" will remain open all year. For those who need the mineral bath treatment, try St. Catharines, Preston, Chatham or Mount Clemens, all within a few hours journey. Ask your physician what he thinks about it, and then consult C. E. Horning, at northwest corner King and Yonge Streets, phone Main 4209, for your tickets and palace car reservation.

The Vermont farm had been worn out, so the New Englander and his wife took up a homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly, and their native thrift was great, so they prospered. At last, however, age came heavily upon the wife, and, knowing that her time was not long, she called her husband to her side.

"Reuben," she said, "I want you to send me back to Vermont when I'm passed away."

Reuben pulled his whiskers reflectively.

"That would cost a lot, Mary—could buy that windmill for what that would cost," he said.

"But I couldn't lie still in a grave this far away from all the old folks," she protested.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he compromised. "Suppose we just try ye here, and if you don't lie still, why, I'll ship ye back to old New Hampshy."

The Honorary Governors to visit Toronto General Hospital during coming week are Col. G. A. Sweney and T. Gibson.

She may receive more costly, more pretentious gifts, but none will bring her more real pleasure than a dainty bottle of Taylor's distinctive Perfumes. These Perfumes are made from the distilled essence of real flowers, and are highly concentrated, so that a few drops are sufficient to give an enchanting, lasting odor; sweet, subtle and lingering.

These Perfumes are packed in handsome, attractive boxes, and are suitable for gifts for all occasions.

Taylors

Some of the essences from which Taylor's Perfumes are made cost as high as $1,500 per pound. Insist upon Taylor's if you wish the utmost in toilet articles.

Delightful, Concentrated Perfumes

Jap Lily

Like the scent of a thousand lilies from the gardens of fairyland. Bewitching, dainty, lasting, the fragrance lingers. $1.00 per ounce.

Valley Violet

The true violet odor, penetrating, yet delicate. As fragrant as the flowers from which it is distilled. We know of no perfume that equals it. $1.00 per ounce.

Persian Bouquet

For those who desire perfume with individuality, not offensively strong, but unusual, like the exotic scent from an Oriental garden. A perfume decidedly out of the ordinary. $1.00 per ounce.

Infants' Delight Soap

Used from Halifax to Vancouver—the most popular toilet soap in Canada. We go thousands of miles for the pure cocoanut oil from Ceylon and the olive oil from the gardens of France. A soap so wholesome, so beneficial it keeps the skin as soft and rosy as a baby's. 10c a cake everywhere.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited

Makers of Soaps and Perfumes—TORONTO

(40)

Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, DEC. 2.

DECEMBER will see several changes in the personnel of the vice-regal staff, as about the middle of the month it is expected that His Excellency's new military secretary, the Earl of Lanesborough, accompanied by the Countess of Lanesborough and all the members of their household, will arrive in Ottawa to take up his duties, and about the same time Mr. Arthur Guise, who was formerly an extremely popular member of Lord Minto's staff, will come from England to take over Mr. Leveson Gower's duties, as the latter will sail for England on Dec. 11. Major Trotter, who is also returning to Canada about the 17th of December, will replace Captain Newton as A.D.C. to His Excellency, and will be warmly welcomed back to the Capital, where his friends are legion. Lady Sybil Grey is also returning to Canada about the 17th December.

Miss Lilias Ahearn, whose marriage to Mr. Harry S. Southam took place quietly on Wednesday, December 1, at Buena Vista, the residence of the bride-elect's parents, was the special guest of several charming gatherings. The principal one of these was a large tea at Buena Vista, when Mrs. Ahearn gave all her married friends an opportunity of offering her charming daughter their congratulations and best wishes for a very happy married life, which everyone is pleased to know, will be spent in the Capital. A group of Miss Ahearn's companions assisted Mrs. Fleck and Mrs. Quain in the dining-room, including the Misses Hughson, the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Dorothy Whke, Miss Elinor Girouard, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick and Miss Claire Oliver. Miss Pansy Mills gave a prettily appointed luncheon for Miss Ahearn, the decorations consisting of bunches of American beauties. Those present included twelve of the chief guest's closest girl friends. Miss Irene Bate was another young hostess who gave an enjoyable mid-day party for the bride-elect, and still another delightful gathering of the latter's companions was at Mrs. T. Cameron Bate's. A luncheon Saturday had Miss Edith Fielding as hostess and on Saturday evening Lady Fitzpatrick invited a party of young people to dinner to meet Miss Ahearn and Mr. Southam. Mrs. Wilson Southam also entertained at a charmingly arranged luncheon at the Country Club in honor of her future sister-in-law.

Dinners last week took precedence in point of number on the social programme, and nearly every evening one or two, and sometimes three, were on the list. The following guests were honored on Tuesday by being invited by Their Excellencies to dine at Government House: His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, Hon. William and Mrs. Pugsley, Hon. L. P. and Madame Brodeur, Hon Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Kingsmill, Hon. L. G. and Mrs. Power, Col. Norreys Worthington, M.P., and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Major and Mrs. Paley, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Mulvey, Commander and Mrs. Denham Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Travers Lewis, Miss Gilzean Reid, of London, Eng.; Mr. W. H. Rowley and Miss Laura Smith. Another enjoyable dinner party at Government House on Thursday included the following among the guests: His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cory, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Herridge, Miss Herridge, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fortescue, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brock, and Miss Muriel Burroughs.

Among those who on Tuesday evening entertained at extremely well arranged dinners were Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, whose list of guests included the majority of the Cabinet Ministers with their wives and daughters, as well as several Senators and members of Parliament; Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, whose guests were fourteen in number, and included Hon. Nesbitt and Mrs. Kirchhoffer, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, Col. Lessard, Mr. William Price, M.P.; Mrs. Scarth, Rev. Lennox and Mrs. Smith, Miss Milly White and Mr. Appleton; and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour, who gave another of their pleasant dinners the same evening, when sixteen covers were laid.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden's dinner on Wednesday included the following guests: Col. Norreys Worthington, M.P., and Mrs. Worthington, of Sherbrooke; Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Monk, of Montreal; Mr. G. H. Cowan, M.P., and Mrs. Cowan, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, Hon. Lionel Curtis, of London, England; Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, and Miss Laura Smith.

Mrs. Percy White, of Portsmouth, England, who as Miss Kitty White, was a few years ago one of Ottawa's most popular girls, and who has been spending a month or two with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Fred White, was the guest of honor of a number of very pleasant festivities during the week. Among these were a luncheon at which Mrs. Harry Cassils entertained on Tuesday, a large tea at which Mrs. James MacLaren was the hostess on Wednesday, and a particularly smart luncheon at which Mrs. Fred Booth entertained, when the table was a perfect picture with its decorations of violets and lily of the valley.

Several bridge parties were bright diversions of the week, and hostesses who chose this ever popular method of entertaining were Mrs. Nicholas Slater, whose guest of honor was Miss Dorothy Webb, of Quebec; Mrs. George Patterson Murphy who gave twin "bridges" on Thursday and Friday afternoons, and Mrs. Alex. Christie who entertained about thirty lady enthusiasts of the fascinating game on Friday at Trenwick House.

THE CHAPERON.

The King's Kitchen.

KING EDWARD said recently that his favorite dinner was a cut from a cold joint followed by some simple sweetmeat, and yet the chief cook at Buckingham Palace receives a salary of $10,000 a year. It might be thought that the skill to cook a leg of mutton could be bought for less than this, but King Edward, like other rulers, is not allowed to eat the things that he likes and that are good for him, but is compelled to eat the things that he doesn't like and that are bad for him. London Answers gives us some particulars of the culinary arrangements at the palace. It seems that Mr. Menager, the ten-thousand-a-year cook, does not live in Buckingham Palace, but has his private residence close to it. On arriving at the palace—usually about eleven o'clock in the morning—his first care is to inspect the lunch menu for that day, which has been prepared by his first assistant, and also the menu for breakfast the following morning. He then prepares the dinner menu for the following day—a task that occupies him usually a couple of hours.

No two dinners at the royal table are ever the same. Certain dishes are from time to time repeated, frequently by special request of the King, but what may be termed the general scheme of each dinner is always different. One of the side kitchens is reserved solely for Mr. Menager's use, where he carries on experimental culinary operations, and is constantly elaborating and working out new ideas. Some dishes have taken him months of preparation before he has decided to put them into the menu. There is one particular sauce which Mr. Menager invented some years ago for which the King has a particular liking. Mr. Menager was making experiments for more than three years before he served this sauce to the royal table.

There are many dishes, by the way, which can be tasted nowhere except at the royal table. The secret of their preparation is known only to Mr. Menager, and he guards such secrets with great care. None of his assistants has the least notion of how these special dishes and sauces are prepared. They simply have the handling of the raw materials, and each assistant carries out different directions in its preparation for table.

The dinner menu is submitted every day to Their Majesties for approval; but this is a mere matter of form, for neither the King nor the Queen ever thinks of altering or interfering with Mr. Menager's arrangements.

At three o'clock a report is laid before the great chef by the order clerk of the various meats that have been ordered in accordance with Mr. Menager's instructions of the day before, and also what is called a kitchen report is given to him by the head assistant cook—which is a detailed statement of the manner in which the dinner for that night is to be prepared. After seeing that everything is in order for their evening's work, Mr. Menager generally leaves the palace about four o'clock, returning at half-past six, when he never fails to make a personal inspection of the various ranges, ovens, and stoves, and takes careful note of the temperature of each.

The preparation of the royal dinner is then begun. Mr. Menager remains in the kitchen while the work is going forward, keeping a keen eye on everything and every one, and issuing from time to time instructions to his first lieutenant. At ten minutes to nine exactly a bell is rung, and the servants who are to bear the dishes to the state dining-room enter the kitchen.

At nine o'clock dinner is served, and Mr. Menager's work for the day is over. He remains in his private room until ten o'clock, when he receives a message from the King commending the dinner. This is a ceremony His Majesty never forgets to perform.

WHEN GOING TO NEW YORK TRAVEL VIA THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE.

Trains leave Toronto 4.32 and 6.10 p.m. daily, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley. Former train has Pullman sleeper, Buffalo to New York, and 6.10 p.m. train has Pullman sleeper Toronto to New York.

Tickets, berth reservations, at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

Stout Party (who has dropped cigar)—"Now which can I afford to lose—my cigar or my back buttons?"—London Opinion.

THE EVENING PAPER The News MOST PEOPLE READ

The News

TORONTO'S ACKNOWLEDGED HOME PAPER

Gained 87,000 lines of advertising last month over November 1908, or an average of ELEVEN COLUMNS A DAY

The Reason?

Just This:

Successful advertisers know that results come from home circulation.

The News, Toronto's Acknowledged Home Paper

THE NEWS (an Evening Paper) arrives at an hour when all the members of the family are at home; when they have the leisure to read and discuss both the news and the advertisements, and make plans for the next day's buying.

THE NEWS is in the home—not on the street car—not at the office—nor is it in the waste paper basket.

Practically every copy of THE NEWS goes directly to the home.

KENTIA BELMOREANA.

Christmas Decorations

HOLLY, MISTLETOE, GREEN, ETC.—Christmas Bells, made of red tissue paper. An unique and decidedly pleasing decoration. In the following sizes: 6 in. in diameter, 10c., 3 for 25c.; 9 in., 15c., 4 for 50c.; 12 in., each, 25c, 5 for $1.00. **Holly Wreaths**, made from the very best Holly, 18 in. in diameter, each, 50c., 3 for $1.25. **Holly**, well berried stock, in bulk, per lb., 25c., 5 lbs. for $1.00. **Mistletoe**, best English, in boxes at 30c. and 50c. each. **Bouquet Green Wreathing**, remains green for nearly two months, 20 yards for $1.00, 50 yards $2.25, 100 yards $4.00. **Palms, Ferns, Rubber Plants, Auracarias**, etc., etc., at reasonable prices.

CHRISTMAS TREES—Nice shapely Spruce Trees from 75c. each up.

TISSUE FESTOONING—Used everywhere and for every occasion. The most satisfactory and most brilliant decoration for outside and inside use, and its low cost permits the most liberal use of same. It is clean, durable and quickly put up. Easily made into letters, monograms, emblems, figures, etc. Most suitable for public buildings, churches, store windows, etc., in assorted colors—green, red, white, blue and pink. Put up in rolls of 10 yards each, 30c.

TISSUE BANNERS—A very effective decoration, made of tissue paper, 15 inches deep, 10 feet long. **Merry Christmas** printed in green and red or red and blue, each 75c. **Happy New Year**, printed in green and red or red and blue, each 75c.

Steele Briggs Seed Co., Limited

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McQUARRIES, LIMITED

FASHIONABLE ULSTER COATS

Showing very swagger winter Ulster Coats in the newest New York Models.
Newest weaves, all Man-Tailored garments.
Prices start at... **$10.**

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3 Stone DIAMOND RINGS

DIAMONDS are the insignia of progress as well as success.

Appearances count for much, and the wearing of a first water gem commands due respect.

Our "three stone" diamond rings for men are attractive, fashionable and rich looking.

Prices from $150.00.

"Single-Stones" from $50.00.

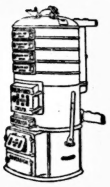
Particularly tempting are our selections just at present.

B. & H. B. KENT,
DIRECT IMPORTERS OF HIGH GRADE DIAMONDS.
144 YONGE STREET, - TORONTO.

DECEMBER WEATHER

Raw winds—make the hands chapped. Sleet or snow makes faces red and rough.
There is one sure cure for chapped hands and rough, red skin.
Campana's Italian Balm has preserved thousands of beautiful complexions, during the last twenty-seven years it has been used.
It will preserve yours, my dainty worrying lady, if you will but use it.
It preserves beautiful complexions.
It cures chapped hands.
It heals rough red skin of face and neck.
It heals sore lips, and prevents their cracking.
If used regularly during Winter months it will prevent all cold weather skin troubles.
Try one 25c. bottle from your druggist. Insist on getting Campana's Italian Balm.
E. G. WEST & CO., Wholesale Druggists,
Sole Canadian Agents, Toronto, Ontario.

"Sovereign" Boiler—for Quick Installation



The 'Sovereign' Hot Water Boiler

Made by the TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited GUELPH, CANADA.

Instal a "Sovereign" hot water furnace. It will heat all parts of the house equally and comfortably, and supply abundance of hot water for bath and kitchen as well. The "Sovereign" is the boiler for ready installation. It is built in separate sections so that no tearing down of cellar walls or partitions is necessary; saves the coal. There is no house heating apparatus available that will give a better heat radiation per ton of coal.

Ask your plumber for an estimate for installing a 'Sovereign' in your house. It may be done without upset or confusion.

Toronto Office and Show Rooms:
1088 KING ST. WEST

Wines for Cooking

Our Cooking Brandy at $1.00 per bottle, and Cooking Sherry at 65c. per bottle, are of exceptional value.

The Wm. Mara Co.

Wine Merchants - 79 Yonge St., Toronto
Vaults: 71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St., and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. Phones: Main 1708 and Main 1709.

Mothers Explained

AN idea has been offered which which seems most comprehensive in its explaining, though not quite away, of a situation that has embarrassed us all for an uncomfortably long time. Mothers and daughters, with the chafing relations of the two, have been more or less covered up by all lovers of conventional, respectable affection ever since the present generation got firmly on its legs and with its first long-skirted independent steps showed shamelessly individual tendencies. At first there was a great deal of confusion felt in all proper families; the daughter bowed under the ignominy of the antagonism she bore toward her feminine parent, the mother was harassed by the something that was making her lead her daughter and herself, poor lady, a dog's life. Until it became as general as the weather, no one spoke of it. Now it is discussed with a relieving naturalness, and in the noisily, safely escaping steam an explanation of the entire matter has arisen.

It seems (the knowledge that two generations of the much-tried ears are listening attentively lends a gulping breathlessness to the writer) that mothers had to be. This goes without saying, of course, and let no one be disappointed at the obviousness of the announcement. What was meant is that present-day mothers, with the traits they are becoming almost unpleasantly notorious for, were an absolute necessity to the race. Without their extremely trying ways the race might have ceased to exist. Nature, in a panic-stricken attempt to save herself from the death blow given her by the present-day girl invented the present-day mother. All is now understood, every one's apology is accepted, and it is confidently believed by those in the know that Nature has accomplished her purpose, and that in the next generation mothers will be permitted to return to their charming selves. They have, let us put it gently, done their work very well. History will always be a little aghast at their thoroughness.

As our mothers were on perfectly good terms with their mothers and regarded them as a friendly, forgiving centre around which the family resolved, we have penitently, unhappily felt that the fault lay with us. It has, after a fashion. Our mothers married early and almost without exception. The interest of the subject is embroiling the writer; it is again necessary to explain that what is meant is that the last generation went in for marrying in a satisfactorily wholesale manner. There was no need to force our mothers into matrimony. But we, with our careers, accentuated individualism, and enjoyable, newly found self-efficiency, were in great danger of never marrying at all. A way had to be found to get us out of the parental home, and Nature, with her usual directness, used our mothers as instruments to bring about a really—this will readily be seen—necessary ejection.

In stubborn cases (it was evident that Nature was obliged to use all her forces, was genuinely frightened, and put to it to find a way out of her difficulty) the elder sister was added as the insupportable last last straw. She was turned into a supplementary mother, with the result that marriage became again a not uncommon thing among the harried younger girls, and Shaw wrote his brazen, spade-like epigram, showing up a thing that Nature and all other circumspect women had hoped to pull off without undue public notice. "There is only one person an English girl hates more than her mother, and that is her elder sister."

It has all been very uncomfortable but it was a payment exacted from a tender spot for a comfort that threatened to be serious. The young women of this generation thought they had solved a problem when they had only very pleasantly evaded it. They had postponed to an indefinite, improbable future the choosing of a husband. It was no longer necessary to marry a definite, disillusionizing man in order to get what they wanted. They were able to put him aside altogether or to limit him to an amusement when he was sure to be amusing. They found themselves able to earn sufficient money for an unrestricted indulgence in the serious luxuries of life. They saw to it that they were people of importance without the old-fashioned necessity of their first being married women. They remained in their father's house with no responsibility except the soothing one of criticising the way in which it was run. Opinions were allowed them—in fact, opinions were hardly allowed any one else. If their mothers could only have been induced to give them amiable support there is no telling what might have become of the world. It would probably have become a mass of men's clubs and women's rest cures, and after that—ah, but long before this was even faintly in sight the mothers had started in doing their work with a whole-hearted zeal which caused the young women to exclaim, their patience being severely tried, "Ye gods! is it possible that even men would be preferable to this?"

After the first shock of finding themselves stalking and being stalked by their mothers around a perpetual battle-field (the unconventionality of the thing cut them always, the bickering that seemed so humiliatingly slum-like, they arrived at the idea that it was curiously educating to their souls, and they started in to get all possible benefit out of the emotional ferment. Picture Nature's distress when they took this view of the matter. They were becoming adepts at temperamental somersaults, and then by the master stroke mothers won out. They attacked the minutest details. They rubbed ceaselessly on the small spots of life, and the daughters crying, "This is beneath our dignity," were by that same precious dignity made to do what Nature had been so hotly working toward. The men as a last resort were turned to, and the mothers are fortunately to have their release.

It is to be most earnestly hoped that the "last resort" will not, in revenge for the period when they were scorned, desert the young women now when they need them. Perhaps Nature will see to that, too.—Florida Pier, in Harper's Weekly.

What to Do.

(From "First Aid to Everybody," by Wilberforce Jenkins.)

WHEN little Binks buttonholes you at the club and insists upon relating the latest clever thing that Willie Binks, aged four, has got off, wait until Binks has reached the point of the story, and then answer:

"Never mind, Binksy. All children are dotty at that age, and no doubt Willie will develop intelligence as he grows older."

* * *

When your quarrelsome hired man with all his six feet of aggressive impudence looms up before you in a dark corner of your country place, brandishing a club, and demanding to know if it is true that you are going to discharge him, answer:

"Why, Pat, what a foolish idea! Discharge you? On the contrary, Pat, I have been looking for you this afternoon for the purpose of begging your acceptance of this five-dollar bill."

* * *

When her father, who has hitherto greeted you cordially, peremptorily requests your presence in his study, and having got you there demands to know what your prospects are, answer:

"I am glad you have brought that matter up, Mr. Billikens, for I have been bothered on the subject myself. It is rumored on the Street that you have been on the wrong side of the market of late, and if this is true I think that I ought to know it before I definitely commit myself to an alliance by which my prospects might be materially altered, and not for the better."

* * *

When your air-ship has burst ten thousand feet in the air, and you have come straight to earth without any unnecessary loitering, to be asked a few seconds after you have landed if you are hurt, answer:

"Oh, no, indeed, but I am very much afraid I have broken this boulder I have inadvertently landed on, and I hope you will assure the owner that when I get out of the hospital I will gladly send him a bottle of Jenkins' Everlasting Glue to mend it with."

* * *

When the professor of mathematics has discovered you in trigonometry examination with a crib containing a brief digest of the whole subject in your hand, and wishes to know how it got there, answer:

"I fear, Dr. Pons, that that confounded valet of mine has given me the wrong coat this morning, putting my study jacket containing my notes of your entertaining instruction out for me instead of my examination coat, in which, in order to avoid even the appearance of evil, I have no pockets whatever."—Harper's Weekly.

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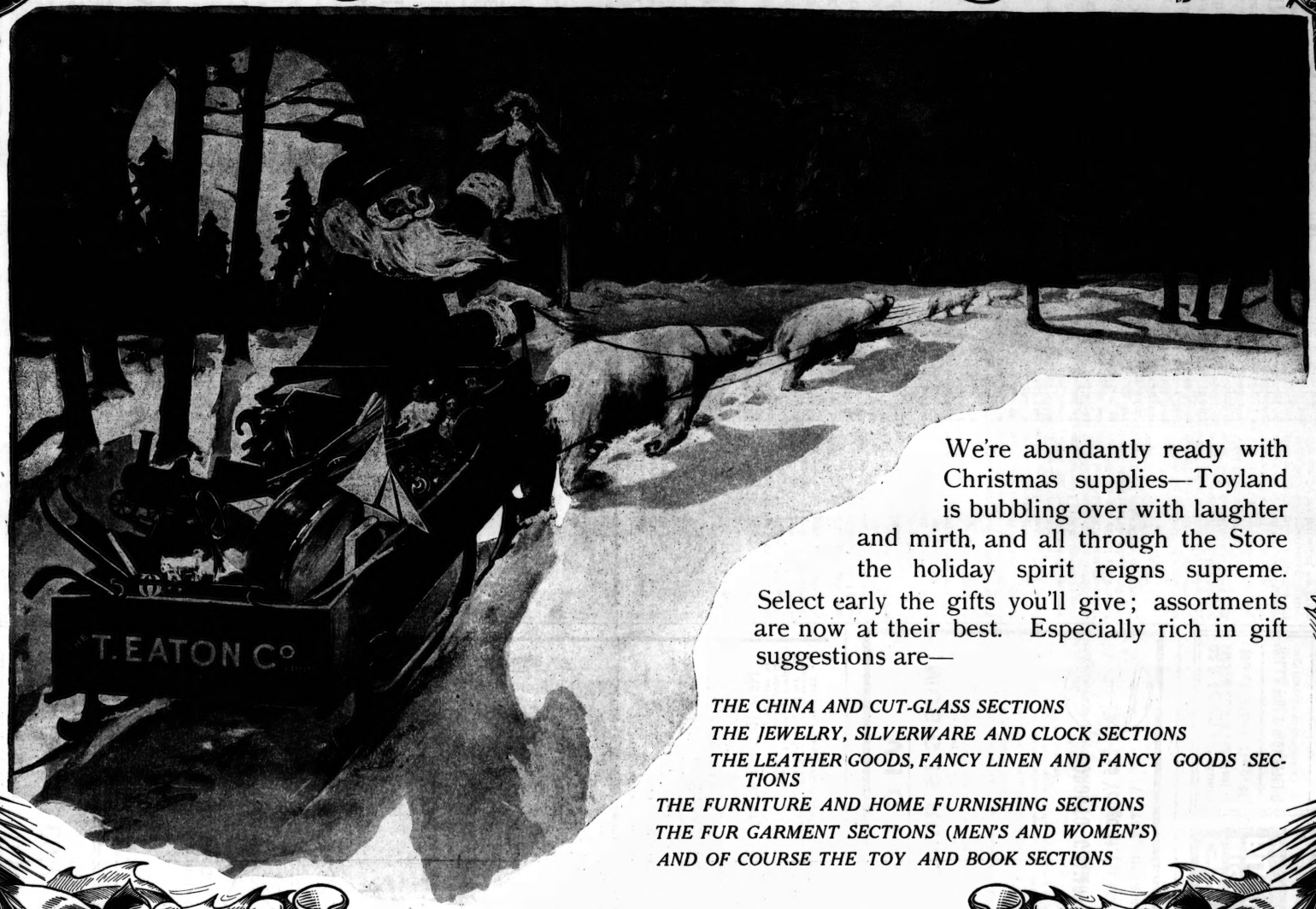

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